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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

KAROL LOPEZ
LIFE BEGINS AT 40:
AN AMAZING
NUDE PICTORIAL

PAUL NEWMAN
INTERVIEW

EXCLUSIVE:
DYNASTY STAR
BARES ALL

NORMAN MAILER'S
WILD NEW
NOVEL

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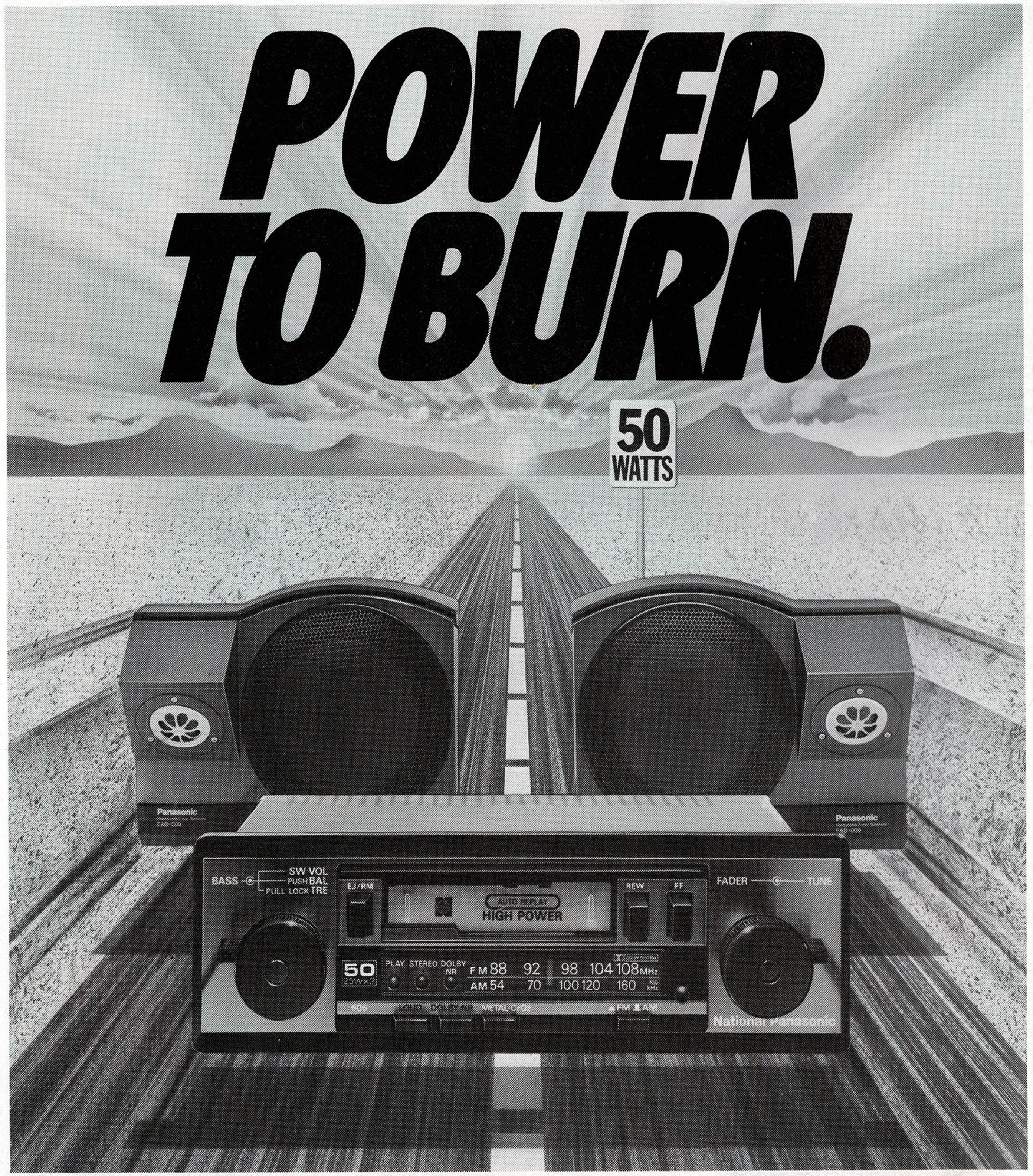
TENT BOXING GOES ANOTHER ROUND

ROCKARAMA: A REPORT FROM THE FRONT LINE

PLUS THE FRUITS OF FREEDOM



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PLAYBILL

NOT CONTENT with the 20th Century influences that have shaped so much of his writing, master novelist **Norman Mailer** has immersed himself in the marvels of ancient Egypt for the basis of his earthy new novel. In our first of two instalments from *Ancient Evenings* (published this month by MacMillan), Mailer introduces Menenhetet, a soldier entrusted with the suspect task of playing watchdog to a 100-woman harem.

Paul Newman's not into harems (although we have no doubt he would have little trouble recruiting one). What does interest him is perfecting his acting craft, racing cars, peace, beer, swearing, his wife Joanne Woodward, and practical jokes. If that sounds like a pretty confused bag, you'd better read what else **Peter Greenberg** found out while quizzing Newman for the PLAYBOY Interview.

Whatever happened to that hoary old monster, The Rock Festival? PLAYBOY music writer **Kent Goddard** is a veteran of Sunbury and a man with a keen awareness of the Woodstock legend, the anarchy of Altamont and the other great fests from the Isle of Man to Ourimbah. However, none of that prepared him for the 1980s version. In Rock of the Westies (photos by **Bob King**), Goddard comes to grips with the monster and is amazed at the outcome.

In honor of the sage who declared life begins at 40, we take intense pleasure in introducing sultry celebrity Karol Lopez in a sexy pictorial. Photographer **Bob Watson** has captured the lady's multi-faceted career in a nine-page spread.

You'll also enjoy our intimate glimpse of actress Pamela Bellwood, the beauty who provides at least one good reason for watching the TV series, *Dynasty*. Pamela hovered into the range of photographer **Richard Fegley's** cameras long enough for him to capture the actress at her revealing best.

As centre-piece to our grand triumvirate of sexy pictorials, we present our June Playmate, Susie Scott, a fabulous blonde with a rare flair for fun and adventure. **Steve Wayda** was assigned the delightful task of photographing the lovely Susie.

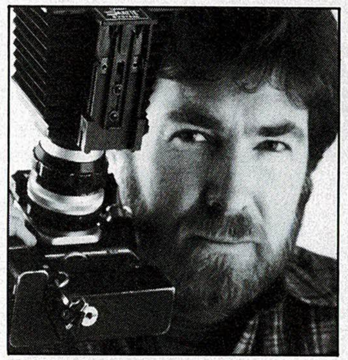
How easy life would be for political journalists if all States produced politicians as large and colorful as those who spring from Queensland. From the State which gave us the Joh and Flo Show, Russ Hinze, Albert Field and Rex Pilbeam, comes Kevin "Bucket" Hooper. In his profile of the Queensland ALP's most flamboyant character, **Frank Robson** reveals the guile and girth of Hooper, a man capable of reducing others to mere midgets. **Frants Kantor** and **Phil Barlow** provided the illustration.

Before another piece of Australiana goes down for the count, PLAYBOY sent photographer **Jim Sheldon** and associate editor **Neil Jameson** on the trail of Fred Brophy's boxing troupe. The era when every showground-goer was summoned by the sound of drum, bell and the showman's harangue to "go a round or two for a pound or two", is all but gone. Brophy's troupe might just be the last in the land, and it represents a raw, yet strangely noble reminder of a tough tradition.

Ability is one thing, but at the top end of athletics, men and women who aspire to championship status have to push their hearts and bodies to the absolute limit of performance and endurance — and then go beyond. **Mark Kram,** in The Ultimate Athlete (illustrated by **Bill Nelson**), explores this unknown region to discover the ultimate limits of the human body.

Our fiction pages are again running hot, this time with the work of **Geoffrey Bewley**, an Aussie writer whose And The Truth Shall Set You Free offers a different angle on the missionary position. **Miles Parnell** crafted the art.

Motoring editor **Rob Luck** is back behind the wheel to test a piece of gran turismo history, a 1966 Ford GT 40, while fashion expert **Vitek** flashes the contemporary approach to formal fashion. Add to that our bountiful helpings of Booze, Sex, Money and Reviews, and you have all the ingredients for a fulfilling June.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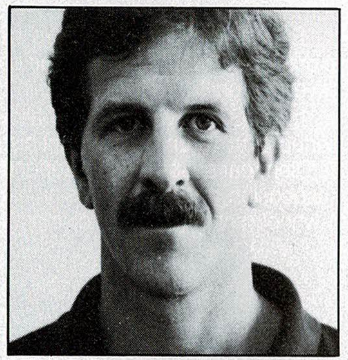
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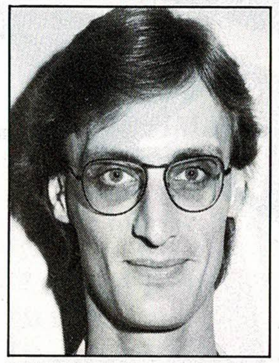
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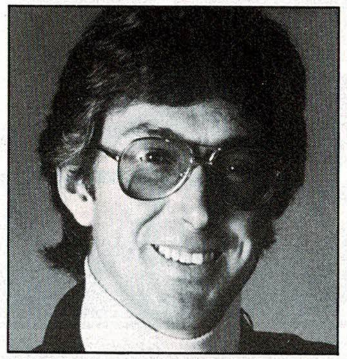
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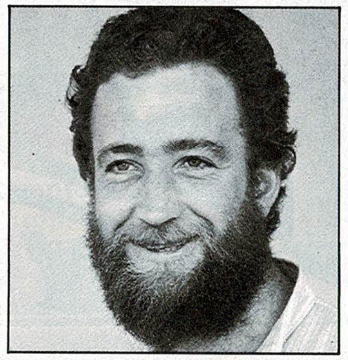
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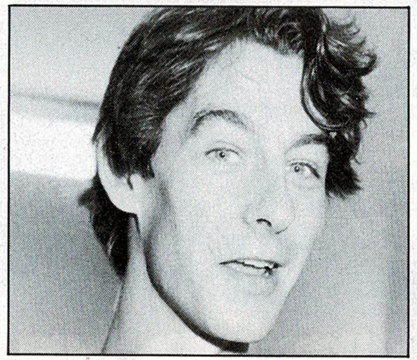
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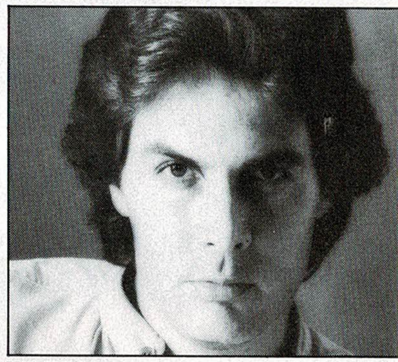
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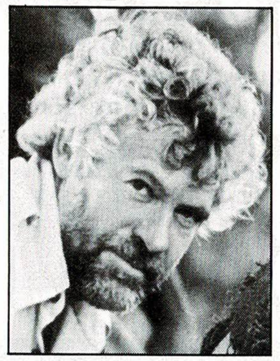
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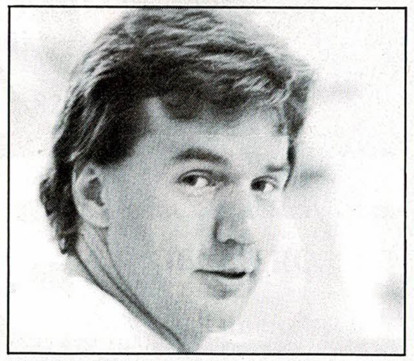
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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1983

Cover: Andrea Taylor
Photo: Otto R. Weisser

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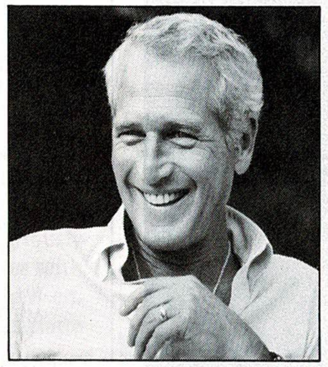

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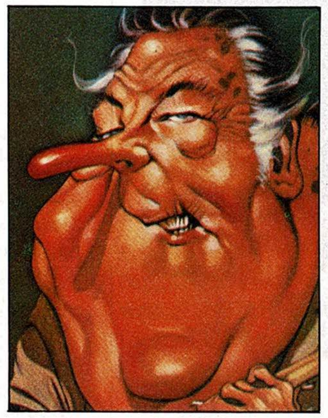

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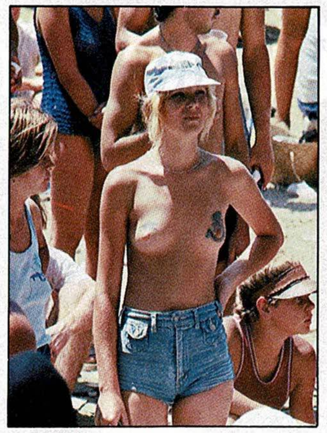

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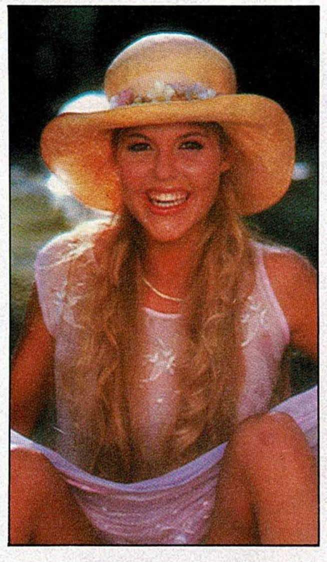

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone 02-331 6566 Telex: 72964) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by Get Set Typesetting Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone 02-357 4276), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone: 02-268 0666)

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Price in Australia $2.95. New Zealand $3.50*. *Recommended and maximum price only. Annual subscription rates: Australia, $35.00; Overseas, $A45 (by surface mail).

CREDITS
(Pages 47-55) zebra and lion skins courtesy of Mid City Opal Mine, Sydney; boots by William Cooks Shoes; jewellery by Rox, Strand Arcade, Sydney; bed linen by City Manchester Furnishings, Sydney; bath robe by John Lane, Double Bay.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

WELL READ

Congratulations are in order for your excellent magazine and your recent introduction of Bettina Arndt with her Sex column.

I have admired her work for years; sad to see *Forum* in ashes but great to see that she has joined your team.

My last birthday present from my husband was a 12-month subscription to Australian PLAYBOY as I love reading your articles. He enjoys the photos, so between us it's well read and enjoyed.

Christine,
Stanwell Park, NSW.

INCHED OUT

I must bring to your attention what I consider to be an error in the vital statistics of Miss January, Charlotte Kemp. You state that her bust is 34 inches. Obviously the dimensions have been mixed up with "Queen of the Crop", Marlene Janssen. She would be a cute 34 inches but Charlotte would have to be 37!

Great magazine, but let's not get slack.

"Waboo",
Brisbane, Qld.

We have it on good authority that Charlotte has an extraordinarily slender back — Ed.

BRONZED BEAUTY

Denise Newey of Townsville (January PLAYBOY) is a knock-out and the photos of her lying back and applying suntan oil are very sexy. Congratulations to photographer Mettbach for capturing so perfectly yet another bronzed Aussie beauty.

Simon Wren,
Roma, Qld.

THE PERFECT WEEKEND

I like the idea of the new Playboy Weekend section recently introduced to the magazine. But really, my ultimate weekend could be spent anywhere as long as I had plenty of PLAYBOY magazines on hand and, dare I dream, one of your Playmates to keep me company.

Please tell Miss January, Charlotte Kemp, that I eat quiche *all* the time, can quote Ludlum and wouldn't dream of serving her asparagus if she came to dine with me.

You could also mention to Miss March, Barbara Riemer, that I could learn to like Georgette Heyer, I have all Elton John's albums and she can borrow my garden hose any time she likes!

I'm not fussy, fellas, any Playmate will do — you sure know how to pick the cream of the crop.

"Playboy Fanatic",
Newcastle, NSW.

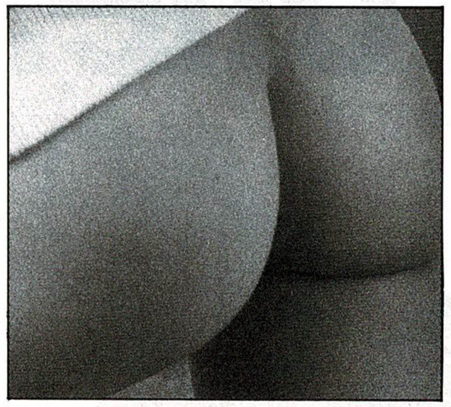
BOTTOMS UP

The female operators at the computer centre where I work have in their possession a rather revealing poster of unknown origin which displays a dozen or so male backsides. This poster is displayed on one of our CPUs with each of the male operators' names attached to a particular bum.

Well, we guys have decided to get our own back by displaying a similar poster with girls' backsides on it. But we can't find one! Can you help?

M.A. Thomas,
Medina, WA.

Sorry, we don't have a poster to fit the bill, but this rather spectacular lone bum may be of some consolation — Ed.



GIVE ME SPACE

I don't agree at all with your reader from Henley South, SA, who wrote to Dear Playboy in January criticising James A. Michener's *Space*.

After reading the PLAYBOY excerpt, I was prompted to buy the novel and found that it lived up to expectations. Michener is one of the greatest living story-tellers!

I am always delighted by the high quality of fiction offered to PLAYBOY readers, often by writers of international repute. Your magazine is the best three bucks worth of value to be found on the news-stands. And congratulations for encouraging short story writers — there are too few outlets for this form of fiction.

Thomas Cox,
Rutherglen, Vic.

LOGGER RHYTHMS

I am writing about your article titled Logger Rhythms (February 1983). I was a worker at the APM mill in Tumut. I worked the Gibson Edger and the Number Two sorter. I was classed as a benchman and was taking in $80 for a 40-hour week, which is not very much compared to wages for other types of employment.

Also, about Terry Lansdown's statement about having teamwork there, that's very true. They would write up the previous cutting's tally and we would try to cut more. It may have been an old mill with more manual labor than machinery but we still put out more timber than two shifts at PGH, which is a very modern mill.

I now work for the Snowy Mountains Authority with four of my old APM work-mates. We were a few of the lucky ones who found new employment right away.

The timber industry's downfall has affected Tumut badly, especially financially. If the timber industry doesn't pick up very soon, it will take a long, long time before Tumut properly recovers.

P.J.R.,
Tumut, NSW.

NOW WE KNOW!

I would like to claim the free 12-month subscription offered in your December issue to anyone who could decipher the Forum letter titled Sexual Semantics. The writer of this letter was hinting that the new civilisation which engulfs the poor player upon the stage has struck the railway employee and tainted her innocent soul. The mighty heaving engine steams no more, bar an occasional flick of the clit and a tourist trip to the void vacuum of the countryside.

Dissipating from the navel of Eve was the pyscho-semantic psychonomics on which the Catholic Church is really based. The empoisoned world bleeds pus from its leaking economic and sexual structures. The result: a puddle at the warped roadside. The puddle hides the gold beneath its shimmering surface. The gold attracts the opaque prospectors. Like flies they flock to the reeking mound, buzzing and swooping and praising its magnetism. The switch is flicked; the dream shattered; the bottle broken. However bracing and thought-provoking this may be, it is only a dizzying and far-reaching look at what lies ahead.

Faced with this breakdown, a massed chorus of Cassandras fills the air with doom-song. The proverbial PLAYBOY cover story is the interview with the dirty old professor/actor/personality. And all the while, the expert points to all the trends leading towards catastrophe. And these very experts, faced with continued gloomy prospects, fuck their way through life picking up syphilis on the way.

Sex does not mean soul, and soul has nothing to so with Mal's dirty underwear. While this may be a rather bizarre concept to the habitual pessimist, it is a large-scale synthesis which is already bursting in our midst.

Name and address withheld.

We give in. . . it's yours — Ed.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

COLD SORE WAR

Despite its cynical title of the Cold Sore War, the "let's-not-get-herpes" campaign has hit the commercial frontline. And when the marketing boys have moved in you can bet an itchy crotch to a full-blown epidemic that the craze has really caught on. Yes, folks, herpes could soon be as popular as that other ugly little item, ET. Witness a campaign emanating from Melbourne to promote condoms as the most logical defence against infection. Just when the humble franger's marketing impetus as a contraceptive device had been punctured for good, it has suddenly expanded its appeal to accommodate those who live in fear of herpes.

In the US, the fear of infection is so rife that a New York-based company has lampooned the burgeoning paranoia by marketing "I Don't Have Herpes" T-shirts. Pundits suggest the manufacturer best move his stocks while there are still enough people qualified to wear the T-shirts.

DRIVING BLIND

While Australian traffic police are devising more ingenious methods to keep the boozers off the byways and highways, their US counterparts have found that there is the odd driver with no qualms at all about driving blind.

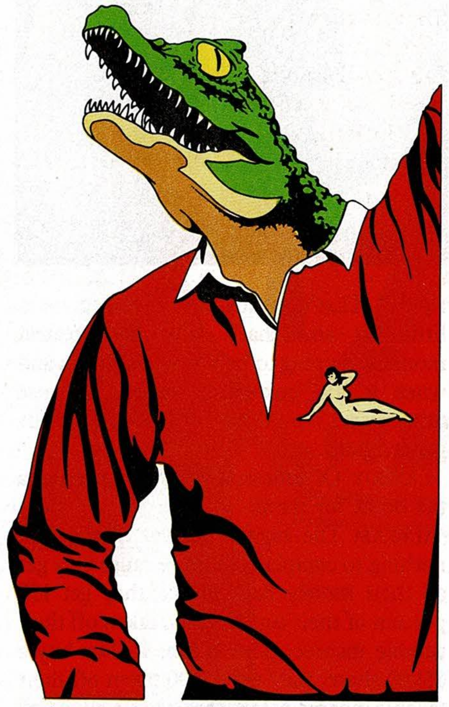
An 80-year-old man was recently paroled and banned from driving in the State of Florida after it was discerned he was legally blind. This fact came to the notice of police before the man's conviction for the manslaughter of three girls he ran over while driving.

His defence? "I never saw them," he admitted.

BEASTLY FASHION

Just when Lacoste's little crocodile had firmly sunk its teeth into the left nipple of the world's fashion-conscious (read trendy) multitudes, along come all those piss-taking opportunists to cash in on a good thing. (And when you were a kid you thought that old penguin looked pretty sick!)

Now le croc and le penguin must share the left pectoral with a virtual menagerie of lesser life. At last count, the humble platypus had been added to the range which already includes le koala, le rat and a double-amputee frog. Zoologists are currently scanning chests for the blue-tongue lizard, gummy shark, cockroach and that most trendy of all beasts: the dingo. On a more practical stance — animal liberationists just might like to see a leading fashion house take up the option on the battery chicken.



TRANS-SEXUAL?

We're not quite sure if the sub-editors at *The Manly Daily* (Sydney suburban daily newspaper) had their tongues in their cheeks or their feet in their mouths when they penned the title for a front-page story on the new co-educational systems at Freshwater and Manly High Schools. The alarming headline? "Sex change at schools!"

"The students are delighted with the move," commented Mr Ross Munro, principal of Manly High. We wonder if the pupils' parents are as happy about this latest educational advance.

BUM STEER

Nobody, well almost nobody, robs truckies of their thunder. A notable exception came to light when Transport Workers Unionists rolled up outside NSW Parliament House recently to dump their woes on the Transport Minister, Mr Peter Cox. Unbeknownst to the transport workers, members of the Teachers' Federation and a gay rights group had planned their own rallies for the same time and place.

Later, when quizzed on the truckies' failure to secure an audience with the minister, the seasoned unionist growled, "We had the teachers on one side, but they weren't the problem; but with the gay activists on the other, did you really expect us to chant, 'We want Cox?'"

HULL OF A FIX

A South African ship-building firm found that it was unable to succeed in launching its new tugboat, *Voortrekker*, even after three attempts. An investigation disclosed that discharged shipyard workers had welded the craft to its slipway rails before leaving the premises.

SEXIST STEAM

Protesting an apparently sexist remark in a well-known international journal, a Munich reader wrote in to say how annoyed a lot of women get "with the continuing steam of thoughtless cracks."

CHECKING IN

Rex Pilbeam may be a bit long in the tooth these days, but he still has a head full of 'em. The 75-year-old former promoter, parliamentarian and patriarch of Rockhampton, Queensland (where he reigned for three decades as mayor), had just about disappeared from the drum-beating business when perhaps the toughest challenge of his career presented itself last year.

Someone wanted him to raise money, a lot of it, and fast. A former organiser of boxing title events, band championships, swimming competitions, rodeos, "two flies running up the wall", as he puts it, Rex Pilbeam knows how to raise cash. But this time, he was asked to help drum up $1.8 million to finance Buddies, *a film about fossicking and feuding to be shot on location in central Queensland.*

At a time when "movie" is almost a dirty *word to Australian investors, the big boys laughed Pilbeam down. But in Dysart, Backwater and a few other mining centres, it was a different story. "I sold to the miners," said Pilbeam, "but not the mines."*

After personally contacting more than 1000 potential investors in three months, the indefatigable Pilbeam raised over one-third of the money needed to get the film underway. The balance soon followed, and at time of writing, Buddies *was scheduled for release in mid-May.*

For producer and screenwriter John Dingwall, who began his career as a cadet reporter on the Rockhampton Morning Bulletin *before penning the award-winning film* Sunday Too Far Away *and the television series* Pig in a Poke, *the survival of his latest venture meant going home again. For Rex Pilbeam, it might have meant something more.*

PLAYBOY: What were the circumstances under which John Dingwall and company obtained your services?

PILBEAM: Well, they came to me, and he was a former citizen of Rockhampton. To be quite frank, this film had died. I suppose I should have been appreciative of the faith they showed in me by coming to me. . . and they said, "We want you to sell $200,000 or $300,000 worth." And I said, "Right, okay, I can do that." And I took it on. But I'll tell you it looked black there for a while.

PLAYBOY: And at that point, how much money had they raised?

PILBEAM: They had nothing. I found out the Government gave them a grant of $250,000. I got them $200,000 all right, I got them $400,000 or $500,000, and then we had to get a bit more than that and *then* we looked as if we weren't going to get there. We got up around $700,000 or $800,000 and then they got a couple of big boys. . . One person gave them $200,000 and another about $100,000.

PLAYBOY: There were times then, when you felt like giving up?

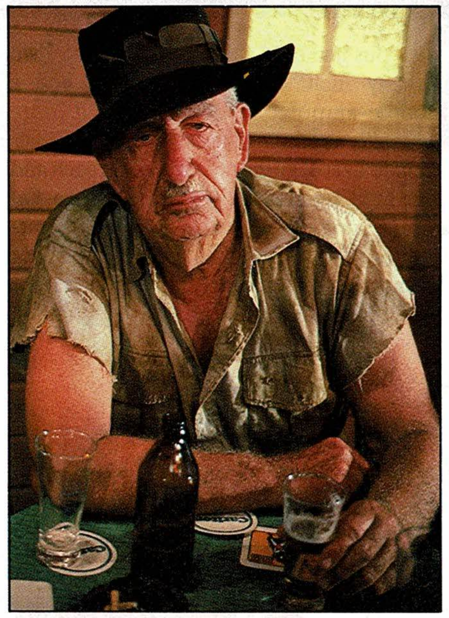
PILBEAM: Oh, yes. I wrote down the names of 40 people, financial people who I had a very close affinity with in Rockhampton. I wrote 40 names and 37 turned me down flat and set me furiously to thinking, and then I realised I'd have to sell them in single shares. And that was a Herculean task.

PLAYBOY: How did you decide on $5000 as the share price?

PILBEAM: They issued a prospectus and their capital was divided up into $5000 shares. I had no option. They asked me at the time, do you think we should divide the share (price) lower and I said, "You'll never get the money," because even at $5000 you've got to get over 100 people to contribute. And that had never been done before in the history of Australia, as far as films are concerned. When these people, the bigger people, started turning me down and I realised I'd have to depend on the small people, it was a pretty daunting prospect. . . because they're small people and $5000 is not exactly a small amount. . . but fortunately, the smaller people did contribute, I did sell a lot: I sold about 80 of them, in $5000 and $10,000 bits, and that's why the film is being made today. It's a little people's film.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to explain to these investors exactly how their money would be used?

PILBEAM: They knew it. But what was a little hard for me to accept — and that's why I had to rely a lot on John — was the people who said to me, "We're buying the shares because we've got trust in you. . . and if you tell us it's a good investment, all right." That's what's still agitating me a little bit and that's why my greatest moment is going to be when it is shown and when it is a box-office success, because otherwise I would have led people up the garden path.



PLAYBOY: Of course, it will still represent a tax break for them.

PILBEAM: The bigger people, they've got nothing to complain about because they get all their money back in tax, they get 150 percent of their contribution taken off their taxable income. That means if they buy a $5000 share, they get $7500 taken off their taxable income before the imposition of tax. And what they don't get back the first year, if the film shows any return at all, they can get the balance back in succeeding years from the income produced by the film, so it's a pretty cast-iron proposition.

PLAYBOY: In the long run, was this more of a challenge or a headache for you?

PILBEAM: Well, it was a very good thing for me. At the time, I didn't appreciate it, but I've been in public life for over 30 years — on the Harbor Board, in Parliament, the mayor for 30 years — and every year I've promoted something, and I've raised millions. I reckon I've raised more money than anybody in the business in Australia. . . but all of a sudden, bang, it dropped off. Mind you, I was trying to get out of it for about the last six years, but I couldn't get anyone to take my place.

PLAYBOY: Do you think private funding offers advantages to producers as compared to funding from the Government or from US studios?

PILBEAM: I've got peculiar ideas, I'm a private enterprise man from way back. I've got no time for letting the Government do the work. There's a tendency now — it's leading to Communism, of course — that the Government does everything, the individuals do nothing. I'm a great individual man myself.

PLAYBOY: You'd recommend your methods, then, to other prospective money-raisers for films?

PILBEAM: Yes, I would recommend it. And when I did it, I was at the end of 30 years in which I hardly had a holiday, and I must have been as near exhausted as it is possible to be, doing two or three jobs all the time and I never spared myself. . . and yet, if I had to do it again, I'd like to be younger and have the energy, and I'd do some more. I still can do it, and at the age of 75, I proved that I was able to do what a lot of young buggers were too lazy and didn't have enough enterprise and ability to do.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the quarter million dollars *Buddies* is receiving in Queensland Film Corporation funding?

PILBEAM: I think it's a good thing that the Government supports them in their formative years. . . they're up against obstacles now that they didn't have in the early days in America. . . The unions make it tough for the film industry these days. I noticed out there in the making of *Buddies*, there wasn't a scene that wasn't made about 20 times. They get paid by the hour, and if they make every scene 20 times, you can just see what the difference is in the cost of a film. It's done, and you can't get away from it. What made me laugh was when they made the horses do it. They had a scene there where the horse came into the bar, and the poor old horse had to come into the bar 20 times. He wasn't getting paid, but the bloke riding him was.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that this film shot entirely in Queensland might open up more regional opportunities for Dingwall and others?

PILBEAM: I think he's already got a backer for the next picture.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever do this again, say for another Queensland film?

PILBEAM: Well, I don't think so. I might do it for the same people. . . One thing I'm very pleased about is the company's way of handling things. They send a report to all the investors every month, how the picture's going, what stage it's reached, what they're doing with it. . . so that gives them a great incentive, it's sort of a family picture, they're all very interested in it.

PLAYBOY: Are you a film buff yourself?

PILBEAM: Nah. I haven't been to a film for years. — STEVE BUNK

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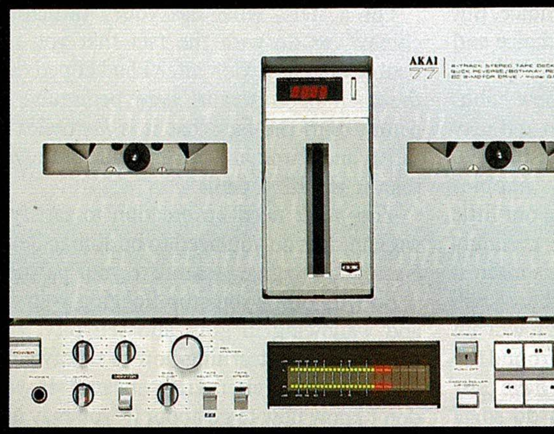

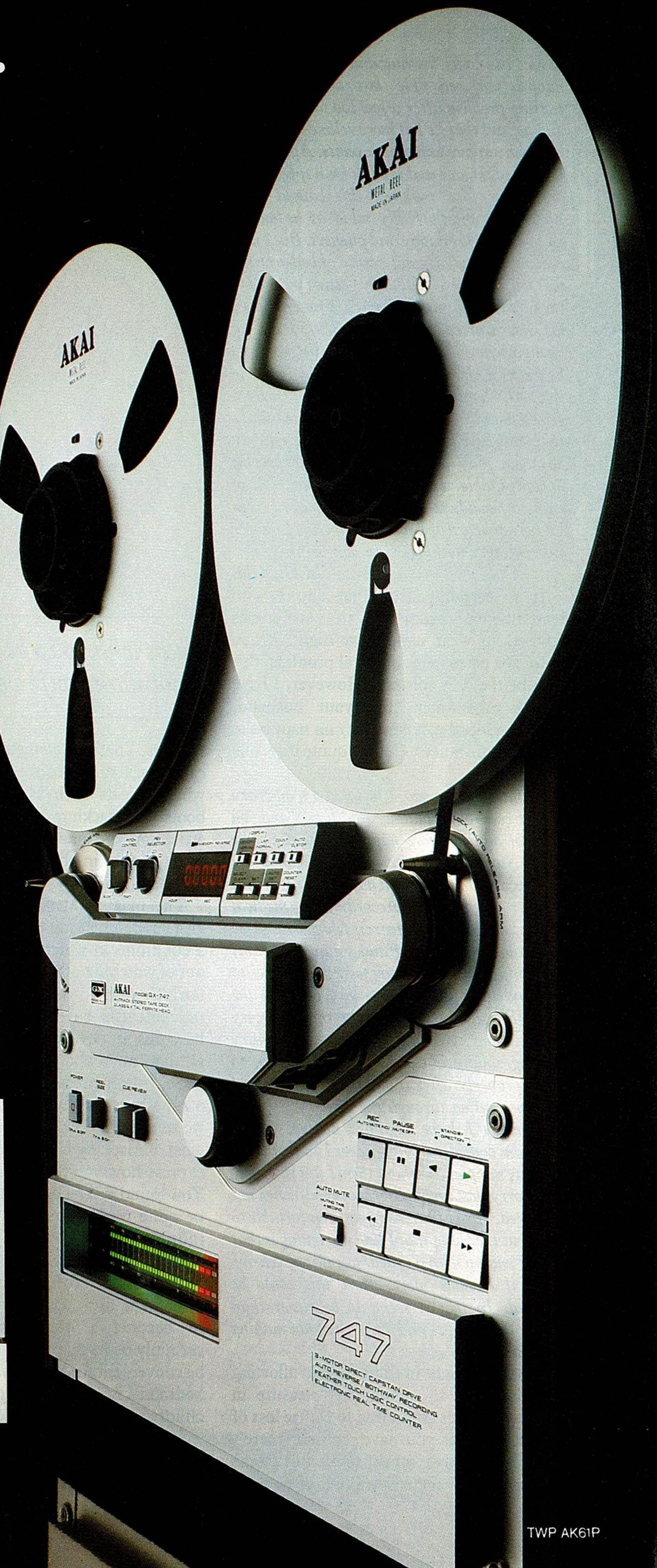

TWP AK61P

SEX

australia's leading sexologist answers your questions

Some time ago, my husband started wearing nappies to bed. He has a minor bed-wetting problem after a few too many drinks, and he said that he felt more relaxed and slept better in nappies and plastic pants. Apart from having to remove and replace his nappy before and after love making, this caused little problem. I didn't really mind as he looked quite cute in his nappy and pilchers. But I now realise that the original excuse of bed-wetting was only a way of gradually getting me used to the fact that he wished to go back into nappies. He has started leaving his nappy on, or changing into a dry one, after getting up, and he wears nappies all day if he doesn't have to leave the house. I cannot understand why a grown man would want to wear nappies all the time and I am worried that constant reliance on them may cause his wetting to become uncontrollable. He says that he has read of many other adults "in nappies" by choice, but I have not heard of any. If this is true, I may be worried over nothing. Can you help?

— M.G., Qld.

It is certainly true that adults with incontinence problems are sometimes advised to wear nappies at night. When there is a permanent physical problem, this may be the only solution. However, I have known other men, like your husband, who developed a dependency on nappies in such circumstances. Let me quote from one such man:

About 10 years ago, I suffered a temporary loss of control of bladder and bowel and, on medical advice, wore nappies for quite some time. Since that time, and until about 12 months ago, I seldom used nappies except when sick or very tired. According to medical advice, it was probably stress which caused me to recommence wetting and soiling my pants and initially I had to start wearing nappies to bed and later through the day much of the time. Physically, apparently there is very little wrong with me and my involuntary wetting/soiling is caused by my inability to relax properly after a build-up of stress and nervous tension through the day.

Recently I have regained control of my functions considerably, however I cannot cease wearing nappies. Without them I feel insecure, and worry that I may disgrace myself when not prepared. Also I find them most comfortable to wear but the thing that I find intriguing is that often I end up with a soiled/wet nappy when I know if I made more effort this could be avoided. In fact it seems to be easier than racing to the toilet and quite often not making it in time.

man who go to bed in nappy not make wife very happy

So you are right in thinking that allowing your husband to indulge his pleasure in wearing nappies could lead to future loss of control. And as you have realised, there's obviously another aspect to all this: some adults do get a sexual thrill out of wearing nappies. There are elements here of what we call a sexual "fetish". Fetishism occurs when objects such as high-heels, rubber boots or mackintoshes acquire a sexual attraction and nappies have always scored fairly highly in the lists of favorite fetish objects.

The magical attraction of nappies may also have something to do with "urolagnia" a condition in which people get a sex kick out of watching others urinate. These are all fairly murky waters, and although psychologists have various theories about how this all develops, no one really knows all that much about it.

So, your husband is right in thinking that other adults do wear nappies by choice. But we're not just talking about his choice and what pleases *him*: you *too* have a right to express how you feel about this new habit. You sound a very tolerant woman and may be quite willing to allow your husband to indulge himself by wearing nappies occasionally. After all, we all have our little quirks. But I feel you should certainly discourage him from allowing this interest to become a dependency. There will certainly be many occasions when it will not be convenient for him to wander around the bedroom in nappies. Do you have any children or are you planning to do so? I would imagine it would be hard to toilet train a child when daddy is giving such a wayward example. I also hope he is using the disposable variety or at least doing his own washing!

As you may gather by my tone, it isn't a matter which should cause you great concern. It's an unusual situation but I'm sure your husband could regain night-time urinary control — if he wanted to. A few less nightcaps would help, for a start.

I would appreciate any advice that you may be able to give on my problem. I've been married for 10 years and all this time, although I love my wife, I haven't been able to stop thinking of the men in her past. It's in my mind all the time, even when we make love and it makes me reach an immature climax, so I feel guilty about not being able to satisfy my wife, even though she says she does not mind.

I also have tried making love to other women, hoping it will help me forget my wife's past, but it seems to get worse. I love my wife and my wife loves me, but I'm afraid if nothing can change the situation, I might leave my wife and family.

Please help. — C.R.B., Qld.

You seem to have your chicken and egg somewhat confused. From what I can make out, the men in your wife's past aren't causing your problem at all. Rather, because you happen to have difficulty delaying ejaculating, this makes you particularly conscious of the fact that your wife has had previous lovers who *may* have been able to satisfy her.

My conclusion involves some guesswork, but I suspect you are doing quite a lot of that yourself. Do you *know* whether your wife gained more satisfaction from her previous relationships, or are you simply punishing yourself by assuming this was the case? Even if sex with these previous men was fantastic, you obviously had something going for you that they didn't — she married *you*, doesn't that tell you something?

There are a few other assumptions floating around here.

For a start, what has your "immature climax" to do with the fact that you are unable to satisfy your wife? I had hoped that the men of Australia were beginning to cotton onto the fact that it is *far* easier to satisfy most women with a tongue or fingers than it is with a penis.

You *don't* need an erection to satisfy a woman, nor do you need to be able to delay ejaculation to give pleasure to your partner.

So why don't you stop flogging yourself and wallowing in guilt and self-pity, and concentrate on learning how to satisfy your wife by these alternative means? If you don't know how to go about it, you may like to have a look at a book I edited titled *Bettina Arndt's Guide to Lovemaking*. This should be available in newsagents but if you

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Once you have taken the pressure off your poor penis, you may find your performance will start to improve. There are also some quite simple programs you can follow with your wife to teach yourself to last longer. These are discussed in detail in the book *How to Last Longer and Other Sexual Solutions* by Michael Castleman (available for $18.50 postage paid from the above address).

There is also a photographic guide to the same program called *You Can Last Longer* ($7 postage paid).

If this self-help approach is not successful, there are sex therapists in Queensland who would also be able to help you gain ejaculation control.

If you contact the Family Planning Association Clinic nearest to you, I'm sure they will be able to recommend an appropriate person.

By following this positive approach and doing something about your own problem, I hope you will find you no longer need to torment yourself with thoughts of your wife's previous relationships.

I am surprised your wife has put up with your misguided jealousy for so long — let alone your brilliant solution of seeking out other women to help you forget her past.

I assume she doesn't know anything about these pitiful attempts at self-help therapy.

Unless you decide to start tackling the problem in a more sensible way, I doubt that you'll have to entertain thoughts of leaving your wife and family. Eventually your wife will have had enough and will take off herself. I can't say I'd blame her.

POWER TO THE PROSTATE

Okay men, it's your turn. In the past few months, I have been giving you all the news about the G Spot, the newly-discovered area of sensitivity in the vagina. I have mentioned that some experts believe the G Spot is the equivalent of the male prostate. Now, let's put two and two together: if this G Spot is such a terrific erogenous zone for some women, maybe the male prostate holds similar exciting possibilities?

The erogenous potential of the prostate isn't exactly news. The gay community has known about it ever since man discovered man. But with all this new talk about his and her prostates, more men are likely to discover the potential of this secret sex centre.

Actually, it's nice to be able to offer some good news about the prostate. Most men are barely aware of the existence of this vital organ, until something ghastly happens and the prostate throws a hefty spanner into their sexual works.

The prostate is a very important part of the male sexual anatomy. It is located just below the bladder, resting against its neck. The prostate is an important meeting place where all sorts of tubes gather together, joining to form the urethra, the tube which delivers both urine (from the bladder) and ejaculate into the outside world.

Fluid from the prostate itself makes up about 40 percent of the semen, or male ejaculate, providing the sperm with many of the vital ingredients required to keep them alive during their long journey up to meet the female egg.

When something goes wrong with the prostate, it can spell big trouble. You have probably heard of prostatitis which is an imflammation of the prostate. If the cause is bacteria, antibiotics may do the trick, but sometimes prostatic massage is used. This involves the doctor inserting a finger into the rectum and massaging the gland to help shift any accumulated fluid into the urethra.

> *Feeling a little sexually jaded? Perhaps it's time you made acquaintance with your prostate. You may open up a new world of erotic sensation.*

Sounds fairly nasty?

Well it isn't really so bad, particularly when compared to such horrors as cancer of the prostate, where all or part of the prostate may need to be removed.

This operation (prostatectomy) can result in permanent impotence. So if this form of medical treatment is recommended to you, it's always worth seeking a second opinion and asking plenty of questions about alternative treatments, possible side-effects etc.

You can see why the prostate doesn't have such a great reputation and sorely needs a spot of positive public relations.

If you have been feeling a little sexually jaded, perhaps it's time you made acquaintance with your prostate. Who knows, you may just open up a whole new world of erotic sensation.

But first you have to get your bearings. The prostate is actually situated in front of the anus at a depth of about eight centimetres inside the lower rectum. Usually it's not easy for a man to massage his own prostate through the rectum.

Perry and Whipple, the G Spot researchers, recommend lying on your back with knees up and feet flat on the bed. By inserting the thumb and pressing downwards, you should be able to feel a soft mass down towards the anus (the rectal opening).

Stimulation of the prostate apparently is similar to stimulating the G Spot — it often feels unpleasant at first (particularly if it is done by a doctor as part of a medical examination). But after a while, if you're hitting the right spot, you experience an unusual but highly pleasurable sensation which is quite different from the sensation you feel when touching the head (glans) of the penis.

If you continue to massage the prostate, you may ejaculate. The orgasm men experience through stimulation of the prostate gland supposedly is different from an orgasm experienced when the penis is stimulated; also, the ejaculate may flow out, rather than be ejected in spurts.

And while we're concentrating on this area, you may not realise that hidden underneath the scrotum (the sac which contains the testicles), is a wonderful, small fleshy area called the perineum that is highly sensitive to erotic touching in both men and women. I'd recommend a gentle touch, lots of feathery kisses and playful caresses.

Persuade your lady to try an occasional blow of air underneath the scrotum. I promise it won't cool you off, quite the opposite in fact!

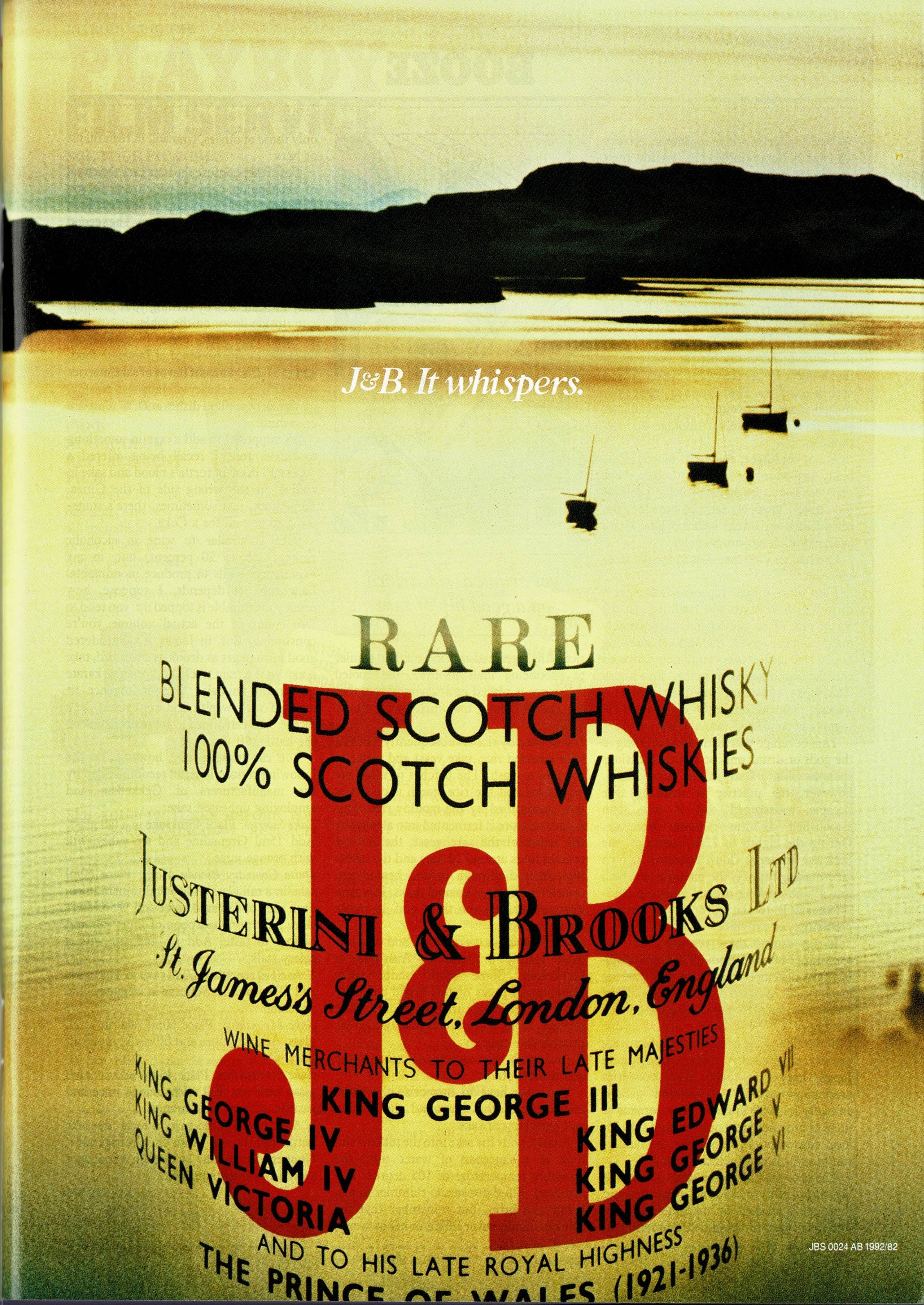
The whole area of the perineum is richly supplied with sexual nerves connected with the rest of the sexual nervous system and the anus. Since the prostate is situated just above the perineum, stimulation of the perineal area will give a buzz to the prostate as well.

The anus itself is, of course, also an erogenous zone for both males and females. Many people are unable to rid themselves of taboos about stimulating this area, so if you aren't comfortable with the idea, don't worry about it. That's your privilege. But if you *do* find yourself becoming aroused during anal stimulation, don't assume you have discovered your latent homosexuality. Our sexual physiology provides all of us — heterosexuals and homosexuals alike —with the potential to respond to anal stimulation. It's just that homosexuals (some, *not* all) tend to make more use of this erotic potential.

One final point. You could also try asking your partner to press upwards on the perineum just as you are about to ejaculate. One of the ultimate treats for a man is said to be upward strokes just underneath the scrotum, in rhythm with the contractions of ejaculation.

See, the possibilities are endless!. . . More power to the prostate.

— BETTINA ARNDT



BOOZE

The Japanese prefer to dine in privacy and bathe in public; they narrow their eyes in pleasure, not anger; wear white, not black, for mourning; row boats forwards, not backwards. . . the list goes on. It's therefore not entirely surprising that they choose to slurp their wine warm from tiny porcelain thimbles.

The procedure for imbibing Japanese rice wine or sake (pronounced like blase) may be contrary, but the drink itself is very congenial once your palate has recovered from the initial assault. The first time I tried it, I announced to my bigwig Tokyo hosts that it tasted rather like warm sherry stirred with a sardine. They nodded agreeably, sucked more air through their gold fillings and mercilessly kept topping up my thimble.

About midnight, the earth moved. Yes, really: just one of the many earthquakes that plagued Tokyo in the late-1960s. I felt, at the time, vaguely responsible for the disturbance and awoke next morning with a hangover of sumo proportions.

I've had an awesome regard for the stuff ever since.

Like most things Japanese, sake has a history rich in myth and tradition. In the Yayoi era, or so the legend goes, comely maidens were given the task of chewing boiled rice until it was completely salivated and the starch had been pulped into sugar. The soggy substance was then spat into wooden casks containing wild yeast and the sugar was converted into alcohol.

This beverage was made as an offering to the gods or drunk only on special occasions such as Shinto festivals. As time passed, however, the practice of drinking sake became widespread and it was soon established as the national beverage. During the eighth to 12th Centuries, the Japanese Imperial Court operated its own sake-making factory, the manager of which was a high-ranking official enjoying equivalent status to the governor of a minor prefecture, or province.

It was during these centuries that the techniques of sake production were painstakingly developed and perfected, and the many rituals associated with the drinking of sake were cemented into the Japanese social system.

Some 2000 years later, the manufacturing process is somewhat more sophisticated. Japan has some 3000 sake breweries producing around 350 million gallons annually in 5000 brands. Sixty percent of these companies yield only enough sake for local consumption, rather like the family-run vineyards of provincial France.

The sake-making method goes something like this: freshly-picked rice is polished and thoroughly cleaned by machine and then soaked in water for around 20 minutes. This rice is then steamed and, in a method similar to producing malt in beer, the cooled substance is placed in a warming chamber for 36 hours and is then mixed with mould spore.

get drunk as a warlord on a good nip of sake

The mouldy rice is subsequently blended with steamed rice, sake yeast and water to produce a mash. The batches of mash are fermented and the rice starch is dissolved and saccharified by the mouldy rice. This sugary mixture is fermented into alcohol by the action of the sake yeast; the settling process takes around 10 days and the sake is then filtered through cotton, heated and transferred to large enamel tanks. It is then matured for between three and 10 weeks before bottling.

The leading export label, and the one most readily available in Australia, is Gekkeikan. Some bottle shops carry presentation packs of this brand complete with a porcelain tokkuri (the standard 180cc serving flask) and several sakazuki (18cc thimble-like cups).

And, with this equipment in hand, the real trouble starts.

You now have to memorise the ritual idiosyncrasies that surround the serving and partaking of sake.

Firstly, pour the sake into the tokkuri and heat in a saucepan of water until the optimum temperature of 105 degrees F is achieved. Fill the sakazuki thimbles to just below the brim, but remember that the drinker should never fill his or her own cup, only those of others, who will in turn fill his or hers.

To further confuse the issue, try the ritual of exchanging cups in which one person first hands his empty cup to another, then fills it for him from the tokkuri. The second person immediately drains the cup, rinses it out in a special bowl, returns it to the owner, bows and then fills it for him or her.

When you have had enough sake, you may indicate this by turning your sakazuki cup upside down on the table.

This whole performance is made more palatable by the presence of Japanese food, and the fairly pungent flavor of sake marries well with the delicacy of Japanese cuisine, particularly seafood dishes such as tempura or sashimi.

It's supposed to add a certain something to turtle, too. I recall being offered a "special" brew of turtle's blood and sake in a dive on the wrong side of the Ginza. Sometimes, just sometimes, there's something to be said for a Coke.

Sake is similar to wine in alcoholic content (15 to 20 percent) but, in my experience, tends to produce monumental hangovers. It depends, I suppose, how often your thimble is topped up: you tend to lose count of the actual volume you're consuming. But, in Japan, it's considered good form to get as drunk as a warlord, take a nap on the train tracks and practise karate on small animals. Over-indulgence is equated with wealth and status and, let's face it, who can afford to get really drunk on the hard stuff anyway?

You can make a start, however, on the following concoctions, all recommended by the manufacturers of Gekkeikan and employing unheated sake:

Sake Sunrise: Place 45ml sake in a tall glass. Add 15ml Grenadine and ice cubes. Fill with orange juice.

Quite Contrary Bloody Mary: Place 60ml sake in a tall glass. Add 90ml tomato juice, dash each of Tabasco sauce and Worcestershire sauce; one teaspoon of lime; salt and pepper to taste. Add ice and stir with a celery stalk.

Sake Spritzer: Place 60ml sake in a tall glass and fill with soda. Squeeze in wedge of lime or lemon.

Sake Moonshine: Place 60ml sake in a tall glass. Add ice cubes and fill with grapefruit juice.

Sake Screwdriver: Place 45 ml sake in a tall glass with ice. Fill with orange juice and garnish with twist of orange.

After opening, be sure to recap the sake bottle tightly and store in a refrigerator. Unopened sake may be kept in a cool spot away from direct sunlight.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

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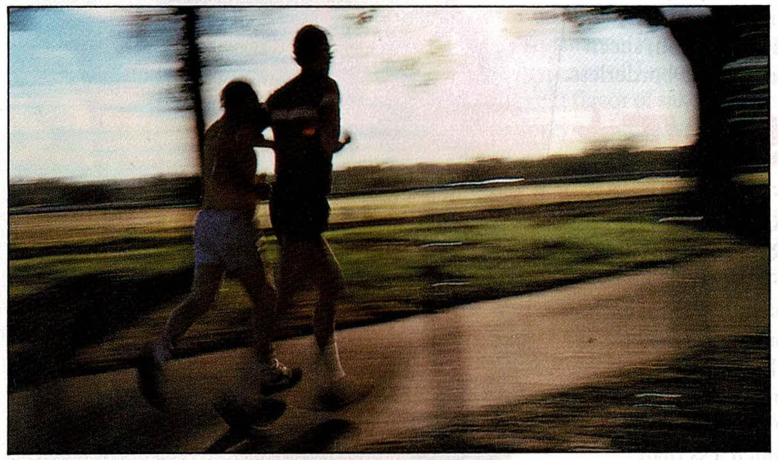
CAMEL CALENDAR

See the American Eagles tackle our Rugby Union greats, run your feet off in a marathon, wear your eyes out at a film festival or soothe them at the Pool and Spa Show. If that isn't enough, you can try a hot or cold sail, see Samson remove nails with his teeth or pick up on bargains at a ski equipment sale. It's all happening right here.

International Rugby Union: The American Eagles, far from being an endangered species, is the name of the fledgling US Rugby Union team. The only danger will be when they face their Australian counterparts in June. The Eagles will play Western Australia in Perth at the Perry Lakes Stadium on June 19. South Australia is next on June 22 at the Norwood Oval. On June 25, the Eagles play Victoria at Olympic Park, Melbourne, and on the 29th, they meet the Sydney team at the Sydney Cricket Ground. Watch the feathers fly.

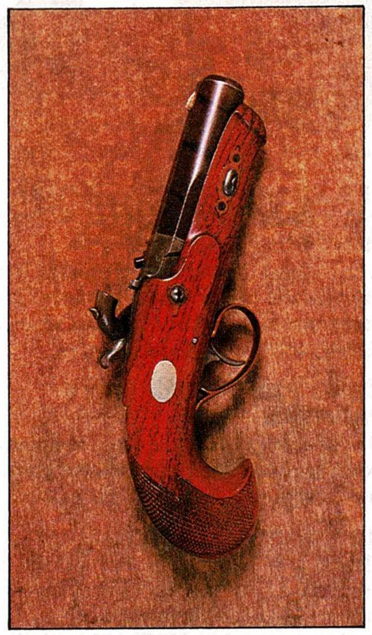


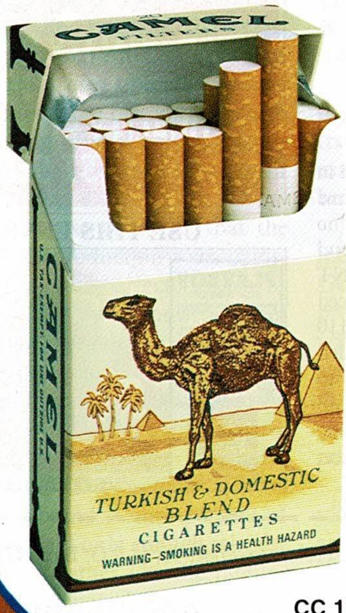
Australian Marathon: This one is for people who can run long distances on city roads without collapsing after the first 15 minutes. The Australian Marathon starts in Miller Street, North Sydney, at 7.30am on June 12. The run is 26 miles and several hundred yards long. The route is across the Harbor Bridge, which will be partially closed to traffic (making things easier for the runners, or harder for those trying to hitch a ride), along Anzac Parade to Botany Bay and returning via Anzac Parade to finish at the Sydney Showgrounds. You must be over 16 to enter and the cost is $10. Phone 288 3920.

Fifty Mile Run: Not to be outdone by Sydney, the Melbourne 50 Mile Run will take place at the Melbourne University track on June 25 starting in the dark at 6.30am. It takes from six to seven hours to complete the 200 laps, so runners should finish around lunch time. About 20 people are expected to attempt the distance. If you are one of the keen few, make sure you have a helper to pass you food and drink as you fly (flag) around the oval.

Film Festival: The yearly Sydney Film Festival bash is on again, this time from June 10 to 26. This is David Stratton's last year as director of the Festival. As usual, the films will be shown in that monument to art deco exuberance, the State Theatre. About 50 feature films will be screened during the day and in the evenings, enough to tire the most avid buff. Overseas guest directors also will be visiting. The Melbourne Film Festival, which attracts a similar bleary-eyed crowd, is on from June 22 to July 23. The main venue is the Metro Cinema at Malvern. It's best to book early for these popular events.

Gun Show: At least 5000 antique and collectible firearms (gats and rods to the *Godfather* set) will be on display at the Sixth Melbourne Gun Show at Coburg Town Hall, June 25 and 26. Also on show will be swords, uniforms, loading tools, bullets and other weaponry paraphernalia.

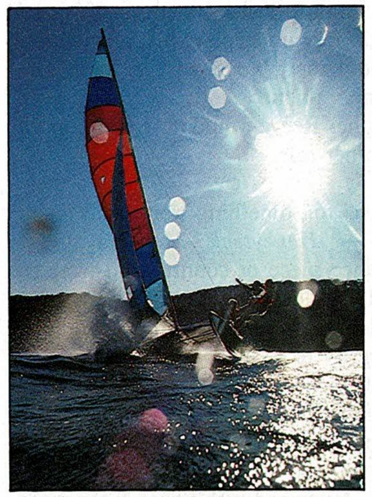




Where a man belongs.

CC 1146/83 In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's.

Circus Spectacular: Samson bends steel in his bare hands and extracts nails from four-inch planks with his teeth. Watch this man with the mighty molars along with other top circus acts from Europe and the USSR at the World's Greatest Circus Spectacular at the Sydney Entertainment Centre, May 10 to 28. Samson's hair is short, by the way.



Icicle Regatta/Sauna Sail: Sailors brave enough to face chilling temperatures and runny noses will take part in the Icicle Regatta at the Black Rock Yacht Club on Port Phillip Bay, Victoria, June 11 to 13. On the same days, for those who like it hot, there's the Sauna Sail on Hazelwood Pond (it's about two miles wide), a "cooling" lake for the Hazelwood Power Station where the water is definitely warm. The Sauna Sail begins at the La Trobe Valley Yacht Club at Morwell.

Pool and Spa Show: Spare a word of sympathy for the bikini-clad girls braving winter weather to make this pool show a visual knock-out. At least 20 pools, spas and hot tubs will be on display, just in case you are in the market for water sports or are tired of mowing the back lawn. The show is on from June 1 to 5 at the Royal Exhibition Buildings in Melbourne. Apart from pools, you'll find everything else you need to make outdoor living just as comfortable as indoor.

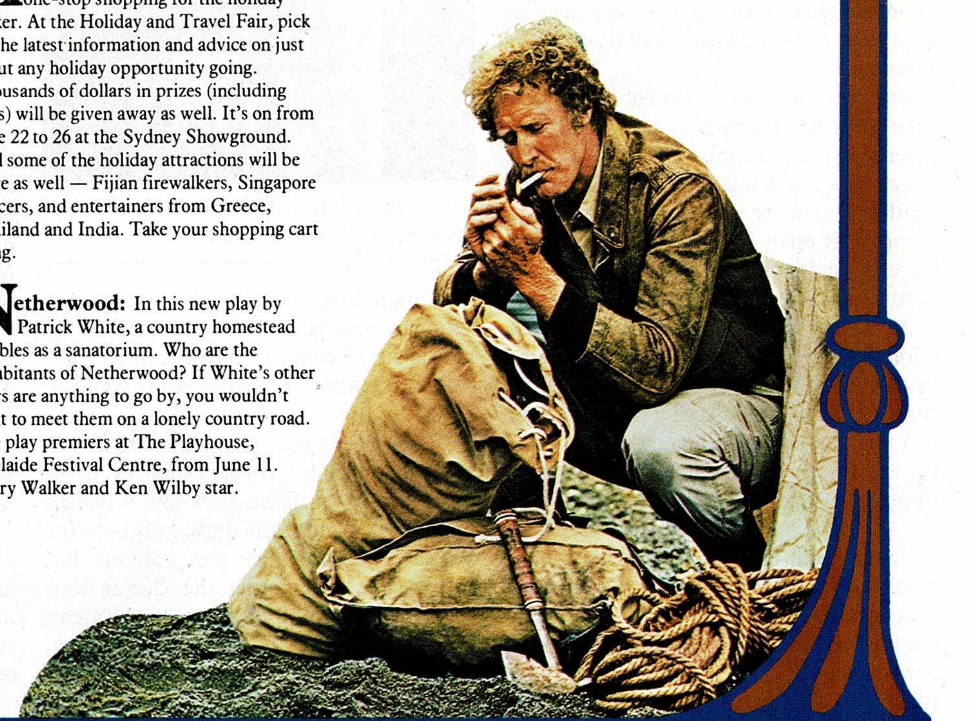
DYNASTAR
USA hart
KASTLE
RALLY
ROSSIGNOL
ROSSIGNOL

Ski Sale: Pick up a bargain in ski equipment at the second-hand and liquidating stock ski equipment sale at the Royal Melbourne Showground on May 28 and 29. The annual grab for cheap gear is organised by the Victorian Ski Association. You'll find everything from skis and poles to goggles and gear, all at discount prices.

Holiday and Travel Fair: Here's one-stop shopping for the holiday seeker. At the Holiday and Travel Fair, pick up the latest information and advice on just about any holiday opportunity going. Thousands of dollars in prizes (including trips) will be given away as well. It's on from June 22 to 26 at the Sydney Showground. And some of the holiday attractions will be there as well — Fijian firewalkers, Singapore dancers, and entertainers from Greece, Thailand and India. Take your shopping cart along.

Netherwood: In this new play by Patrick White, a country homestead doubles as a sanatorium. Who are the inhabitants of Netherwood? If White's other plays are anything to go by, you wouldn't want to meet them on a lonely country road. The play premiers at The Playhouse, Adelaide Festival Centre, from June 11. Kerry Walker and Ken Wilby star.

Hockey: For a bit of slapstick, the 1983 Australian Senior Hockey Championships are on at the Commonwealth Hockey Stadium in Bentley, outside Perth, until May 22. Teams from all States will be competing.



MOVIES

mr sheen shines through enigma's puzzle; clint strikes the right chord

For many, *Enigma* will remain just that — at least until they can settle down with Michael Barak's novel and do a little code-breaking, like the furtive espionage agents in the plot. Director Jeannot Szwarc has a good story and a good cast to work with, but he appears to have trouble cramming the gritty spy tale into his allotted 100 minutes. His audience has the impression of him rushing headlong into adventure, towing us behind in a lather of "can't explain now" excitement.

When it's all over, it's sure been fun. . . but what did it all mean? Well, something like this. Alex Holbeck (Martin Sheen) is an American-born radio correspondent who, having lived in East Germany, is recruited to return to East Berlin to save the lives of a number of dissidents on a countdown for assassination. To add to the intrigue and to make everything thoroughly modern, he is equipped with an electronic microprocessor that can counter Soviet computer codes.

Sheen manages to personify the pragmatic chill and laconic verbal economy of Barak's story. But, in many ways, it is his personal style which shows up the movie's lack of style. Sheen at least looks unhurried in a film which gives neither cast nor audience the chance to put things into perspective.

It's all happening in *Enigma*. . . but what is "it"? Mostly, I fear, a manic maelstrom of false alarms. Most conspicuous victim of the confusion is Karen (Brigitte Fossey), an old flame of Holbeck and, conveniently, daughter of a prominent dissident. She spends the whole film being either apprehended or tortured as if trapped in the twin tubs of a reciprocating brain-washing machine.

But poor Sam Neill is probably *Enigma's* super-enigma. He applies his usual competence to the screenplay's wild guess at the antics of a top KGB agent. Neill, in fact, would have slotted very nicely into the good guy role (it really does come down to such basic distinctions) and Sheen would have been splendidly menacing as the Russian.

As a film about intelligence, Szwarc's effort falls about 20 minutes short of being intelligent and intelligible. Given that extra time, he could have paced a little suspense and intrigue into his film, and constructed the significant developments at least as carefully as the red herrings.

●

Superhuman as you'd need to be to make much out of *Monsignor,* Christopher (Superman) Reeve appears to be still battling kryptonite radiation in his efforts to attract much interest in Father John Flaherty, a streetwise American priest whose ruthless tactics make him both accepted and rejected by the Vatican.

Christopher Reeve climbs faster than a speeding bullet in Monsignor.

A rambling expose of yet another "Roman scandal", *Monsignor* suffers the mortal sin of being a "now it can be told" story, 30 years after anyone really wants to know.

In more general terms, it is a portrait of a man who violates virtually every rule of his profession to satisfy his ambition. While his black market and mafia dealings benefit the Vatican, the Holy See sees nothing. But once its house is in order, the Church finds Flaherty something of an embarrassment. Rivalry within the Church exposes him, and his affair with a convent student (Genevieve Bujold) also blows up, shattering Flaherty but at least indicating that he is still vulnerable to guilt.

Played either as a forbidden fruit soapie or as a back-to-front white collar crime intrigue, *Monsignor* might have been able to define a market. By unravelling and inspecting every thread of the Cloth, it rambles through the dusty corridors of Vatican commissary dealings, papal investigative committees, mafioso mixed loyalties and papal power broking.

Director Frank Perry has expressed his respect by supervising a beautifully-photographed piece of cinema. But despite its environment, the movie has no soul. It is peopled by caricatures rather than characters and, for all its digging, it remains remarkably one-dimensional.

In fact, the script is so trite you come away convinced that it was printed in big, easy-to-read type. Bujold overplays her role in an attempt to make something of it, and Fernando Rey underplays his, presumably in the hope that no one will recognise him.

Given a phone booth, I reckon even Christopher Reeve would have cast himself into another role.

●

And so to something you really can't knock — *Honkytonk Man,* a little-significance piece of country-and-western cornball that doesn't pretend to be anything else. The integrity of the film is very much the integrity of its producer, director and star, Clint Eastwood, who occasionally allows himself the indulgence of doing something for the fun of it.

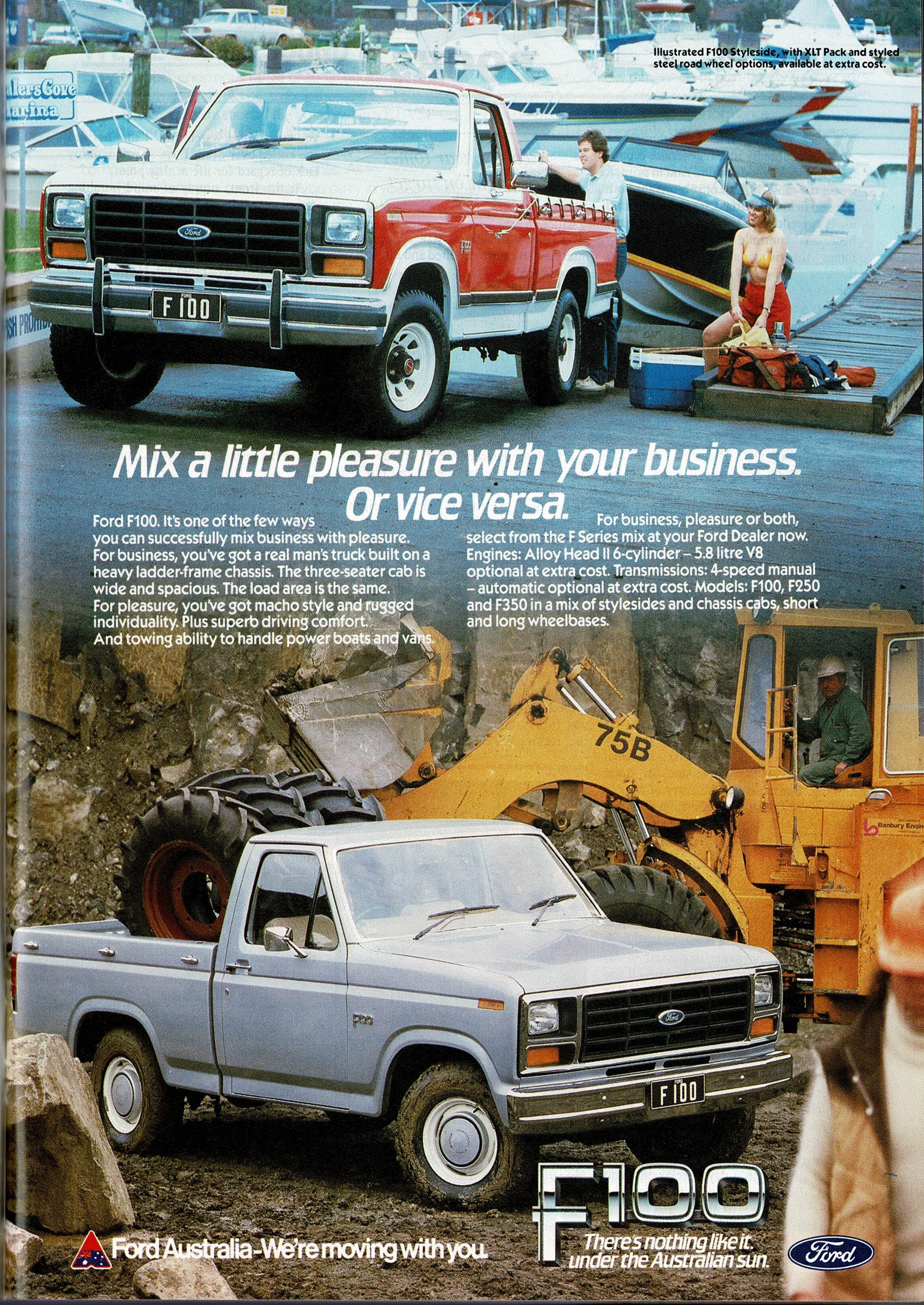
One of the screen's all-time great cowboys, Eastwood is this time in the guise of a Nashville cowboy, a no-count western singer and hell-raiser who decides to have a crack at Grand Ole Opry recognition before the combined toll of booze and tuberculosis snuff him out.

Red Sovall (Eastwood) treks through the Depression era mid-West picking up his nephew Whit (played by Eastwood's son Kyle) along the way. But the film really develops into the misadventures of a low-life caravan when Whit's grandpa (John McIntire) and a be-in-anything waitress (Alexa Kenin) join the pilgrimage.

To cut a long journey short, Red makes it to the Opry, lands a recording contract, and dies in a seedy hotel room in quick succession. And not from embarrassment. Eastwood fans will be pleasantly surprised at his singing effort. . . if not a threat in Nashville, he could always try Tamworth.

Alexa Kenin, as the itinerant waitress with showbiz ambitions, is the shining star of a modest movie that aims no higher than the predictable artistic standard of predictable country-and-western music. In its offbeat way, it just clears the bar.

— ROBIN INGRAM



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BOOKS

two new war tomes hit right on target

War, bloody war. Evil though it undoubtedly is, it regenerates economies and looks good on film. And in print, it is still the most durable of subjects for both fact and fiction. Vietnam, just barely behind us, is currently the vogue war, but still the historians continue to produce weighty tomes theorising about Hitler's secret diseases or whether Belsen actually happened.

Forty years after the fact, most of us have satisfied our curiosity about every conceivable aspect of the Great Unpleasantness which disrupted our parents' generation, and caused them, in a fit of euphoric randiness at war's end, to produce us in greater numbers than this country had ever seen. However, every so often comes a book which actually sheds new light on an old subject. Such is Hamish Hamilton's compilation of *The Goebbels Diaries 1939-41.* Translated and edited by one Fred Taylor, this day-by-day account of two years in the life of Hitler's devious propaganda chief makes fascinating reading. It is as much a story of media manipulation as it is of Nazi excesses, made more chilling by the revelation that Goebbels, a cultured man, had a deep, personal appreciation of the works of literature and art he so glibly banned.

These diaries depict a busy man. From the moment he rose from his bed, Goebbels was on the go, shutting down newspapers, having editors killed, burning books, doctoring newsreel footage, banning movies and generally perverting truth in every way he could think of. His brisk, informal dismissal of major perversions is quite chilling. For example, the entry of May 3, 1939: "The Polish press is kicking up a fuss. But it will soon have its big mouth shut for it." Killing off a country's free press is thirsty work, so it is not surprising that later that same month we find Herr Goebbels relaxing at home with a bottle or two of good Alsace and copping a couple of movies in the family viewing room. While the German people generally might have been corrupted by the values espoused in *Mr Deeds Goes To Town,* Goebbels himself was apparently in no such danger. He noted in his diary: "Marvellous stuff from America, with Gary Cooper. Wonderfully made, excellent ideas, beautifully acted."

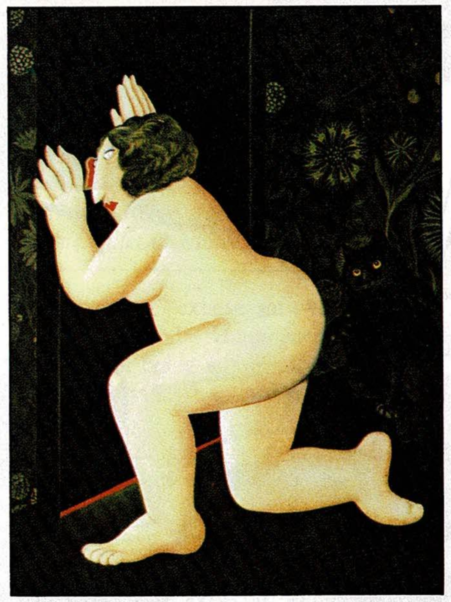
In another entry, at Christmas 1939, Goebbels accurately sums up the dilemma of censors all over the world and right through history: "Get to know the inner rottenness of English society by reading Maugham. This society will collapse if it is pushed hard enough. And we shall make sure of that. Such a day of relaxation and reading does a wonderful amount of good."

•

Another war, another inside account. *Nam* (Thomas Nelson) is a collection of interview transcripts, edited and intercut by journalist Mark Baker to form a powerful and anonymous account of Everyman's horror show. Baker took his tape-recorder to the homes of Viet vets, or he met them in the bars, clubs and, sometimes, jails of Middle America. Their memories lurch along like two-day hangovers, but however much their perception may have been altered by the drugs of war, these frontliners are united in their hatred for the experience.

Pillars of the community in the 1980s describe how they murdered and raped in the name of patriotism little more than a decade ago. "During my first fire fight," says one, "we got pinned down by some VC with an automatic weapon. Our machine gunner opens up. Next thing I hear is, 'Oh boy, I got 'em. Man did you see his fucking head fly off?' A kid'll do that. Nobody in the unit was over 21."

Stoned on opiated joints and in the watch-tower, teenage soldiers watch a woman harvesting in a field 500 yards away. They take potshots at her for the sport. "I was the only one that didn't. . . at first. But something came over me. I was pissed off. I was fucking hot. It was the second day in that fucking tower, you know. I said, 'Fuck you guys. Here, watch this.' I shot her and she keeled over dead. I was so aware of my lack of regard for life at that point."



Painting from One Man Show *by Beryl Cook (Penguin). A natty little collection of bawdy images by a lady whose principal interests outside painting are drinking and smoking in the sailors' pubs near her home in Plymouth. Our kind of lady.*

At the front, supply of mind-numbing drugs was all important. Only a fool stood between a unit and its score. "At the height of this (the confiscation and destruction of a large quantity of marijuana and opium), Ortega was bit by a rabid rat. He went into a frenzy and they had to tie him down to a bed in the shack. . . I couldn't believe my good fortune. We got some gasoline and went running over there. . . I threw a match. They took him out with burns on 85 percent of his body. I don't know if he was dead or not. At that point I didn't really care."

Baker's interviews are much more than graphic accounts of a dirty war. They capture the best and worst of a human spirit which has been polluted by its environment and has returned the favor.

•

When *Managers In Mid-Career Crisis* (Wellington Lane Press) landed on my desk, I figured someone was having a go at me. After I'd read a few chapters, I knew it. Now, I wasn't really aware of the fact that I was in crisis, but here it was — incontrovertible evidence in Chapter Four, Symptoms. This was *me* they were talking about. An obsession with physical fitness accompanied by increased use of drugs and alcohol, morbid preoccupation with bodily functions, excessive perspiration, desire to retain youth. . . management academics John Hunt and Roger Collins had written my biography. I was the archetypal boozing, sweating, heaving, jogging, lusting, manic-depressive, middle-range executive staring down the barrel of middle age and FREAKING OUT.

But it's okay, folks. I know how to cure myself, how to sort out my head. You write your own obituary, apparently, and your life goals become clear to you. He was a good man, led astray by others. . . But enough of this foolishness. You amateur psychologists out there will already have worked out that my facetious treatment of this subject is further evidence of my crisis. And you're right.

•

While Hunt and Collins have been sorting out the head problems of the middle class, some time financial writers Patrick Lindsay, David Koch and Stephen Calder, have lowered their sights to the hip-pocket and produced *Financial Survival For Australians* (Lansdowne Press). Not exactly bedtime reading — unless you're in the mood for reality nightmares — but a handy compendium of money talk for people who know they're up shit creek but never stop looking for a paddle. — PHIL JARRATT

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MUSIC

no frills from reynolds; japanese tunes on the rise; isaacs nurses a reggae hit

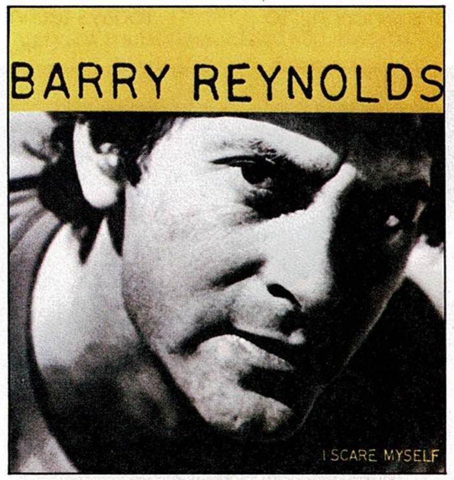
The arrival of a solo album from Barry Reynolds was certainly a long overdue event. Can't place the name? Then whip out your recent Marianne Faithfull, Grace Jones or Joe Cocker (Sheffield Steel) albums. The master guitarist and songwriter is amongst the action with those artists. When not occupied in that vein, he figures as a paid-up member of the Compass Point Allstars, that collection of magical musicians based at the Compass Point Studios in Nassau. They count the likes of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare among their number and, in part, have been responsible for many fine things including the conversion of Grace Jones from an elaborate clothes horse to a convincing musical performer.

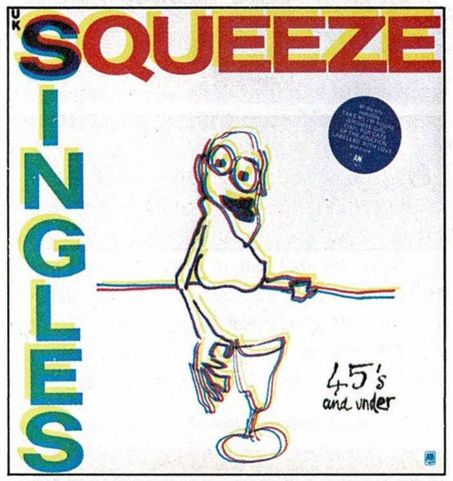
It's been a mighty twisty route that has carried this Manchester (UK) lad to the point of furnishing his own album but on this evidence, it has been worth the trip. *I Scare Myself* is one of the great "no frills" albums. Produced by Island's trumps, Chris Blackwell and Alex Sadkin, it embraces the cream of the Compass Point Allstars and Reynolds performing works principally written by him and Marianne Faithfull.

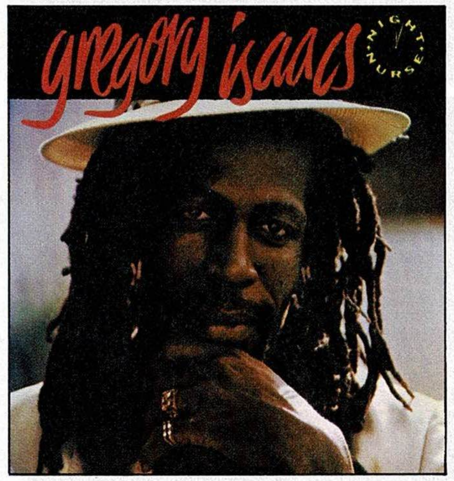
The compelling rhythm of More Money fleshes out the skills of the Jamaican connection, while heavier thrills follow in his 5.29 mins. version of Broken English, the song he co-wrote with Faithfull. As the perfect twist, he includes the Celtic-flavored The Bold Fenian Men as a postscript. Written in 1942 by Peader Kearney, it underscores the diversity and scope of Reynold's musical influences.

•

If you have heard most of the tunes on UK Squeeze's *Singles 45s and Under* (A&M) before, it's a safe bet you haven't heard them too often. Outside the capital cities' FM bands, Squeeze is one group the AM boys didn't exactly flog to death. The reasons? Too esoteric, too clever, perhaps. No matter, the best has been included among the 12 on this set. From the cockney familiarity of Cool For Cats to the portrait of urban disaster in Up The Junction, it's a tribute to the nerve of one of the better New Wave acts in flogging singles of such adventurous quality. Between 1978 and '82, Squeeze pumped out singles in defiance of the formulas that had traditionally shaped a hit. Instead Squeeze crafted mini-scenes of incredible clarity and complexity, throwing out the challenge that these singles really had to be *listened* to.







The album charts the band's transition, notably the departures of members Jools Holland and Harry Kakoulli and their replacement by Paul Carrack and John Bentley. The switch from John Wood, who produced so much of the band's earlier work, to Elvis Costello, and the brilliant writing contributions of Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook are also obvious landmarks.

As an accurate reminder of what *really* was happening in Britain while Adam Ant and Sheena Easton were grabbing the bright lights, *Singles* is of unquestionable value.

— NEIL JAMESON

In all the recent hubbub over the international invasion by Australian music, the advances made by Japanese groups have been overlooked. So far they have not emulated the success of a Men At Work, Little River Band or AC/DC, but their time will surely come. At present they are still striving to establish their own sound.

Yellow Magic Orchestra would be the best-known Japanese group among the aficionados. A synthesiser band sitting somewhere between Kraftwerk and Devo, they are superstars in their own land and now nearly all their albums are available in the West. Ippu Do was another to attract notice here with last year's *Radio Fantasy* LP, which took eclecticism to extremes. Hard rock, ska, pop, Eastern-styled electronic instrumentals — all grist for their mill and redolent of a severe identity crisis.

Now comes Sandii & The Sunsetz, a five-piece group fronted by a winsome Japanese beauty, who is the toast of the rising sun at present. Though to a large extent derivative of American groups like Talking Heads and Blondie, with an emphasis on a languid Adam Ant-type beat, it is Sandii's ethereal voice which really dominates their style.

Immigrants (WEA) does have its worthwhile moments, if a little few and far between. This LP is further notice that Japan could well be a musical force to be reckoned with in the near future. After all, who paid any attention to Australian music in the '70s?

•

Gregory Isaacs is yet to receive the public attention he deserves. His *More Gregory* LP from 1981 was acclaimed by the critics and that was about the extent of its penetration. To many people, reggae lived and died with Bob Marley. He was certainly the colossus that loomed astride this musical genre, but in consequence, many major artists have been pushed into the background.

Now Gregory Isaacs' career is on a more solid basis. "The Cool Ruler", as he has been dubbed, has produced a string of great records over the last decade, in collaboration with some of reggae's best producers, such as Lee Perry and Sly'n'Robbie. On recent albums, Isaacs has produced himself and the results have been no less impressive.

Night Nurse (Island) is his latest album and features the tasteful, rhythmic backing of Jamaica's top session musicians, the Roots Radic. They create a perfect, restrained setting for Gregory's languorous, soulful voice. As Al Green was to soul music, so Gregory Isaacs is to reggae, and you would be hard pressed to find a better exponent of the art.

— KENT GODDARD

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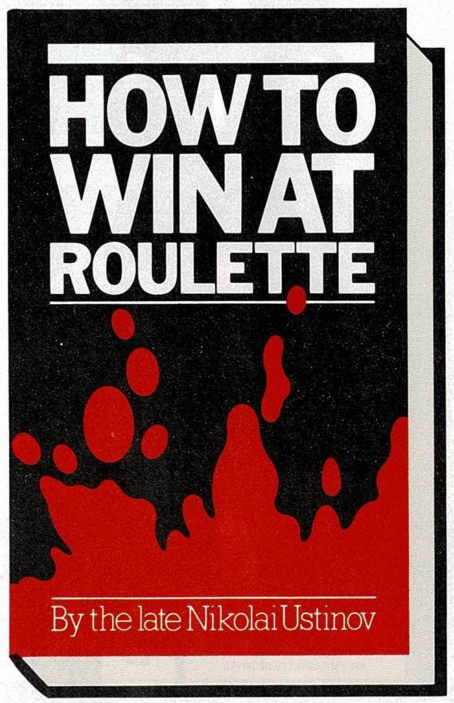

HOW TO
WIN AT
ROULETTE
By the late Nikolai Ustinov

the wheel of fortune can take you for a spin

The book's titled *Astrology — the Key to Roulette* and I couldn't resist. In 100 pages of deadly serious prose, the author contends that roulette wheels are governed by "planetary periods". By linking various stellar bodies with numbers on the wheel (the sun goes with one, the moon with two, and so on), factoring in "sun time" and considering the planetary period, any punter can break the bank in Monte Carlo, Las Vegas or Wrest Point.

I'd give the system a go, but even after two readings, I still haven't the vaguest notion what the author is on about. Interested readers can consult the book themselves, although finding a copy may be a problem — it has been out of print for 80 years.

Don't despair. There are plenty of other books offering advice on how to beat the system. There are, for example, *Win a Fortune at Roulette* (wait for red to come up twice, then back black); *How to Win* (look for patterns like two, four, six, eight and then bet on 10); and *The Professional Touch*, which doesn't actually contain a method. Instead, the author recounts how he won pots of money playing roulette and invites readers to send him $75 for his winning formula.

Depending on which edition of the book you buy, the secret system was passed on to him by a Mexican professor or left to him by his Uncle Jim. Needless to say, these books are not for professionals.

There are two types of gambler: professionals — casino operators, bookmakers and anyone else who makes a living from gambling — and amateurs whose ranks include card players, horse punters, lottery ticket buyers and casino patrons.

All professionals are percentage gamblers. They manipulate their bets so that, in the long run, they will receive the profit. Assuming that he can find people who want to gamble (rarely a problem) as well as some honest employees, the professional gambler is involved in a sure thing.

It's a matter of probability.

Probability is measured on a scale that goes from nought to one. Certainties (the sun will rise in the east) are assigned a probability of one. Impossibilities (the sun will rise in the west) are given a probability of zero. Events that are neither certain nor impossible have probabilities that fall somewhere in between. For example, the probability that a fair coin tossed in the air will fall heads is one-half or .5. If one million tickets are sold in a lottery, the probability of any one ticket winning is one in one million or .000001.

Probabilities can be calculated for most casino games. Take roulette. Players choose a number, group of numbers or color, put down their money and hope their choice comes up on the next spin of the wheel. The standard European style wheel (the type found at Wrest Point) has 37 numbers. This means that any player who bets on a single number has one chance to win and 36 chances to lose.

Now, if casinos were completely fair, winning bets on single numbers should receive payoffs of 36 to one. But they don't. Casinos pay only 35 to one.

This difference between the fair odds and what the casinos actually pay, is called the "house advantage". It is the source of the professional gambler's profits. Here is how it works. Let's say that 37 people enter a roulette game and each bets one dollar on a different single number. Obviously, one player must win. The lucky winner will get $35 plus his dollar back. The other 36 players each lose one dollar. The house has paid out $35 and taken in $36. This difference is very small, but it adds up and it is built into every bet.

For example, casinos pay even money (one dollar for one dollar bet) on color bets. The punter who backs red for one dollar and wins, will receive a one dollar payout. Eighteen of the numbers on the roulette wheel are red, eighteen black and one (the zero) is green. Therefore, once in approximately every 37 spins, green (the house) wins; everyone else loses. The house pays even money, but the odds favor the house. By structuring the game this way, the professionals are guaranteed a profit and the amateurs must always lose.

No matter. Greed, like hope, springs eternal and amateurs are always looking for ways to beat the odds. They pin most of their hopes on the "Law of Averages". If black turns up on the roulette wheel six times running, they bet red, reasoning that its time has come.

This reasoning is complete nonsense. The wheel has no memory of what color came up in the last six spins. Even if black comes up 20 times in a row, its chance of coming up on the next spin is still unchanged. If we spin the wheel an infinite number of times, red and black will even out. But, in the short run, the Law of Averages is meaningless. The belief that things will balance out even in the short term is known to mathematicians as "The Gambler's Fallacy".

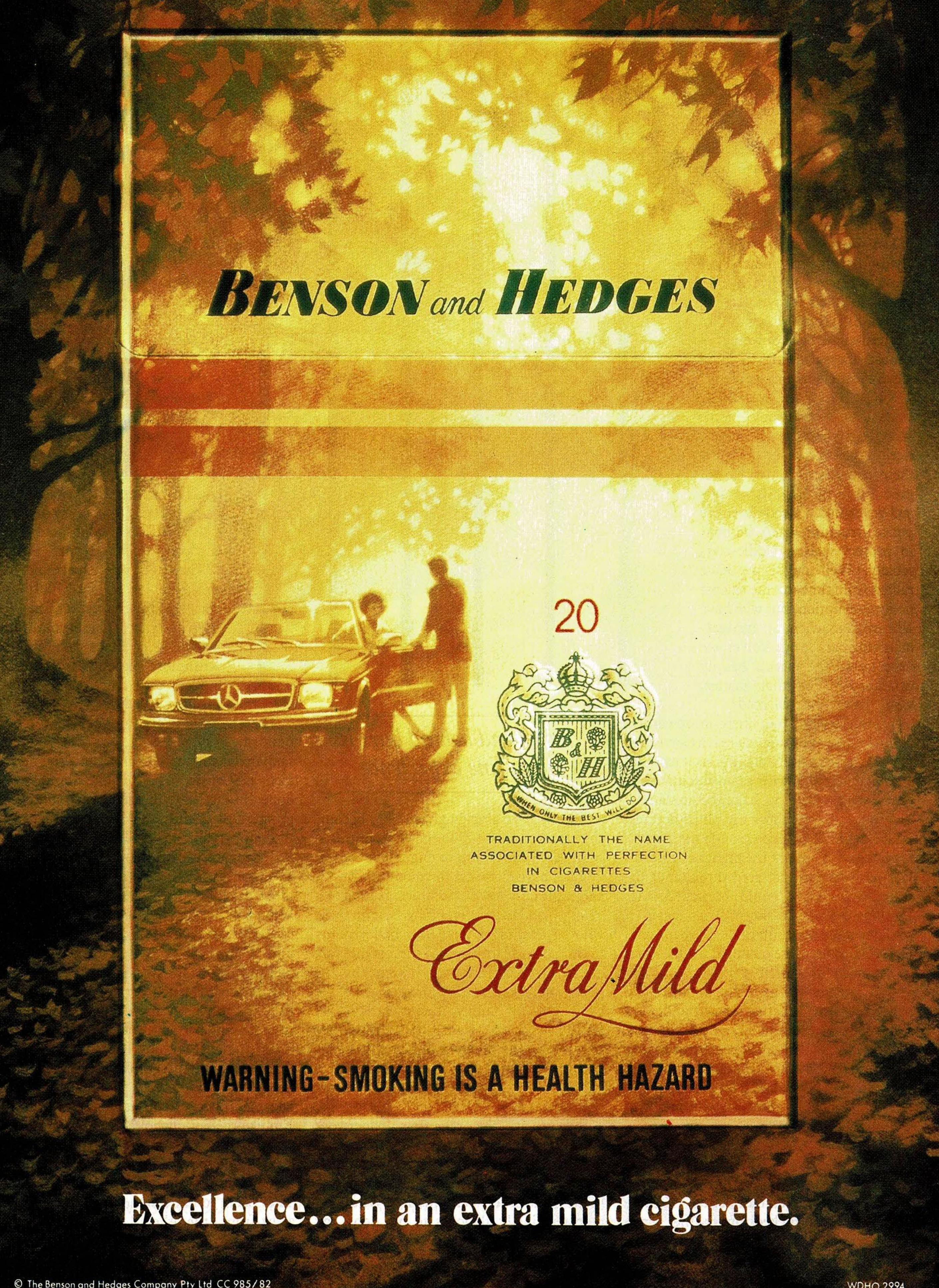
All betting systems are ultimately based on the gambler's fallacy. The most primitive system, the one that is reinvented by every casino visitor, is known as the Martingale. This system involves making even money bets and doubling your stake each time you lose. If you bet $2 on red and it loses, you double your next bet to $4, then $8, $16 and so on until you win.

After 10 losses, this system requires a bet of $1024. After 20 losses (it can happen, believe me) you will need to bet $1,304,576 to get even. It should be clear that the Martingale is a recipe for disaster. If you don't run out of money, the house limits on the amount you can bet will do you in.

There are other, more complicated systems. A system popular among European gamblers involves setting a target winnings goal — say, $150 — and then arranging one's bets to achieve this goal. After a win, the amount bet is either left unchanged or decreased; after a loss, it is gradually increased. A typical sequence would involve first betting $60 at even money. If your bet is successful, another $60 bet would follow. If you win again, you have now won $120 and your next bet is $30 because you only need to win $30 more to reach the $150 goal. Had the first bet lost, you would have bet $70 on your second bet and had this won, bet $70 again and then $40 to reach your goal. This system lets you hang on to your money longer than the Martingale, but in the long run, all systems are equally futile.

Your absolutely best bet is to lay your entire stake on black (or red). The odds are .49 for you and .51 for the house — as close as you will come to even. If you win, leave the table and don't return. If you lose. . . well, you can always try to sell your system.

— SETH GREGORY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LET'S FACE IT. Most of us middle-class, white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant Australians — actually, I'm a Catholic of Germanic descent, but middle-class nonetheless —cling almost instinctively to the belief that Her Majesty's jails have been built for "the others". While arm-chair, small "l" liberal teachings tattooed on our brains tell us tolerance is the stamp of civilised men, "the others" — those relegated to live by the sweat of their brows, toiling their existences away in western-suburban Sowetos — almost always spring to mind when there is someone to blame.

Sure, Harry M. was doing time, but how many of us secretly, perhaps, saw his case as a celebrated aberration? Jails and their attendant entourage of predominantly English warders and governors, indeed the entire police structure, *really* do exist to protect white, middle-class society. Well might we have rallied from time to time against police corruption, but who have we turned to when, upon street-marching back to our Volvos, we have found the wheels heavily vandalised? For that matter, who have we blamed?

Yes my friends, out there in upwardly-mobile inner-suburbia, there is a Corrective Services arm to the State. For us it exists to automatically side with us, to automatically protect that which we have accumulated.

And yet despite those ingrained notions, it takes so little to step through the always-ready doors of one of the many institutions Her Majesty has scattered throughout the realm. This story could be called "Mr Heininger Goes to Jail". Then again it could be a sobering interlude. Perhaps, too, Harry M. is far more qualified to talk about it, but make of it what you will. . .

As I squat on my haunches in this rancid police cell contemplating the dirt under my nails, I begin erupting. Fuming. Blaming the amorphous Police State again for having me where it wants me. Having for the best part of the past decade at least criticised The System, I have worked myself into this corner.

Tightly.

I firmly believed — and still do — that the NSW Government was trying to impose yet another insidious indirect tax via those parking tickets tucked under the windscreen wipers of my various improving cars. My protest, from day one, has been to decline the invitation to contribute.

a weekend behind bars is not a fine experience

"Sorry, I've already given," has become the catchcry as the Blues have been stuffed into the various improving glove boxes. While I have chafed at the thought that it is about the only form of indirect taxation that brings mandatory jail terms to bear on those who so decline, I have also believed my middle-class mantle would protect me. Jail, after all, is for "the others". Somehow the police would realise I was the product of the right kind of family, the right kind of schools and the right kind of Sydney university. Surely they would realise I was, in every respect that really mattered, a "law-abiding citizen". Well, that was my first mistake.

Believe it: the relentless paperwork monster still slouches forever onwards towards Bethlehem. No product of middle-class rationality, it consumes all and sundry in the name of self-perpetuation. When this monster finally slouches to my door, my indignity is indescribable. Cries of "I pay more in taxes than I care to contemplate," and "But, Jesus, think of what this will do to my hectic social calendar," fall on deaf ears. The constabulary has heard it all before, and as this is my day of reckoning (and they really couldn't give a shit who my Mum is, or where she and Dad had decided to invest their money on my education), they want the money or the body.

By this time, after three years as a free-lance ticket collector and failed Court of Petty Sessions debutante, I have racked up more than $700 worth of State debt. My credit rating, it seems, is good anywhere except Mr. Wran's Treasury.

Mistake Number Two, while short-lived, is my final lunge at "Maybe there's been some error," and "Listen, constable, that couldn't *possibly* be right." Feeling myself buckling before the full weight of the State, I start blurting out crazy things like "Well, how about some time to pay this?" Nope. And, "Where do you expect me to dredge up an instant $700-plus this late at night just for fines?" Stony silence. These youthful, breathing versions of Mount Rushmore have heard it all before, and they really mean business.

There's nothing like a debt collector in uniform, I say. The same uniform, let it be said, that is supposed to *protect* me and mine from real crims. There is one glimmer of hope: if I don't pay the fines, I can continue my protest against the ignominy of The System by going to jail. Thousands of Saab and Peugeot owners have done it before, and thousands more will do so. "It's only three days," and "Why should you swell Wran's coffers anyway?" and "We're sick of all this paperwork y'know," help lull me into a false sense of security. Mistake Number Three.

After conveniently arranging my affairs and, in a cavalier fashion, telling family and friends I'm dusting off long-dead anti-establishment fervor, I march forth to finally fulfil my part of this bargain — like the true middle-class gentleman I've become. It bears all the hallmarks of a game. I'm like the child who feels he can run, yet senses the security of the walking harness.

Yes, these policemen seem to be understanding gentlemen, just like me. They seem to understand that I'm marked apart from "the others". Mistake Number Four.

Once inside their domain, I am plain Heininger, Peter, two metres tall, 85kg, of

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such-and-such address, surrendering himself for non-payment of said parking fines and associated court costs. They even manage to secure finger prints (something I have vowed would never happen), before my position becomes clear. I'm caged. My watch is taken. My rings, belt, shoe laces and wallet are all deposited in a plastic bag. Worst of all, though, they take my cigarettes and lighter.

Somehow there has been a last minute hitch, and instead of making the trip out to Sydney's Silverwater Remand Centre, I'm to stay in the police station lockup for the three days. I have no spare clothes, having been told I would be issued with prison garb. The game begins to crumble. A veteran of anti-war marches, university rallies and post-university protests, I have had to wait until I'm a real taxpayer, family man and model citizen to see the inside of my first police cell.

I get up off my haunches. I pace around this canary-yellow concrete bunker. While I could be the life of the bar I know my friends will be drinking at tonight, I'm stuck here. I have already read the two magazines I was able to keep for company. From cover to cover and back again. They have the key. Only they can let me out. There have been no calls from those who promised. No visitors. I have already lost track of the time. The evening meal of cold hamburger and soggy chips has come and gone.

I've almost fallen into angry, frustrated sleep when some drunken brute's ravings boom through the station and out to the cells. His wife, the one he has been beating the tripe out of, sobs to the desk sergeant. My heart sags. Then comes the terror of wondering if the crazy they have out there — the one who has broken free and is proceeding to pound the sobbing woman and several policemen with his flailing paws — is going to share my squalid 20- by 13-feet bombshelter.

They throw him into the cell opposite. He screams his lungs out for what seems like ages, and I yell out to ask the time. Just gone 2am. Great. The hulking bastard farts loudly, heaves his heart out into the stainless steel toilet bowl he has to keep him company and falls into a deep sleep. His reverberating snoring puts paid to any sleep I may have had. Outside, out there, I could have walked away from him, ignored him. To me he was one of "the others", and as I've nothing in common with him, he would make no impression other than the initial. In here, we are brothers, I can't even go into another room and shut the door. I can't switch on the television. I can't jump into the car, race up the street for cigarettes. Jesus, I want some cigarettes. I'd maul for nicotine.

I hear a voice outside the heavy grilled door. It's breakfast time. The only light is the pale glow from two bulbs embedded in the concrete overhead. Too high to jump up and touch. I stir off the filthy vinyl-covered mattress, register the tingling in my stiff neck, and grunt at the cop. When he goes, I snap, kick the mattresses on both sides of this set from Kampala or San Salvador or Santiago, and kick the copies of old tabloids littering the floor. I search through the butts scattered over the floor, looking for enough tobacco for a smoke. But no light, remember, dummy?

The rank of stale piss almost overpowers me, but I calm down at the thought that if this really was Kampala, or San Salvador, or Santiago, I could be here for weeks. Without knowing why. Without knowing when they could come to drag me out and stick electrodes up my rectum and wrap more round my testicles, perhaps for the heck of it.

I pace the cage, kick the walls, piss on the floor dispassionately. By this time, the craving for nicotine has subsided.

At least I know when I'm getting out. I'd love a shower, my crotch itches, and God knows how many drunks have wrapped themselves in these blankets since they were washed last. Jesus, with all those taxes I pay, you'd think they could afford to have a maid come through the place at least once a day. But I guess there is more political mileage down in Macquarie Street for fast trains than maids for police station lockups.

I have figured the time (roughly). Some cop comes to check every hour or so, day and night. They never let me sleep, always flashing lights in my face, asking me if I'm okay. I would be, I guess, if I had some toilet paper, if I had the keys to my car, if I had cigarettes, if they would open the door and let me go — I wouldn't let the authorities know that short-cuts had been taken.

I spend this block of time alone. By the second day I figure I wouldn't even mind some overpowering drunk just for the opportunity to waste time talking. My eyes are like two piss holes in the snow; I can't read the small print of the book I have with me. Forget the magazines, I know them by heart. I pace the cage, kick the walls, piss on the floor dispassionately. By this time, the craving for nicotine has subsided: as testimony I have no finger nails left. I sit for what seems hours, my arms wrapped round my tucked-up legs, my back against the cold concrete wall.

I've devised a few little games to while away the time. If you take the tobacco out of a butt, tear the filter off and twist the ends, you can make a little boat. Put the boat in the same spot under the oozing toilet bowl, count the seconds into minutes, then hours, and see how long it takes for it to get to the middle of the floor. Repeat ad nauseam.

The second game I devise is not giving in. Several times I think if I just yell out, some cop will come and I can arrange to pay what I haven't worked off. But bugger it! What's left to pay will be the deposit on that dinky sound system I have been eyeing off for several weeks. I would like to know why my friends have deserted me. I'm not to know that in here, unlike prison, I'm not allowed to receive phone calls or visitors, and that my friends *have* tried to get to me. But they are out there. I'm in here. I might as well be in Santiago.

Day three, and six take-away meals later, I'm still contemplating my navel. The young cop takes one look at me and asks if I've showered. "Look at me, you shit! Tell *me* if I look like I've showered!" I feel like a passenger who has endured a three-day trip on one of those gritty country trains Mr Wran wants to replace with the XPTs I have failed to contribute towards. He looks shocked. Lets me out, tells me to strip, sticks me under a stark shower rose and turns on the hot water.

I've never stopped before to realise how good showering can feel. A cake of soap is like gold. Fluffy hair beats the greasy lanks I've got used to. Even the stale clothes I've been in for the past three days don't feel too bad when my body is clean.

Back in the cell for the next few hours, I don't even bother to ask for a cigarette. He may be letting me feel clean, but screw him anyway. I must retain some dignity. Then come the Sunday papers. Great. Something new to read, to occupy more of my canary-yellow time. I look up, wondering if I can piss high enough to fuse the pale bulbs above, forcing the cops to replace them.

This is the longest wait. Every time I hear the keys rattle, I wonder if they are going to let me out. But there are no booming footsteps coming up the corridor, only tap-tap-tapping on the office typewriter. Cops must be the worst typists in the world. Even though they do it with two fingers, you'd think they'd pick up their speed. Just as the third day is beginning to feel like the third week, the door finally opens.

— PETER HEININGER

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL NEWMAN

a candid conversation with the durable superstar about his movies, his politics, his blue eyes and — yes, even paul — his self-doubts

There are only a handful of them in the world: men whose expression of intent can bank-roll an entire film production; actors who routinely become millionaires every time they take part in a movie; stars whose presence can cause crowds to gather and strong women to babble. The fact that Paul Newman, at 58, is all of the above — and still manages to squeeze in careers as a race-car driver, as a political activist and now, only half jokingly, as a salad-dressing mogul — seems to be more good fortune than one person should be allowed.

In a film career that has spanned 29 years and 48 movies, Newman has won the respect of his peers and the affection of the public. As he put it to PLAYBOY, *he is blessed with "Newman's luck" and can't seem to shake it.*

He was born in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, on January 26, 1925, the second son of a sporting-goods-store owner. He went to Ohio University briefly but left early to serve three years in the Navy during World War Two. When he returned, this time to Kenyon College, he joined the student dramatic society — but only after being kicked off the football team.

After graduation in 1949, Newman moved north to do summer stock in Williams Bay, Wisconsin. The next year, he moved again, to a theatre group in Illinois, where he met — and married — actress Jacqueline Witte. His father's death forced Newman back home to manage the family business. A year and a half later, the business was liquidated and Newman, at the age of 26, entered the Yale University School of Drama.

Soon he was headed for New York, landed a job (at $150 a week) as Ralph Meeker's understudy in "Picnic" on Broadway and was accepted by Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio. When Meeker went on vacation, Newman took his place. He was a hit — and never stopped being one.

Hollywood soon beckoned with a long-term $1000-a-week movie contract. His film debut was hardly earth-shattering: Newman played a Greek slave in "The Silver Chalice" — a film so wretched, in his judgment, that when it appeared on television many years later, he took out an ad in the Los Angeles Times *apologising to the viewers. ("That's the last time I'll ever do that," he now says, laughing. "The ad boosted the movie's ratings!")*

Newman's first marriage produced three children: Susan, Stephanie and Scott, his only son, who died in 1978, at the age of 28, from an accidental drug-and-liquor overdose. After his divorce from Jacqueline, Newman married Joanne Woodward. They have three daughters: Elinor, Melissa and Clea.

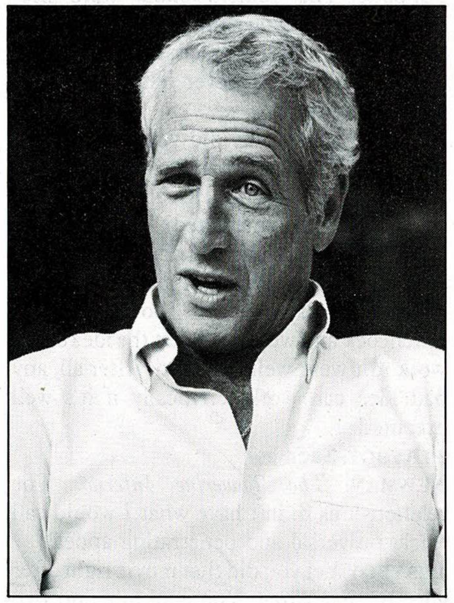
Newman is a man of some complexity: he's a liberal who likes to race cars and drink beer; on the track, he's known simply as P.L. Newman. He may argue the point, but he obviously likes taking risks. In 1969, to prepare for a role in "Winning", a film about the Grand Prix circuit, he immersed himself in auto racing. When the film ended, he continued with the sport. Soon he had won all four of the Sports Car Club of America races, in which he competed with the Datsun-factory team. At the tricky Watkins Glen course in Upstate New York, he set a track record. And in 1979, he took on one of racing's toughest challenges, the 24 Hours at Le Mans — an endurance test that has claimed more than 18 lives over the years. Of 55 starters, only 22 finished the event. Newman and his team-mates, driving a red Porsche 935 Twin Turbo at speeds of up to 220 miles an hour, finished second.

Having added the roles of producer and director to his resume, Newman will soon enter yet another fiercely competitive business with his Industrial-Strength Venetian Spaghetti Sauce — like the salad dressing, a hobby he has turned into an avocation for charity.

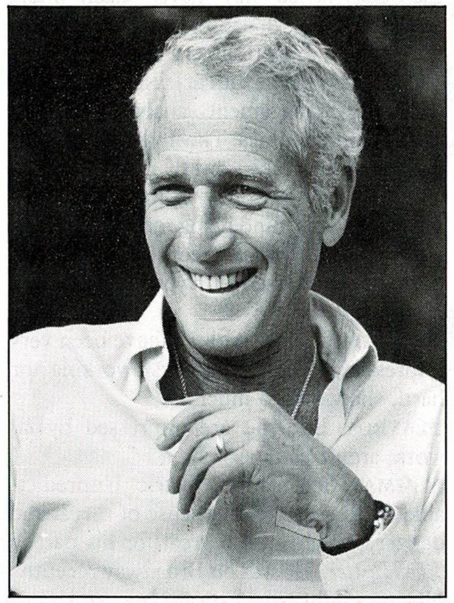
He's also an outspoken political activist. In the '60s, he involved himself with civil rights, as well as with Eugene McCarthy's Presidential campaign. In 1972, he worked for George McGovern. In 1978, he was appointed a member of the US delegation to the special United Nations disarmament session. In 1980, he worked for John Anderson. And in 1982 — for a change — he campaigned for a winner, the nuclear-freeze initiative.

But Newman doesn't live a life filled with the material prerequisites so many lesser stars seem to feel are necessary for success in Hollywood. He spends most of his time in a converted 1736 farmhouse near Westport, Connecticut. The rest of his life is spent, frenetically, among an apartment in Manhattan, a small and modest home in the flats of Beverly Hills, his film-location work and, last but not least, hotels and motels around the country he uses each year between April and October, during the racing season.

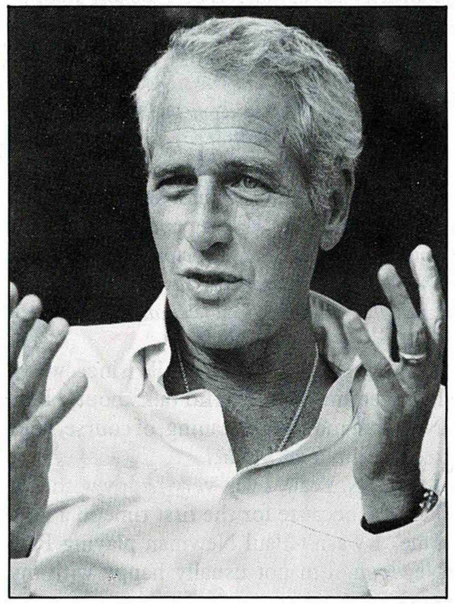
PLAYBOY *sent journalist and producer*



"Olivier dared more. I seem to have run out of my skin early. . . exhausted my ability to create something new."



"Newman's laws: 'It's useless to put on your brakes when you're upside down', and 'Just when things look darkest, they go black'."



"I stopped signing autographs when I was standing at a urinal at Sardi's and a guy came up with a pen and paper."

Peter S. Greenberg *to sit down with Newman for the first in-depth talk with him since his last lengthy interview — in* PLAYBOY *14 years ago. Greenberg's report:*

"He's taller and skinnier than I imagined, and his blue eyes are, well, bluer. He's also the best looking 58-year-old I've ever met. Prior to our first meeting, I had been told that he had only limited time to give me, and then he'd be off to Florida for a much-needed private vacation with his wife. He wouldn't be able to be interviewed again for weeks.

"The first session was held at his midtown-Manhattan office overlooking Fifth Avenue. We were frequently interrupted by phone calls from lawyers and his wife and a visit from A.E. Hotchner, his boating partner (together they own a 'yacht' — a 17-foot Boston whaler called Caca de Toro) and his co-conspirator in his salad-dressing venture.

"I was beginning to think that the interview was a bust, when Newman asked me whether or not I liked to fish. Three hours later, I was packed for Florida. The 'vacation' turned out to be at a Pompano Beach spa that Joanne wanted to attend. Newman was going along for the ride, but Jazzercise was not part of his game plan; sport fishing was. He chartered a boat.

"Each morning at six, while Joanne went to class, we headed out for the Florida Keys. Nothing was off the record during our interviews, but Newman did have one request. 'The one thing we really can't talk about this time is fucking,' he said early on. 'You see, in the first "Playboy Interview", we sat around and talked about the many versions of fucking. After I had gone through a few of them — things like sport fucking — I got to mercy fucking, which I said was reserved for librarians. After the interview ran, I got hundreds of letters from librarians, with their pictures, inscribed "Try me!"'

"He remains a movie superstar still uncomfortable about his natural assets. If he's obsessed by anything,' he told me, it's the main character in Tonio Kroger, *a short story by Thomas Mann. 'He separated people into two groups,' Newman says, 'the bohemians and the bourgeoisie. Well,' he sighed, 'I think I'm larger than life to the women of the bourgeoisie who think they're interested in me; but the bohemian women don't even care.' Still, most Americans — women* and *men —probably think of him as he was once described by longtime friend and director John Huston: 'Newman,' he wrote in his autobiography, 'will always be the Golden Lad.'"*

PLAYBOY: It's been a while since we've heard so much respectful talk about a Paul Newman movie — meaning, of course, your recent film *The Verdict.*

NEWMAN: Yeah, I was very happy with *The Verdict,* because for the first time in a long time, I wasn't Paul Newman playing Paul Newman. I'm not usually happy with my work.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider the role a risk?

NEWMAN: If you played the character as it was written, there was no way to protect yourself as an actor. You had to do it warts and all: vulnerable, unattractive, drunk, fierce, frightened — all those things. He certainly is no strong, virile anti-hero, like so many of my other roles. Here's a guy who finds himself face down in a urinal and has to do something about it.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there at least one other movie in which you didn't play a very attractive character? We're thinking of *Slap Shot,* in which you played a hockey player almost over the hill.

NEWMAN: I loved that movie. It rates *very* high as something in which I took great personal satisfaction. It may be about the only one I rate that high. It was deeply original, and while we were shooting it, it got to the point on the ice where you couldn't tell the skaters from the actors.

PLAYBOY: Yet *Slap Shot* received a lot of criticism as a highly violent movie.

NEWMAN: It was cartoon violence.

PLAYBOY: It was your favorite, but the movie didn't do so well.

NEWMAN: Well, in the motion-picture industry today, what does it mean to do well? It really has no meaning. This is the worst year for actors and technicians in the history of motion pictures. There are only a few films being shot in Hollywood; there's a 60 percent unemployment rate among the technicians, and that's *with* television. Yet the box office has never been more successful. So what does it all mean? The old-time studio producers might not have been literary giants, but at least they weren't computer-management analysts. Today, it's all demographics. The invention and the fun have been taken out of it.

> *I was very happy with* The Verdict, *because for the first time in a long time, I wasn't Newman playing Newman. I'm not usually happy with my work.*

PLAYBOY: Since you've admitted it yourself, you won't mind being reminded that in his *Playboy Interview* George C. Scott said he wasn't impressed with your acting in *The Hustler.*

NEWMAN: I don't think I'd have been very impressed, either. I was just working too hard, showing too much.

PLAYBOY: But you are impressed by *his* work, aren't you?

NEWMAN: Scott? He's electric. Unpredictable, with a marvellous sense of threat and danger, which was so great for his part in *The Hustler.* He was on Broadway recently, playing a light Noel Coward role, and it just split my skull, because he was so fucking outrageous and delicious. He was the wrong man in the wrong part doing it *right.*

PLAYBOY: Is there any other actor whose work you admire?

NEWMAN: Well, I've been envious of a number of actors. But if I envy anything, it's more the way a person lives than the way he performs.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

NEWMAN: Olivier.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NEWMAN: Because he always seemed to be able to balance his existence between stage and screen; because there seemed to be in him enough facets — either of his own personality or of his fantasy life — to be able to draw from. He didn't exhaust those facets. He didn't repeat himself. He dared more. Whereas I. . . I seem to have run out of my own skin fairly early. . .

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

NEWMAN: I seem to have exhausted my ability to create something new after a rather short duration as a performer.

PLAYBOY: Since you're in a mood to be honest about your work, what else has dissatisfied you?

NEWMAN: I exclude *The Silver Chalice,* which was terrible, but I simply had no experience. I also exclude some scripts I had to do under contract.

PLAYBOY: Was *The Silver Chalice* that bad?

NEWMAN: Yes, it was that bad. It's extraordinary that I survived the movie. I'm convinced I didn't know very much about acting at all until a half-dozen years ago. In the final analysis, I'm a very, very slow study. I was a *terrible* actor when I went to New York. I was scared. I would overprepare, sometimes overthink a role.

PLAYBOY: What about some of those movies around the middle of your career, such as *Torn Curtain,* with Alfred Hitchcock?

NEWMAN: I think Hitchcock chose his actors very carefully, regardless of his legendary feeling that he didn't respect them very much and felt that they were just puppets. The camera shots were predetermined and you simply got up there and did your best. The problem I had with *Torn Curtain* was that I never felt comfortable with the script.

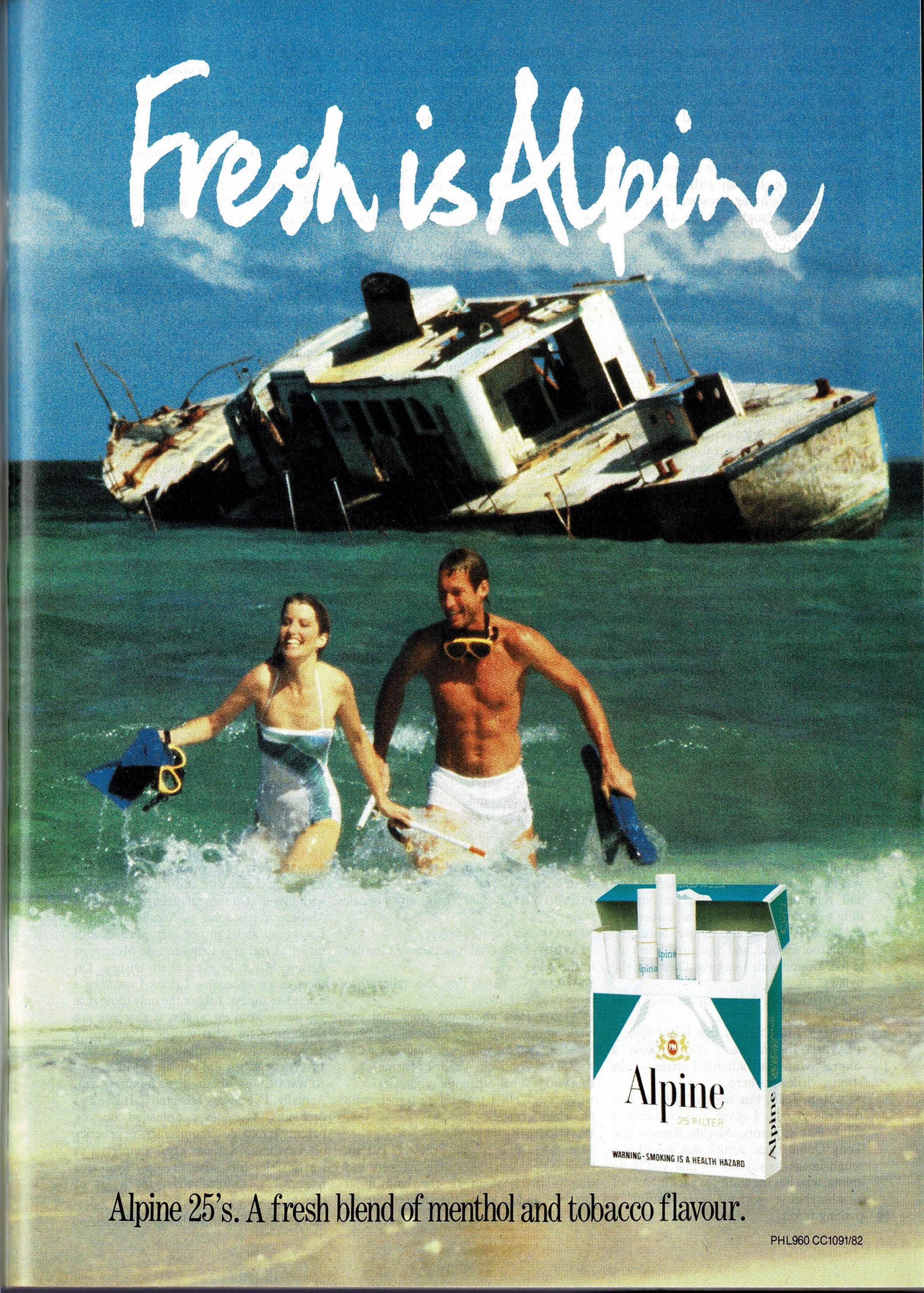
PLAYBOY: Then why did you do it?

NEWMAN: Well, Hitchcock is the reason. The man was a legend. He called me up and said, "Are you interested?" And I said, "Oh, gosh, send me a script right away." And he said, "We don't have a script." Warning bells went off. So I spoke to Hitchcock and we agreed that the idea could work if it were well executed. After all, any bad idea can work terrifically if it's well executed.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

NEWMAN: *The Towering Inferno.* The relationships didn't have what I would call thick, universal and penetrating appeal.

PLAYBOY: Yet you did that movie right after you did *The Sting.* You couldn't find two more different movies if you tried. That is what we're driving at — the contrast between your best work and your schlock.



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NEWMAN: You're not gonna get a sensible answer from a fella who put a 351-cubic-inch Ford engine in a Volkswagen. I can't answer that. I did know that something as serious as *Rachel, Rachel* had a chance on the open market because it dealt with a universal fear. And, in a way, I felt that *Towering Inferno* might be more than just a disaster movie. It dealt with two very real fears of people living anywhere near high-rise buildings: height and fire. I thought it might peripherally have some effect on the fire laws. I think for a while it did.

PLAYBOY: In which category do you put yourself?

NEWMAN: Oh. . .Yale Law School.

PLAYBOY: Really? Rather than as that sexy guy whom women go crazy over?

NEWMAN: It's funny about that, because when I was in college, I just didn't seem to have any gift for women. As a matter of fact, later, when I understudied Ralph Meeker in *Picnic*, I still seemed to have some problem with the ladies. Ralph is a big, beefy, muscular, sexual, physical kind of a guy. When he left to go on vacation, I played his part for a week, I think. And afterward, I asked Josh Logan, the director, "Could I please play his part on the road?" And Josh said, "Well, it was a very interesting performance, but you don't carry *any* sexual threat at all." So I worried *that* bone around for a long time. In fact, I transferred to Kenyon College from Ohio University because I finally wanted to get out of a coed school. I had become much more interested in the ladies than I was in my studies. I really wanted to get a degree. At Ohio, in those days, the sexual revolution hadn't really gotten started. There was much less opportunity to get into trouble. A date back then was sitting around with a bunch of students, drinking beer or going to a film or a hayride, or singing songs by the river.

PLAYBOY: It was all that innocent?

NEWMAN: I don't know that it was *so* innocent. I mean, everybody *was* thinking about it; it's just that there were more restraints. I'm not so certain that those were not, in fact, better, more mysterious days. It was like having maybe three desserts a year and relishing them because you simply didn't get them 365 days a year, sometimes for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Nice girls didn't fool around, and nice guys didn't try to fool around with nice girls. Them was the bylaws.

PLAYBOY: When did you break away from them?

NEWMAN: I don't know that I ever did.

PLAYBOY: In any case, it's certainly a contrast with your admitted image — the strong, virile anti-hero.

NEWMAN: Yeah, but not the animal. Not the true grizzly. I never projected that. I think that as actors, Marlon Brando and Tony Quinn came across that way. It's a tough image to sustain — that you're an animal who has the ability to park in front of a whorehouse without ever getting a parking ticket.

PLAYBOY: At one point, there were a lot of comparisons made of you and Brando.

NEWMAN: There's a funny story: when I did *Somebody Up There Likes Me,* I practically lived with Rocky Graziano in New York for two weeks to prepare. Later, the comments and reviews were that I was imitating Marlon. Many years later, I saw Rocky again. He told me, in the way only he could, "I was sparrin' around, really workin' hard, and there was this funny, strange kid standin' here. He'd sit dere and *watch,* you know? Finally, I sez, 'What are you doin' here, kid?' He sez, 'Well, I'd like you to come and see a show of mine.' I sez, 'What, you mean a stage show? I don't wanna see no fuckin' stage show! Why'd I wanna see a fuckin' stage show for?'" This is Rocky talking, you know; I think that's where *my* terrible vocabulary came from. So Rocky said, "'Well, kid, do you sing or sumpin'?' He sez, 'No.' I figured the kid was a spear carrier or sumpin'. Anyway, the kid gives me two tickets, and when I tell my wife, she sez, 'Oh, that's a pretty good play.' So we go and see the play, and it's a thing about a streetcar, written by this famous author, what*ever* it was. And I see this kid onstage. So I sez, 'That kid is playin' *me!*'"

I've never unloaded on my parents or outside circumstances or genetics or anything. I just say, simply, I'm responsible for what I do.

Well, so much for the Brando comparison. Turns out, we both had the same model. Marlon did his earlier for *A Streetcar named Desire,* which had already been on the screen by the time I played Rocky. But I didn't know that Brando was playing Rocky. So, in a way, the reviews were accurate.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any plastic surgery?

NEWMAN: No plastic surgery.

PLAYBOY: No special injections of blue dye in the eyes?

NEWMAN: No. And I'm also taller than most people think.

PLAYBOY: How about the story that you have special eyedrops flown in from Sweden to make your eyes bluer?

NEWMAN: Come on. Visine? Murine?

PLAYBOY: What other idiosyncrasies?

NEWMAN: Well, I take little magnets with me when I travel.

PLAYBOY: OK, why?

NEWMAN: To keep the shower curtain closed. Yes, you take these magnets and simply attach them to the bathtub at intervals and it keeps the shower curtain from blowing around.

PLAYBOY: Scratch another promising rumor. So: we've mentioned the eyedrops from Sweden; they're out. We've mentioned plastic surgery; that's out. What else have we eliminated?

NEWMAN: I think we've probably eliminated my career. Wait a minute! We've missed something here.

PLAYBOY: We have?

NEWMAN: We didn't discuss sodomy or massage parlors. If I talked about *that,* I could run for public office.

PLAYBOY: Why *haven't* you ever run for public office?

NEWMAN: Well, I've been approached. But I won't run. Because I can barely, barely, just barely handle the aspects of my life that are public right now, and I don't think I could handle the dinners, the banquets, the campaigning, the public kind of campaigning.

PLAYBOY: There's also the argument that, as an actor, you should stick to acting and forget politics.

NEWMAN: Well, I'll be damned if I'll give up my citizenship because I'm an actor. I think it's interesting that Jerry Falwell, representing the Moral Majority, is actively opposing the bilateral freeze.

PLAYBOY: Do you support Falwell?

NEWMAN: I support his *citizenship.* And I don't think you can deprive him of his citizenship because he's involved with a church. I think he's making a tragic mistake, but I will certainly support his right to make that tragic mistake. That's what's known as having your cake and eating it, too. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Before we get heavily into politics, we've just remembered one more rumor that doesn't fit the image — that you've been through some sessions of est, the self-help program.

NEWMAN: Joanne did it. I didn't.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

NEWMAN: The one time I was set up to do it, I got the flu, I think. It works on alternate mornings.

PLAYBOY: What, est?

NEWMAN: No, the concept of est. Some mornings, I wake up and I'm very pleased with myself. On those mornings, I could do Moliere or Aristophanes. Another morning, I wake up and I'm not very pleased with myself. I feel as if I couldn't do Moliere or Arthur Miller or even Walt Disney. On those down occasions, I think I *would* be a candidate for est. I think the only thing that you learn from est, really, is that you are responsible for what you do. I've already accepted that responsibility.

PLAYBOY: When did you accept it?

NEWMAN: Oh, about five minutes ago. Actually, I've always accepted it. If I've had problems, I've never unloaded on my parents or outside circumstances or genetics or anything. I just say, simply, I'm responsible for what I do. I'm also responsible, unfortunately, for a lot of people.

PLAYBOY: Such as whom?

NEWMAN: I think at one time I had 36 people I was basically carrying: secretaries, relatives and children, wives — not wives, well, ex-wife. And, by virtue of that, whoever happened to be in the family.

PLAYBOY: That's a lot of baggage.

NEWMAN: But it hasn't been difficult for me, because I've been able to financially afford it. If it suddenly became a terrible burden, I don't know how I'd treat it. But that seems to have been a pattern in my life. I've never cared about money, so I don't seem to have had any problems making it.

PLAYBOY: Is it as simple as that?

NEWMAN: Yeah, if you don't worry about it.

PLAYBOY: It hasn't corrupted you?

NEWMAN: I'm not saying that it hasn't corrupted me. I'm just saying that at Yale, I ran out of money and had a wife and a child. So that Christmas, I went out and in 10 days sold $1200 worth of *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* And at that time, in 1951, that was a lot of money for a school kid. As a kid, I sold Fuller brushes and had a newspaper run.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been broke — other than that one time?

NEWMAN: I've been *very* close. When I opened on Broadway, I had about $250 in the bank, with a pregnant wife and a child.

PLAYBOY: How did you make ends meet?

NEWMAN: I've always been lucky; incredibly lucky. The old "Newman luck". Somehow, it's allowed me to get close to a lot of edges without falling off. I think I survived World War Two because of Newman's luck. It's an extraordinary phenomenon. During the war, I was a backseat man on a Navy torpedo plane. The pilot I flew with had an ear problem one day and we were grounded. The rest of our squad transferred to an aircraft carrier. They were 75 miles off the coast of Japan that day when the ship took a direct kamikaze hit and they all died.

PLAYBOY: What are some other examples of Newman's luck?

NEWMAN: When I was at Kenyon College to make extra money, I ran a student laundry. In order to attract business, I'd buy a keg of beer every Saturday morning. Guys from school would bring in their laundry and then sit around all day drinking beer. It was a great idea, and I was taking in $200 or $300 worth of laundry. Then, when I graduated, I sold it to a friend of mine — and that's when the authorities decided to finally shut it down. That's Newman's luck.

PLAYBOY: Just a second. It may not be earth-shaking news, but *why* did the authorities close down Newman's laundry?

NEWMAN: It may not be publishable.

PLAYBOY: Try us.

NEWMAN: No, I can't handle it.

PLAYBOY: If we did our research correctly, it had something to do with a horse.

NEWMAN: Oh, God, yes.

PLAYBOY: Well?

NEWMAN: Well, I had sold the laundry. Now, this was the kind of town where horses still trotted down the main street. One day, a stallion had the misfortune of standing in front of the laundry. It wasn't long after the Saturday beer had been delivered; one of the college customers had put on a pair of boxing gloves and was seen performing an unnatural act on the stallion.

PLAYBOY: Jerking it off, in other words?

NEWMAN: Suffice it to say they shut the laundry down the next day.

[*There's a break in the interview, and it resumes with Newman behind the wheel of a rented Camaro in Florida, taking his daughter to the Fort Lauderdale airport.*]

NEWMAN: You *figured* we'd get around to talking about racing, about driving, right? You know, most American cars can't corner for shit. [*Takes a turn*] Hey, this one's not too bad. I'm surprised. But, you know, with driving, as with a lot of other stuff in my life, I was a very, very slow learner. I don't make any claims that I could have been a great professional driver. But I'm a pretty confident amateur.

PLAYBOY: How did you get started?

NEWMAN: I was preparing for *Winning,* a race-car movie. I spent some time with Bob Bondurant in LA, and he started me off in an 1100-cc Datsun sedan, driving around pylons in the parking lot.

PLAYBOY: How did you do?

NEWMAN: Oh, I suppose I was all right at that. The last day, he put me in a Formula B that was kind of out of the box. I think the sway bars were kinked. I think it had massive toe-in and I couldn't point the car. I thought, my God, if this is a race car and I go from this to a Can-Am car, I'm really in trouble, because I was missing apexes by three feet. I drove very cautiously during the picture, because the cars were way over my head.

PLAYBOY: How fast did you go?

NEWMAN: It was nothing to drive 180 miles an hour down the straightaway. That's nothing. It really wasn't until the mid-'70s — 1975 or 1976 — that I really began to catch on to what it was all about. And even now, I'm a competent amateur driver. In the professional world — let's say, Can-Am racing or the Champ Car racing or the big stockers — I just don't think I could go that fast. Maybe I could go reasonably fast if I had enough time on the tracks with the equipment.

PLAYBOY: But what is it that excites you? Is it the speed, the power? Is it the technology? Is it being able to take a turn?

NEWMAN: I suppose that's the final kick — to run a race or run one lap of a race and feel good about what you're able to do with that machinery. Somewhere along the line, I like to think that I went as fast as the car could go, that I went around there at the limit of my own adhesion. That gives me the same good feeling about myself that I have when I figure that I've licked a scene.

PLAYBOY: Let's take up Newman's luck again as it affected you professionally. When did it start?

NEWMAN: It's interesting: if you talk with people I worked with in school, they will say I had a great deal of promise. Two years of drama and undergraduate school, a year at Yale for my master's, two years of summer stock and a year of winter stock — but *I really didn't know anything!* I got into the Actors Studio by a fluke; during my audition, they mistook terror — which is what I felt — for performed emotion. Later on, after I'd gotten my feet wet understudying in the Broadway production of

(continued on page 140)

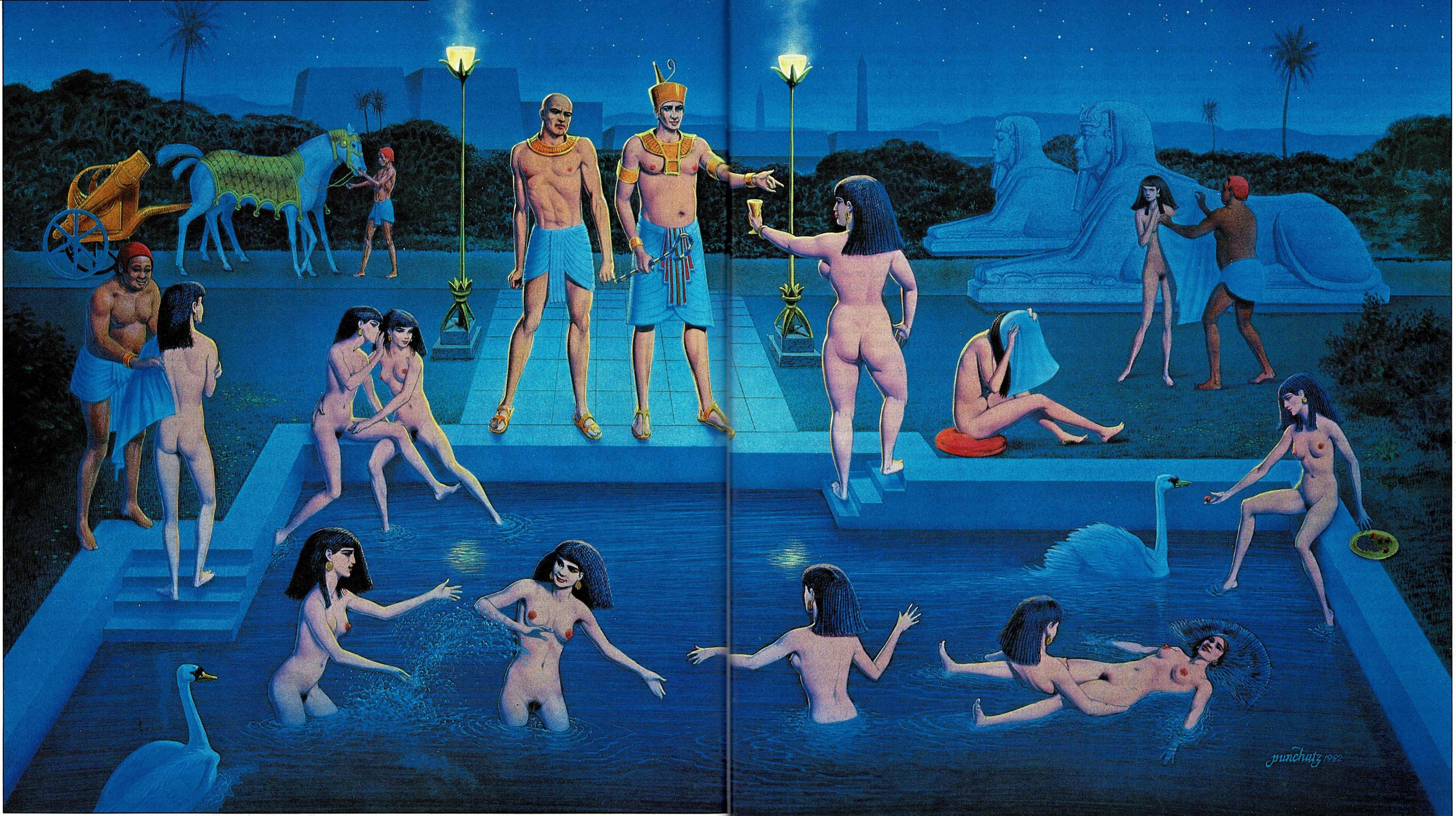

ILLUSTRATION BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

sometimes he might select seven women. and there had been nights when he celebrated with twice seven. and i? i had nothing

ANCIENT EVENINGS

fiction by

NORMAN MAILER

WHILE I CANNOT speak of how the Gardens of the Secluded may look today, a hundred women lived there then and it was the loveliest part of the palace. Behind its walls were many fine houses, and from each kitchen you could hear much gaiety, for many of the little queens loved to eat and were merry when there was food before them. And of course they loved to drink. Each day, after all, was like the one before. The little queens arose long after sounds from the palace beyond their walls had awakened everyone but themselves, and through the morning they would dress each other and hold long conversations over what they would borrow, and tell long tales of what they had lost to one another. For if the Pharaoh happened to visit a little queen while she was wearing a borrowed necklace, it became her own necklace. Since He had seen it on her, there was no question of giving it back. Of course, His gifts were never loaned so lightly. Any adornment that came from Usermare was not to be touched by anyone else. Once, a little queen broke this rule, but she was obliged to pay a fearful penalty. Her small toe was severed from her left foot. As quickly destroy the first column of a temple built by Ramses the Great as lend one of His gifts. Afterward, this little queen did not dance. In fact, she hardly moved, and she ate tid-bits like the candied wings of birds to restore the ache left by the stump of her little toe, and became so fat that everyone called her Honey-Ball. I was told of her when I first entered the harem. Of course, any man who was not a eunuch would have found it unnatural to serve in the Gardens of the Secluded and know the nearness of so many female bodies. Since they belonged to Usermare, one would no more breathe their perfume too closely than drink from His golden cup. Death to be caught in the act with any one of these hundred women, and so I spoke to the little queens as if they were flowers at the edge of the pond, and did my best to show a face of stone.

I can say that such fear did not please me. Each morning I awoke in the House of Secluded with more desire to learn the ways of these beautiful women. I saw that my present beginnings, no matter how they had been dignified by the achievements of a soldier, would be of no use for comprehending the airs and silly disputes of this harem where I was now the overseer, especially when I did not know if their arts of cosmetics and story-telling, of music and dance and kingly seduction, were as common in this place as an ass and a plow to a peasant, or partook of magic itself. Nor could I decide if the passing quarrels I witnessed each day were as important to the gods as any battle between two men. Indeed, they seemed to be fought as fiercely in some god's service! Truly, it was the most curious period of my life.

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In the harem, the trees were so many, and the grounds so full with flowers I had never glimpsed before that I thought there must be more blooms than grew in all of Egypt, such reds and golden greens and flowers with violet and rose and cream and scarlet and petals so soft that the sweet lips of the little queens might have been whispering on my cheek. Never had I seen such color before, nor these black-and-yellow bridges with silver balustrades and golden posts crossing the ponds that wandered through. A green moss covered the banks, as brilliant in the soft light as any emerald. It was the most beautiful place through which I ever wandered, and a perfume came from the flowers and the fruit trees until even the blue lotus had a sweetness of odor. Since it usually had none, I did not know why I could sniff it until I saw black eunuchs on their knees painting the blue lotus with scented oils, perfuming the carob trees, and the sycamores, even the roots of the date palms whose fronds, above, deepened the shade of the garden.

In the morning, the little queens sang as they brushed one another's hair. They played with their children, gave orders to their servants. Since they could not leave themselves, their cooks were sent to the market for food, and scolded on their return for any flaws in the onions and meat. At the height of the day, the little queens ate at each other's houses and exchanged gifts, then decorated each other with flowers, or sang new songs. They trained their pet greyhounds, their cats and their birds. They told each other stories of their families, and taught their children to repeat the names of the gods of the five senses and the four directions of the winds, the gods of the hours of the day and of the hours of the night, and the gods in the tombs of the Pharaohs, of Isis and Osiris and Horus and Set, and of the Hidden One, Amon, Father of their own Father, Usermare. And in the late afternoon, after the little queens had slept through the heat of the day, they would meditate on their books of magic or mix their perfume and cosmetics, and offer prayers and go once again at twilight to the pavilion to wait for Usermare.

Some nights He would arrive at just that hour when the light of the early moon would fall upon the radiance of His Chariot, and I would watch from the tower gate as the Royal Runners raced ahead of Him through the street, then fell to the side and kissed the stone lions as the doors flew open. Then He raced in, leaving behind the two platoons of the Royal Guard, the fan-bearer and the standard-bearer, the mace-bearers and the lancers, and they, in turn, bowed to an escort of princes and dignitaries who wheeled in their chariots and returned to their homes through the streets of Thebes, standing beside the grooms of the chariots in the near-dark, their bodies jolting to the clatter.

Yet, if there were nights when everyone knew He was coming, other times He surprised them all. Sometimes, the little queens waited eagerly for Him when He did not come. Having been given signs by their gods that the occasion was favorable, they were now obliged to assume that other gods had intervened, or had their prayers been spoken in an unclear voice? They would raise a hand for their servant and, furious with the perfume they had chosen (which could also have betrayed them) would walk down to the lake and wash in the moonlight, bathing away the scent of its failure.

> *There were little queens who might dress every night for 30 nights with much attention, yet never be spoken to once by the king.*

There were little queens who might dress every night for 30 nights with much attention, yet never be spoken to once by the King. Then, as I came to understand, they were by the end like defeated soldiers and did not try to charm the King again for many months but would stay in their homes and teach their children and wait until another season had come. If they failed on the Flood, they might even wait through all of Sowing and Harvest until the fields were bare again. Some never tried a second time. There were little queens who had lived for 10 years in the Gardens of the Secluded and never saw His Splendor — it was enough if they could serve as friend to a little queen who was, for a while, a Favorite.

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In the dry season, after I had been Governor of the House of the Secluded for many months, Usermare arrived one night so late at the gardens that the disappointed women were already bathing in the lake. He was drunk. Never before had I seen him so. "I have been drunk for three nights on *kolobi,*" said Usermare, "and it is the strongest brandy in all of Egypt. Yes, drink *kolobi* with Me," said Usermare as He came through the Gates, and I bowed and said, "No honor is greater," and gulped it out of the golden goblet passed to me. Usermare asked, "Is the *kolobi* hard to swallow?" When I did not reply, He said, "Does what I say have an evil smell? Drink!"

On this night, Usermare went down to the lake. It was a place He had never visited for so long as I had been there, and thereby He surprised the few little queens who were bathing in the moonlight. Indeed they were frolicking before the eunuchs who waited on the shore, holding their robes. Now, they gave a squeak and a cry and the splashing sound of bathers trying to hide themselves. Usermare laughed until one could smell his brandy in the air.

"Come out of the water and amuse Me," He said. "You've played long enough."

So they emerged, some more beautiful under the moon than they could ever be in the light of the sun. Some were shivering. A few of the most timid little queens had not been near to Usermare for the longest time. One woman, Heqat, named after the Goddess of Frogs, had been, on occasion, His companion, and another, the fat one, Honey-Ball, had even been a Favorite until her toe was cut off. Now, she bowed before Him but with a flash in her eyes so intense that even in the night, the white of her eyes were whiter than linen. Although Honey-Ball was very fat, she carried herself as if she were the greatest little queen of them all, and did not look fat at this moment but powerful. Her hips were like the hips of a horse.

Then they were all out of the water, and their eunuchs put forward golden chairs so that they might sit about Him in a semicircle, but Usermare asked, "Who will drink the *kolobi* with Me?" and of them all, only Honey-Ball reached forward her hand. He gave it to her and she drank and handed back the cup and I poured more *kolobi* for the Pharaoh.

"Tell Me stories," said Usermare. "I have been drinking this brandy of Egypt for three days, and I would have done better to swallow the blood of a dead man. I have awakened each morning with a blow in My head from the ghost, but I do not know which ghost."

The smell of His brandy lay on the night air, full of the wounds of the grape. Usermare had lungs to breathe the flames of fire itself, but the little queens sat with throats full of unseen smoke. Heavy was their fear of the invisible fire of the brandy.

"Heqat," He said, "amuse Me." He burped again. The queens giggled. Hopefully, the sound might lap at the edge of His fire and soothe it. Tonight, however, He had had so much of the *kolobi* that they laughed in great doubt, not knowing if their mirth was soothing His temper, or inflaming it.

"Great and noble Two-House," said Heqat, "I would wish to tell a story that does not displease You."

"Tell no stories of frogs, then. You are much like a frog yourself."

Usermare always spoke to Heqat in just this manner. It was apparent He could not bear her appearance. She was the ugliest of the little queens, and for that matter could be the ugliest in many a group of women.

Now, in the darkness, by the bank of the lake, Heqat said, "In Syria, to the east of Tyre, the brides of many men are bought at auction. The most beautiful bring a good price to their family, but for ugly women in whom there is no interest, the father of the bride must pay the groom. So there comes an hour in the auction, when the passage of money changes its course, even as the tides of the Very Green wash out and then wash back. Much money is paid by the father of the ugliest bride."

The story had succeeded in capturing Him. There were murmurs from the little queens. "It happened," said Heqat, "that one woman was so ugly her new husband grew ill when he looked at her. Yet, one night soon after her marriage, she was befriended in a dream by the goddess Astarte who said, 'I am bored by beauty. I find it common. So I take notice of you, poor ugly girl, and offer these words of magic. They will protect your husband and sons from every disease but the one chosen to kill them.' Then Astarte disappeared. The husband of this ugly woman, however, grew so rich in vigor that he made love to his ugly wife every night and they had many children who were also healthy. When at last the husband died of the one disease chosen to kill him, the woman asked to be auctioned again. By this time her power to take good care of those who lived closest to her was so well known that she commanded the highest price at the auction. More was paid for her than for the loveliest bride. Thereby, every principle of beauty was turned about on that day. Now, in my land, they cannot tell the good-looking women from the ugly, and they honor long crooked noses."

She bowed. Her tale was done. A few of the little queens began to giggle, but Honey-Ball commenced to laugh. Her mirth came from a powerful throat, yet the sound was so rich at its foundation and spoke so well of the recollection of old pleasure, that I thought it beautiful.

"Have more *kolobi,*" said Usermare. "Take a good swallow. Your tale is next."

Honey-Ball bowed. Her waist was as thick as the waist of any two women beside her, but she bowed well enough to touch her knee.

"I have heard of a goddess," she said, "who has rose-colored hair. None know Her name."

"I would like to see such a goddess," said Usermare. His voice was as powerful as her voice.

"Great Ozymandias," she said, and there was mockery as delicate as the lift of a wing in the manner she spoke the name, for it was the one by which nations to the East would call Him, "if You were to see this rose-colored goddess, You would hold Her, and then She would be a goddess no more, but a woman like any of us."

The little queens giggled with great happiness. The insult was safely contained in the compliment, and Usermare could only reply, "Tell your tale, Hippo, before I give a squeeze to your belly, and the banks of this lake are covered with oil."

"A million and infinity of apologies," said Honey-Ball, "for delaying Your amusement. Oh, Great Ozymandias, the skin of this goddess with rose-colored hair was white, and so She loved to lie in a marsh by the green of the wet marsh-grass. There came one day a shepherd who was also beautiful, and stronger than other men. He wanted Her as soon as he saw Her, but She said, 'First you must wrestle in My pool.' He said, thinking to tease Her, 'What if I lose?' Oh, She told him, he must give Her a sheep if he lost. The shepherd seized Her hair, and pulled Her to him. Her head smelled as sweet as the rose, but his hands were trapped by the thorns in Her hair. So She seized him by the thighs and threw him, and sat on his head. Then he discovered thorns in the hair of the other forest. Oh, his mouth was bleeding before She let him go. He had to give Her a sheep. Next day, he came to fight again, and lost, and gave up another animal. He fought every day until his flock was gone, and his lips were a sorry mouth."

Now, Honey-Ball began to laugh and could not stop. The power of her voice, like the first rising of our flood, had a strength to pull in all that was on the banks. One by one, other little queens began to laugh, and then the eunuchs, until all were sharing the spirits of this story.

Maybe it was the *kolobi,* or it could have been the whim of the King, but when the merriment of the little queens did not cease, He, too, began to laugh and drank half a goblet, and passed what was left to Honey-Ball. "Ma-Khrut," He said, "you are True-of-Voice indeed," and by the way I heard it, resonant as a bell, I knew that Ma-Khrut had been her name in the days when she was slender and beautiful, and most well-regarded, for "Ma-Khru" is a title given only to the greatest and wisest of priests, He-Who-Is-True-of-Voice, he who utters the sounds of the most profound prayers in the clearest and firmest tones (since in that manner he is able to send back in recoil, like an army in flight, all gods who might interfere with the prayer). None but High Priests are granted such a title of respect. Yet here was Honey-Ball given the name of Ma-Khrut. It could only mean: She-Who-is-True-of-Voice.

"Usermare-Setpenere," said Honey-Ball, "if I speak with clarity, it is because of the awe I know at the sounds of Your name."

The little queens murmured their assent. Their piety was added to the mist on the lake. To pronounce the many names of Usermare properly was said to be a power great enough to rock the earth.

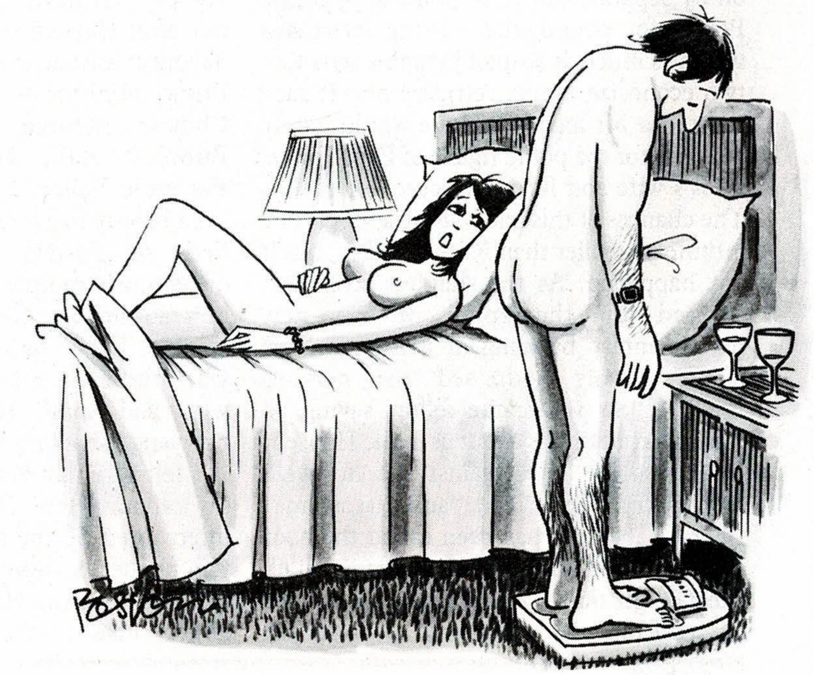
"That is good," said Usermare. "I hope you always say My name with care. I would hate to cut off the toes of your other foot."

One of the little queens gasped so unexpectedly she could be heard. The others ceased to laugh. Honey-Ball turned her head as if slapped. Still, she murmered, "Oh, Sesusi, I will become twice as fat."

"No bed in the House of the Secluded will then be strong enough to bear you," He told her.

"Then there will be no bed," she

(continued on page 116)



"Is that all I am to you, Eddie. . . exercise?"

queensland's noisiest politician will tip it on anyone — friend or foe

BUCKET

BUCKET is a jolly giant, but beware of his innocent smile. It usually means Bucket is ready to tip. Politicians of all parties, white-collar crims, sundry Mr Bigs, even service clubs, know the sensation of being suddenly awash in a pool of Bucket's legendary invective. Joh Bjelke-Petersen is a Bucket victim. So are Bob Hawke, the Queen and Malcolm Fraser. Bucket is a big red verbal assassin. . .and when they dumped his good mate Bill Hayden in February, Bucket was speechless. Well, almost.

"I wouldn't piss on Bob Hawke if he was on fire," he announced: a startling admission, considering that Bucket is better known as Kev Hooper, ALP member for the Brisbane seat of Archerfield.

In the Queensland Parliament, the most bucketed of Hooper's victims is another, less jolly giant, called the Colossus of Roads or Big Russ Hinze. Like Festival Hall wrestlers, Bucket and the Colossus have been locked in combat for 13 years, cheered on by separate camps of political pygmies. Pound for pound, the warring leviathans weigh as much as a small Japanese sedan, or two econosize family refrigerators. If they entered a lift together, there would barely be room for the petite figure of Faye Hinze, Russ's wife and former electoral secretary. The chances of this trio *sharing* a lift may be infinitely smaller than Russ and Kev, but it has happened. As the stainless steel Otis labored up the spine of the new parliamentary building in Brisbane, Faye Hinze sternly addressed the nervous Bucket: "So *you're* the fellow saying all those unkind things about us in the House!" Hooper drew back against the lift wall. "Touch me," he shrilled, "and I'll scream!"

At 54, Hooper has been called the poor man's Gough Whitlam. He looks so much like Gough that a Hong Kong tailor once burst from his doorway as Hooper shambled past. "Mitter Widarm!" the tailor shrieked. "You come back!" So as not to disappoint the man, Hooper allowed himself to be measured for a suit. It took four hours. Bucket weighs 19½ stone and stands six feet two inches tall, and the tailor was very small.

Defending the appalling obesity of Queensland men on the ABC's *AM* program recently, Hooper described himself as, "all muscle. My enemies say the muscle is between my ears," he intoned, "but it is, in fact, well distributed all over my body. Mr Hinze, however, is a little out of proportion. If his intellectual capacity matched his size, he'd be the next Premier of Queensland."

The reason Kev Hooper has never become Opposition leader in Queensland is because he can't resist trying out finely-honed insults on political *allies* as well as foes. A senior Labor politician and long-time campaign organiser for Bill Hayden, Hooper has never liked Bob Hawke. The day after Hayden resigned — with Hawke having at least an even chance to be our next Prime Minister — Bucket met me in a Chinese restaurant across the street from Bubbles' Bath House in Brisbane's Fortitude Valley. "Bob Hawke," he said, "is a bloody super egotist." Bucket licked a fleck of Fosters from his small but dangerously mobile mouth. "I don't think he's fair dinkum. He's a con man who came into the Labor movement in the old days when the ALP was impressed with people who had some education — the old bowyang mentality."

I felt sure that Kev Hooper had more to say about Bob Hawke, but we were interrupted by the waitress calling him to the phone. Standing next to three little Chinese women, Hooper seemed like the largest man in the world. I heard him

profile by frank robson

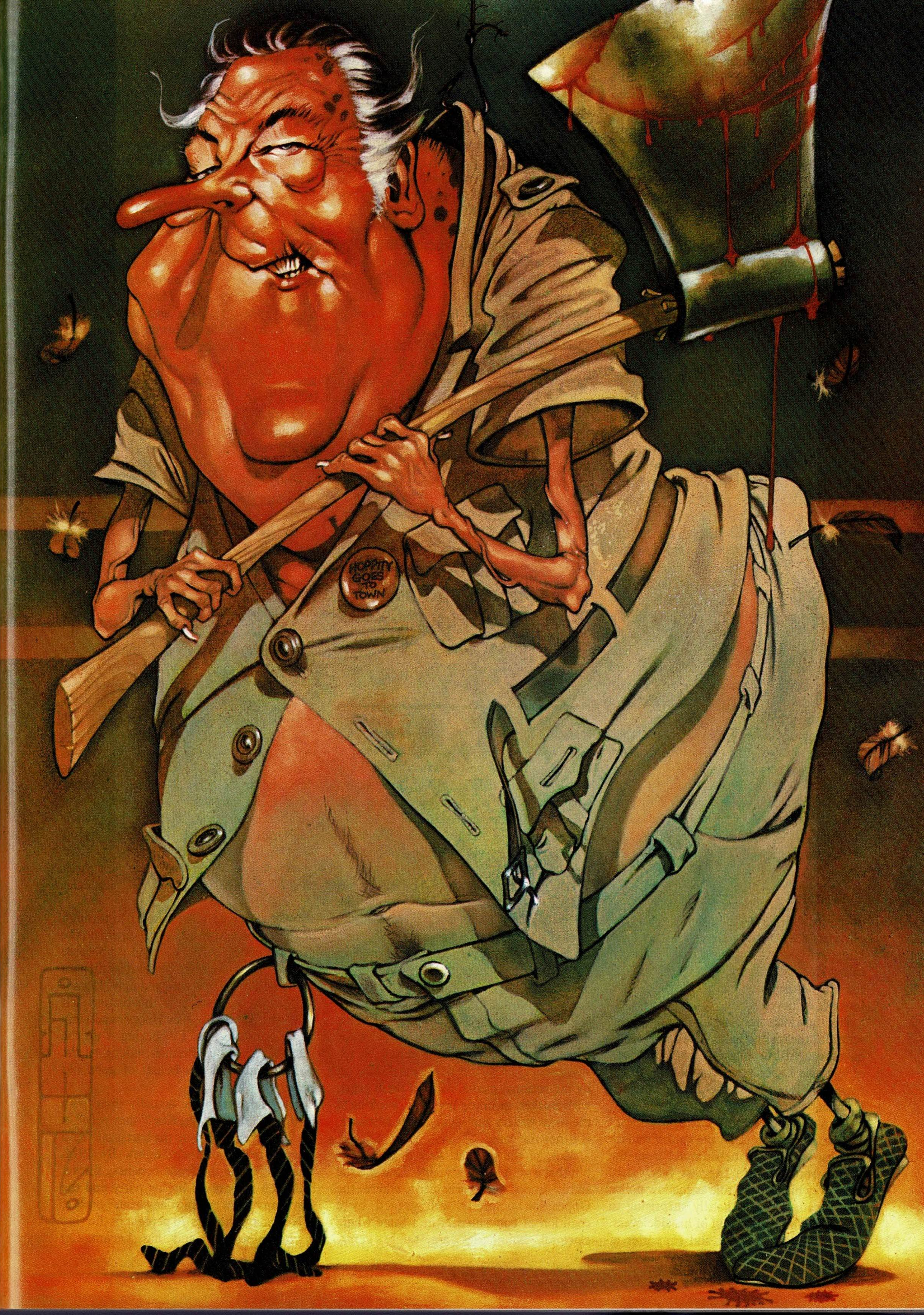


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR AND PHIL BARLOW discussing budgies and finches. Then he said: “Good work, Dr Evil,” replaced the receiver and sat down, his eager, tomato-red face beaming.

“Dr Evil assures me the piece on Finch wanting a budgie will make page one,” he said. Finch is a convicted murderer in Brisbane prison. Hooper is shadow prisons spokesman in Queensland. Dr Evil is a journalist on a Sunday paper. Simple.

Interviewing Finch about the budgie on Dr Evil’s behalf is the kind of attention to detail that has made Hooper this State’s best-known Labor politician. Combined, of course, with his scintillating attacks on the Bjelke-Petersen Government, white-collar crime, police corruption, Lions Clubs, illegal casinos, the Hinze real estate “scandals”, building society inadequacies and the very obvious hairpiece worn by the Labor Party’s State President, Dr Denis Murphy.

Oh yes, and the sidelevers of the party’s new parliamentary leader, Keith Wright, a former charismatic faith healer from Rockhampton. “Keith,” Bucket once inquired, “why grow so carefully on your face what grows wild on your anus?”

But I was right about him having more to say on Bob Hawke. “I believe Hawke is too close to the pro-Israel lobby in Australia. The last time he challenged Hayden (in 1982), there was a lot of Jewish money behind him. I’m not anti-Semitic. . .in fact I used to be the other way. But Israel has got away with too bloody much lately. Their propaganda machine is tremendous and Begin is guilty of atrocities — as guilty as Hitler, whom he condemns. Begin is a bloody old terrorist. . .”

Fortunately (for me and Australian PLAYBOY) Bucket got this lot off his chest only minutes before we were joined by two journalists from the Brisbane *Courier Mail*. It would have made excellent election copy. If Bob Hawke is ever tempted to respond to Hooper’s criticism and becomes angry and abusive towards him, Bucket will be ecstatic.

●

In all his attacks on perceived wrong-doers, Hooper blissfully anticipates the blind rage they will generate. When Russ Hinze, Minister for Main Roads (etc, etc), called Hooper “a slimy mongrel bastard” in the House, Bucket almost swooned in his sense of achievement.

His showman-like flair for publicity, and scorn for the ineffectuality of ALP dullards, have brought him into conflict with scores of less able Labor men, as well as the most feared bully boys of the Bjelke-Petersen Cabinet.

“I’m a giant among political pygmies,” he sighs. That’s precisely the kind of remark that caused him to be dumped from the Labor front benches late last year. They took away his beloved role as shadow police spokesman, which is hardly surprising to any man who feels proud of his sidelevers.

As a Hayden stalwart and supporter of the then-leader’s intervention to end the tedious bickering between “old” and “new” factions of the ALP in Queensland, Hooper is almost as unpopular with the Old Guard (trade union types who never shut up about the shearers’ strike and the goddamn Tree of Knowledge) as Hayden himself. (When Hayden was dumped, the Old Guard, or Trads, held a party at their Breakfast Creek headquarters.)

Hooper cites the union camp’s influence — “the old egalitarian syndrome” — as the reason why Labor fails to attract more stylish Whitlam-like leaders. Despite nine years as an organiser with the Miscellaneous Workers’ Union before winning a seat in Parliament in 1972, Hooper is scornful of Old Guard hopes of getting Labor back into the mainstream of the trade union movement.

“I’ve heard all the cliches,” he told me. “They’re all bullshit. My lifestyle now is middle class. To gain acceptance as an alternative governing party, we must accept that the bulk of our votes will come, potentially, from middle class Australians.”

Hooper is seen as the champion of the little man. While his Labor colleagues vacillate, Bucket goes for the Government jugular.

Don Chipp said the same thing on *Nationwide* during the election campaign, claiming that the best service the ACTU’s Cliff Dolan could do Hawke on the hustings would be to take a prolonged overseas trip.

Practically, however, Hooper is seen as the champion of the little man. While his Labor colleagues vacillate, Bucket goes for the Government jugular. His relentless attacks — breathtaking in their scope and venom —against the overt links between the Bjelke-Petersen Cabinet and the continuing prosperity of those who support it, have made Bucket a household name.

His easy familiarity with the outer limits of parliamentary privilege — in which the most compromising back-room gossip becomes tomorrow’s headlines — stamp him (like Gough) as a man you either love or hate. Think back over the many blood-spattered Queensland scandals picked up by the national media. Most of them began with Bucket, grinning benignly, winking at the press gallery and saying: “Mr Minister, is it not the case. . .”

Most of the scandals fizzled, of course, but that wasn’t Hooper’s fault. That was the status quo in a Parliament where the Opposition is pretty well gagged by a coalition of convenience; in a State where electoral boundaries are safely gerrymandered and the media (with a few exceptions) have no stomach for pursuing issues beyond the threat of a thumping great writ.

Over the years, Hooper has collected writs in the way that many of his constituents in the satellite suburb of Inala collect drink coasters and matchboxes. Inala, population 25,000, is a Housing Commission town populated by migrants, Aussie battlers, Aborigines and single mums.

It grew, separate from the rest of Brisbane, to offset dire housing shortages in the ’50s. That’s when Hooper the union organiser, his wife Terri and their first two kids took an Inala Commission house. There were no trees in Inala then — just a flat sea of weatherboard boxes on 24-perch lots and an ugly concrete shopping centre baking dismally in the sun.

Perhaps in an effort to compensate for its starkness, Inala’s streets were named after shrubs and flowers, constellations and birds. But living in Skylark or Nuthatch or Warbler Street didn’t stop Inalaites feeling different. In a way they were exiles, refugees. Miles from Brisbane, underprivileged, mostly uneducated, the Inala folk had little comfort beyond the fraternity of being in the same boat. Even the name of the main artery into Inala — Blunder Road — implied that you went there by either necessity or accident.

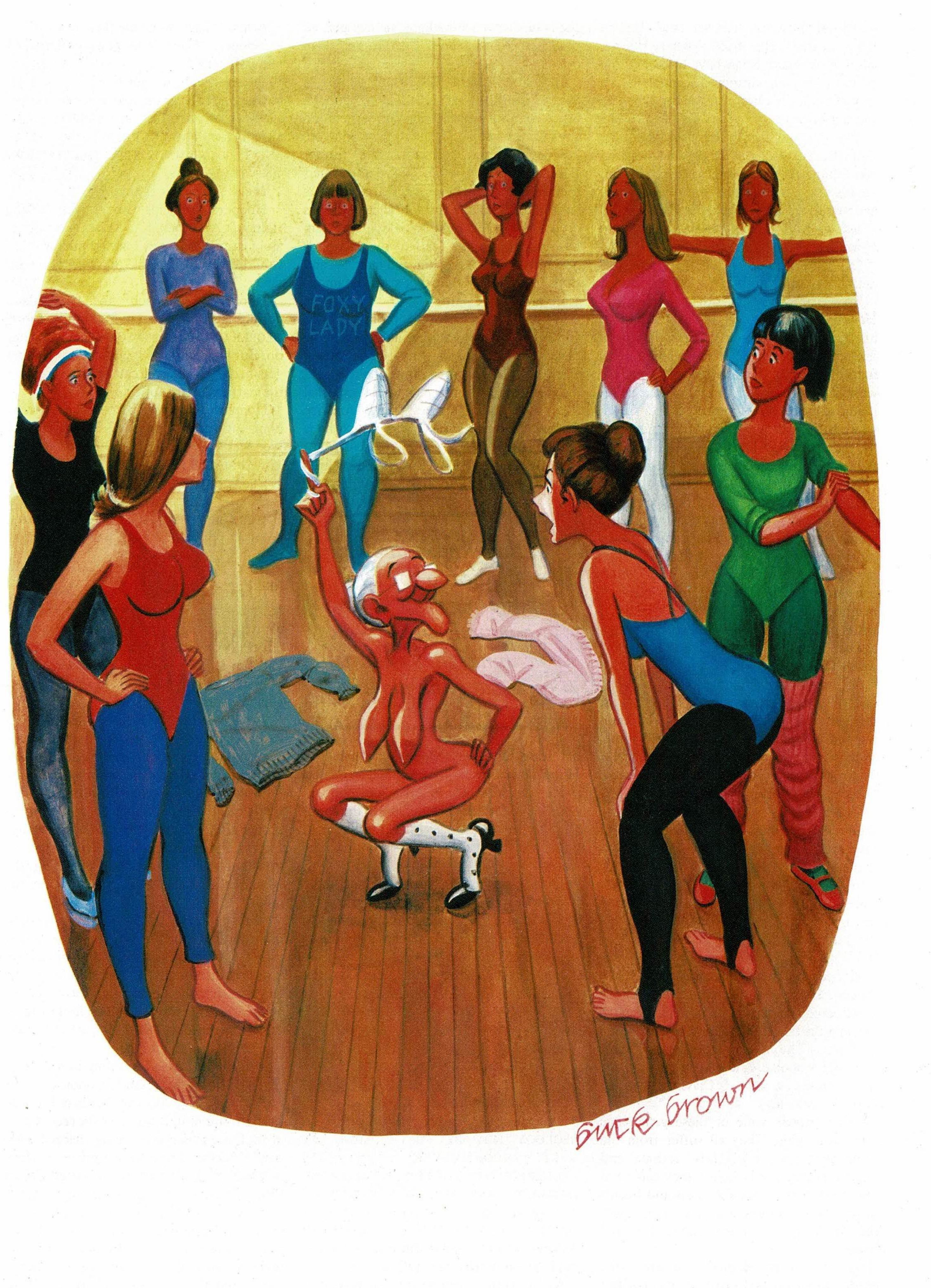
Inevitably (no TV in those days) the residents bred furiously until the place was nick-named Nappy Valley. Their kids grew up with the first trees, but Inala remained isolated — a community of working class battlers with a sense of solidarity against “outsiders”. Social problems were rife and Inala became a welfare worker’s nightmare.

Kev Hooper and Terri raised six children. He travelled to Brisbane daily to footslog the city for union dues and new members. Hooper had been an ALP branch secretary since 1956. He was raised during the Depression and, as he puts it, “I’ve never eaten fucking jam since. Not myra plum, not cape gooseberry — not even melon and apricot.”

By 1972, when Hooper romped through pre-selection and entered Parliament on the back-benches, Inala had become aesthetically more tolerable. But it still bore the stigma of being rough and ugly. It’s not difficult to imagine how the battlers felt when their mate Big Kev Hooper suddenly began appearing on TV, boring it up the Lutheran capitalist Premier, taking on the world’s injustices on behalf of good old Inala.

They felt they were actually there with Hooper. “Good on yer, Kev!” they yelled at the TV screens, “Get up the bastards!” And Hooper never let them down. By 1974, when he made the front benches, Bucket had been recognised by his party and the Government, as one big dangerous hombre.

Nowadays, he gets 70 percent of the vote in his electorate and has become an



“Never mind about the good ol’ days, you’re interrupting our aerobics class.”

unofficial business adviser and father-figure in Inala. His office — where Hooper and his secretary Brian have fashioned the bullets to launch a hundred scandals — is a tiny chamber between the Loong Do Cafe and a greengrocery.

The sign out front reads DES DOOLEY'S DRIVING SCHOOL, but Dooley has vacated and Hooper is trying to get the extra room for his use. I went there first several years ago to talk with Hooper about Russ Hinze. It was research for a warts-and-all piece on Hinze, whom Hooper described this way: "He's ruthless, sure — so am I. But I'm definitely more pleasant."

This time, to his obvious pleasure, Hooper was the subject. He called me into his inner office, so small that Hooper's frame seemed to rise like a small mountain, foothills trailing down across his desk. He wore a short-sleeved, powder blue shirt-jacket and voluminous trousers, his snow-white hair creating a startling contrast with the red of his face. Through the glass door at the rear of the office, we could see a vacant lot choked with scorched weeds and a truck delivering soft drinks to the Loong Do Cafe.

It was very hot. Outside, the streets seemed populated by young mothers with dispirited faces, pushing battered plastic prams. Hooper claims that he seems constantly to be involved in a spate of neighborhood quarrels: "It's a no-win situation. If I take one neighbor's side against another, the one I don't support won't vote for me."

So, how does he handle it? A lop-sided, shifty but engaging smile appeared on Hooper's fox-like features. I suddenly realised why Hayden calls him Big Vinnie, after Vincent Teresa, a notorious mafia informant. "I bullshit," says Big Vinnie. "Or, as we say in politics, I use tact."

One particularly bad street had become the scene of a minor uprising. "The local inspector said to me the other day, 'I've got that fucking B. . .street on my plate again!' I told him he was welcome to it. The last time I went out there one of the ladies called me a fucking old cunt. I didn't like the *old* bit. I told the cops, 'Jesus, you just can't win it.'"

Hooper took me for a drive in the family Falcon. He praised the appearance of the more cared-for homes, pointed out a street where most of the tenants are single mothers. "The hoons gather in that street looking for nookie. A lot of cops go there for the same reason. Classic fucking opportunists, cops.

"I've known some of these girls since they were kids. They all suffer from the same problems: bronchitis, asthma and nerves. If they need a house, they come and see me, but there are shortages and I can't always help." Occasionally, as we cruised, one of the thin mothers managed a tired wave.

"Look," said Hooper, "There's the garden that won the Lord Mayor's prize last year. The old guy who made it used to chase the hoons away with a hose, so they poured petrol all over his lawn. I had to sort them out."

Back in the mid-'70s, small groups of angry prostitutes began calling at Hooper's office complaining of protection rackets and cops on the take.

Hooper and Brian (a former Commonwealth public servant) armed themselves with plenty of research into the subject, including names of alleged crooks orchestrating the rackets — one of whom has since become known by Hooper's description as "a large, fat, evil man" — and thus began one of Bucket's most famous scattergun campaigns.

He named senior cops, top businessmen and so-called "Godfathers" as central to the rackets. More than any other issue, Hooper's celebrated rantings about sordid massage parlors and prominent political figures "lurking in the shadows" of vice dens, became the subject with which he is publicly identified. Although the campaign was aimed at exposing dirty deals in high places, it's difficult to shake the impression of something a shade puritanical in Hooper's nature.

> *"I think the media have toadied to Joh by translating what he says into basic English. Now he thinks that's how it came out of his mouth."*

He was, after all, raised a Catholic and educated by Marist brothers until the age of 14. Now he's agnostic: "I may not have had a fine mind, but I was always sceptical," he states.

During our tour of Inala, he chortlingly referred to an abusive telegram the ALP received after he had publicly named a leading Brisbane hotel motel as a "house of assignation".

Back in the little office, he asks the faithful Brian to dig the telegram out. It reads: DEAR SIR, WE THE STAFF AND MANAGEMENT OF. . .WISH TO EXPRESS OUR DEEPEST DISGUST, ANGER AND RESENTMENT AT THE GROSS INSOLENCE DISPLAYED IN PARLIAMENT LAST WEEK BY THE DISHONORABLE MEMBER FOR ARCHERFIELD KEVIN HOOPER STOP SHOULD AN APOLOGY NOT BE FORTHCOMING WE WILL. . .INFORM EVERY ELECTOR IN ARCHERFIELD OF THE LOWLY, VENOMOUS, COWARDLY AND REPULSIVE NATURE OF THIS MISERABLE AND VILE LIAR STOP WE DEMAND THAT HE BE SUSPENDED FROM PARLIAMENT, DISENDORSED AND EXPELLED FROM THE ALP, ENDS.

As I read the telegram into my recorder, Bucket becomes limp with glee.

Brian: "They went off their brains!"

Hooper: "Haven't we got one signed by the staff too?"

Brian: "Yeah, we got that!"

The other telegram, addressed to Hooper reads: YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED AS A COWARD OF THE MOST REPULSIVE NATURE IN ALL OUR MINDS STOP THE MANAGER AND STAFF ENDS.

Me: "You upset them a bit?"

Hooper: "Perhaps. But I was fucking right! It was being used as a house of assignation. And they banned me for life. I wouldn't even go back there with a food taster."

Hooper's approach to Queensland politics is summarised in his simple axiom: PEOPLE UNDERSTAND SCANDAL. And they do. But what about the vilification Hooper gets back? Has it ever caused him to sob in the parliamentary toilets?

Hooper: "Not yet. Usually I just come home and beat up my wife." (His wife, to Hooper's horror, denies this. "I'll tell you something no one knows about this heavy politician," she says. "He gets up at 5.30 every morning and does all the housework! Before I'm even awake. I wouldn't mind doing it, but he has to have everything neat. . .")

•

It has always seemed to me that Hooper's humor — the way he uses it against the likes of Joh and Hinze — is his single most effective weapon. I asked him for a non-partisan opinion of the performances of his political opponents and colleagues. Here's what he came up with:

Joh Bjelke-Petersen: "Joh, of course, is a verbal cripple. Seriously. A mental cripple? Well, I don't think he's any Einstein — he's cunning, though. Joh just can't handle me — I always get the edge on him. The fact that he's a verbal cripple doesn't seem to bother him, he's got away with it for so long. I think the media have toadied to Joh by translating what he says into basic English. Now he thinks that's how it came out of his mouth.

"Just recently, the *Courier Mail* people have started reporting him verbatim. When they do, it looks like a series of misprints or mistakes. Personally, I don't like Joh at all. But I do think he's been underestimated by our blokes. In a way, by calling him Joh and spreading the jokes about him, we've helped to make him a folk hero."

Russ Hinze: "I have a feeling in my water that old Hinze won't stand for another term. He quit as Police Minister because Joh was about to fire him. It was over the recent case of six Queensland cops being charged with administering heroin to two prisoners. In a nutshell, Bjelke-Petersen supported Police Commissioner Terry Lewis in not wanting an officer of the Crown Law Office working on the investigation in conjunction with the police internal affairs branch. Easy to imagine why. But the investigation went ahead and the cops were charged. Hinze

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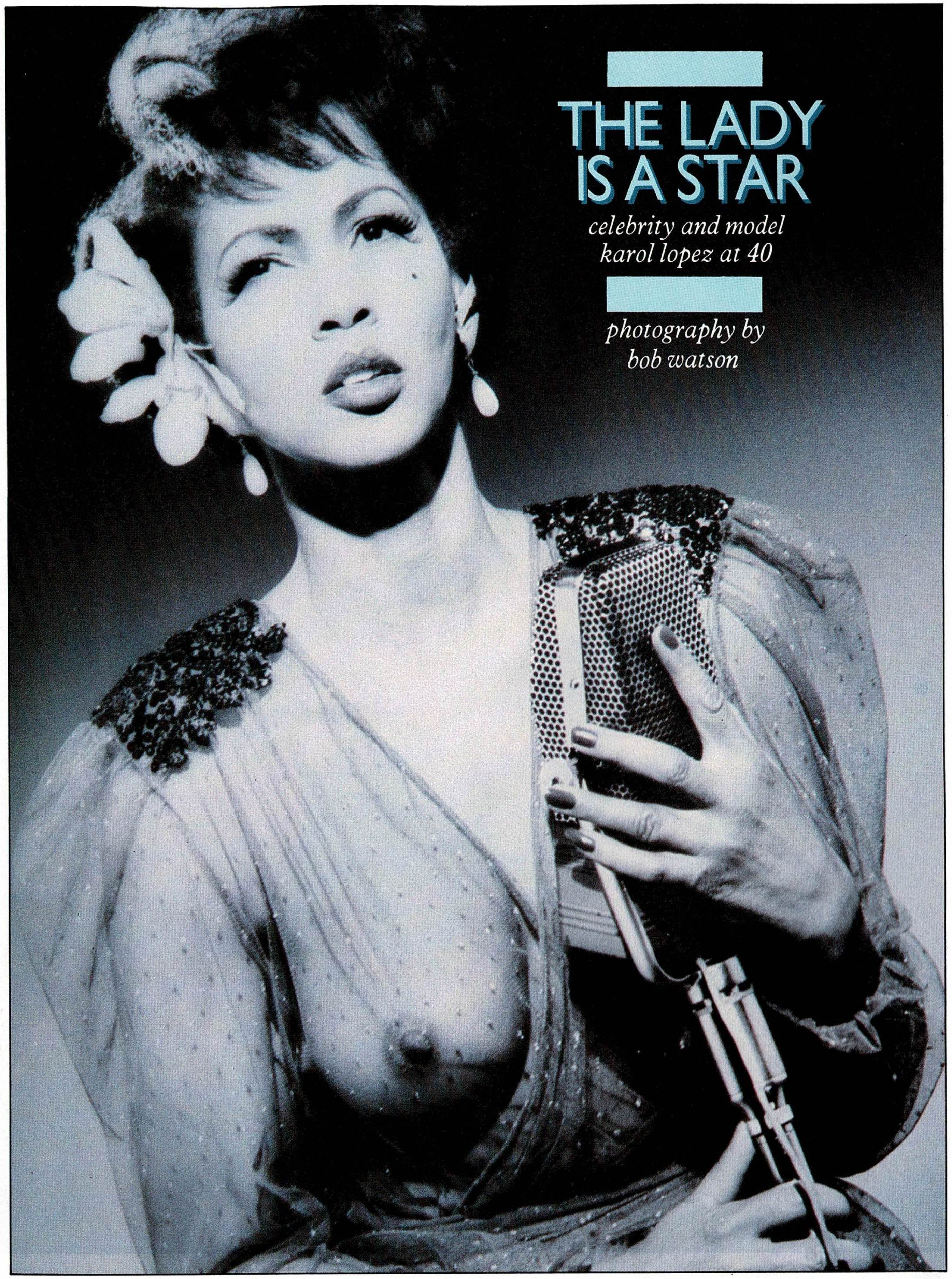


THE LADY IS A STAR

celebrity and model karol lopez at 40

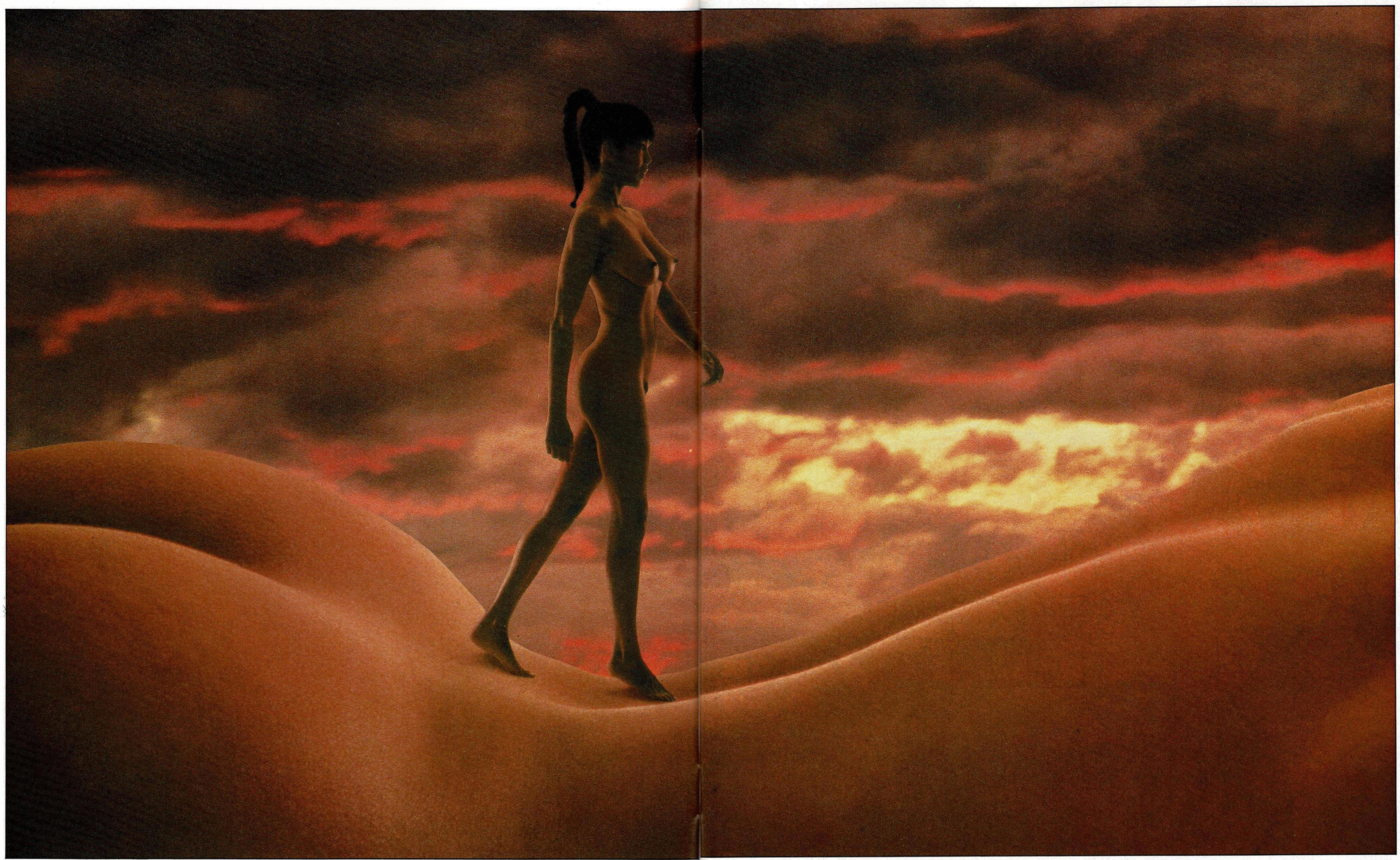
photography by bob watson

"I'm not sure I want to make a big deal out of turning 40, you know. I mean how the hell am I gonna celebrate 50?" This is Karol Lopez talking. Black, beautiful, television star and model. . . and now the subject of a sizzling PLAYBOY pictorial. Yes folks, after years of trying, we finally convinced Karol that in celebration of 40 amazing years on the planet, it was time for her to share.

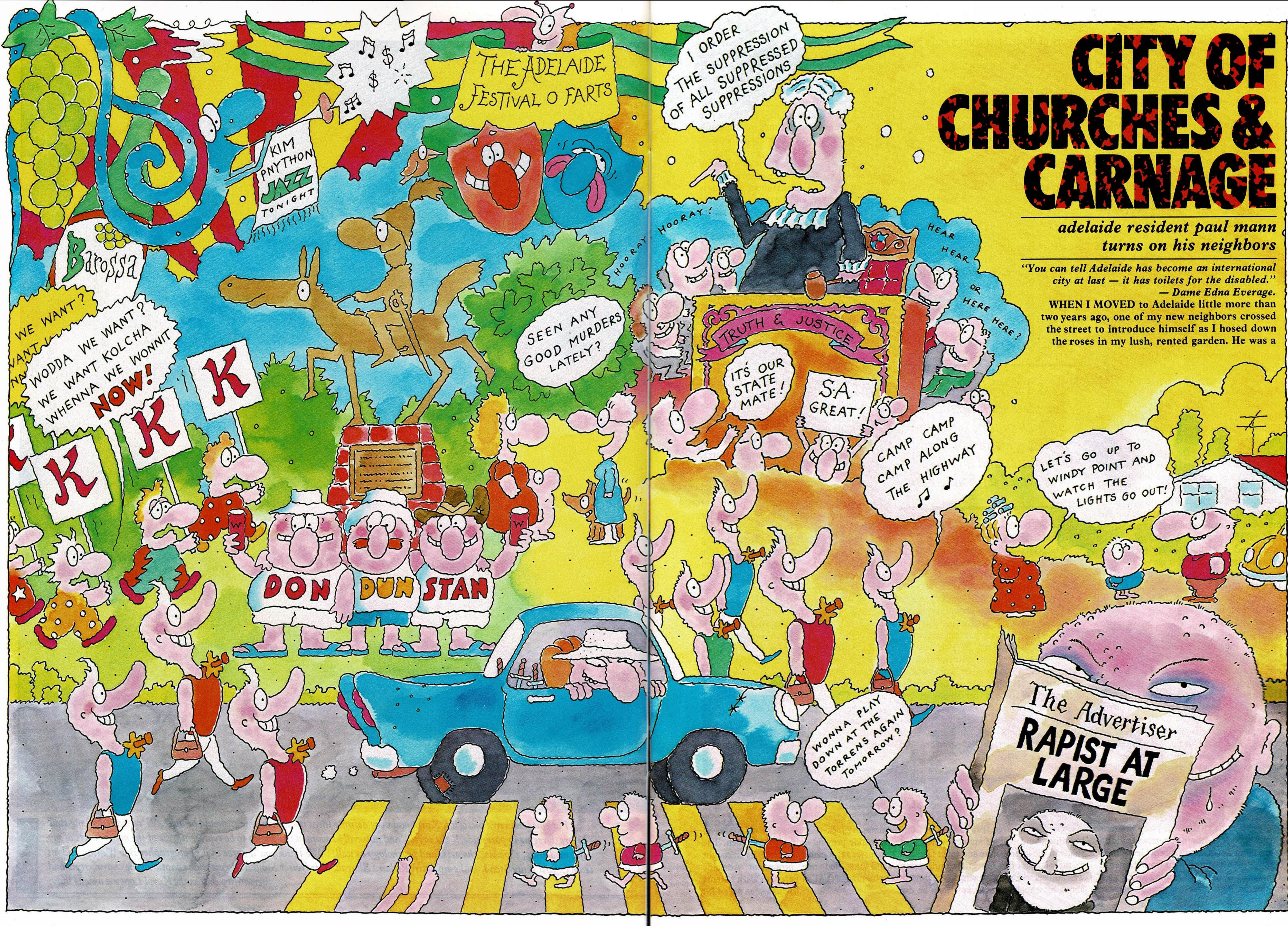
La Lopez is no ordinary lady. Since her arrival in Australia 10 years ago, the Boston-born beauty has modelled everything from sexy lingerie to workman's overalls, presented parades and hosted her own late-night television show. Raised in a ghetto with a long list of temporary foster parents, she became a rebellious teenager with fire in her veins. At 17, she was coaxed by a social worker into a nursing career which began with a punch-up and ended with a diploma. Next, she took a night course in psychology at Harvard University, and eventually graduated from Northeastern with a Masters.

Love stepped in and led her to Australia, in the company of a young business school graduate who had set his sights on making his first million in the land down under. Says Karol: "At first I couldn't stand Australia, because we were mixing with people who were old enough to be our grandparents. Boring cocktail parties every night, that sort of thing. But eventually the relationship died and I began to live." And that's an understatement. Since the middle '70s, Karol Lopez has seldom been out of the news.

Confidante of the stars, hell-raiser, television personality, sex symbol, Karol is hard to ignore. At the beginning of this year, she joined Australian PLAYBOY *as Promotions Director, in which capacity she has already engineered our Playmate of the Year festivities (more about this night of nights next month) and our upcoming pictorial on the Girls of the Gold Coast. Says Lopez: ''My first assignments were to party on the Gold Coast for a week, then come back and paint the Regent Hotel in Sydney bright red. It's a dirty job but someone's gotta do it.''*



For this landmark pictorial, Karol had very definite ideas about how things should be done. "I've waited a long time before agreeing to pose nude," she says, "and naturally I wanted the photos to be representative of the many facets of my life: modelling, showbiz, the arts, and psychology as well!" We think you'll agree that photographer Bob Watson and his team (stylist Kate Stead, make-up artist Richard Sharah, hairdresser Sundai Sloane) have captured the charm, style and versatility that make Karol Lopez a unique lady.


THE ADELAIDE FESTIVAL O FARTS
KIM PNYTHON JAZZ TONIGHT
Barossa
WE WANT?
WANT
WODDA WE WANT? WE WANT KOLCHA WHENNA WE WONNIT NOW!
K
K
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K
SEEN ANY GOOD MURDERS LATELY?
DON
DUN
STAN
I ORDER THE SUPPRESSION OF ALL SUPPRESSED SUPPRESSIONS
HOORAY HOORAY!
HEAR HEAR OR HERE HERE?
TRUTH & JUSTICE
IT'S OUR STATE MATE!
S.A. GREAT!
CAMP CAMP CAMP ALONG THE HIGHWAY
LET'S GO UP TO WINDY POINT AND WATCH THE LIGHTS GO OUT!
WONNA PLAY DOWN AT THE TORRENS AGAIN TOMORROW?
The Advertiser
RAPIST AT LARGE

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLAN STOMANN

CITY OF CHURCHES & CARNAGE

adelaide resident paul mann turns on his neighbors

> *"You can tell Adelaide has become an international city at last — it has toilets for the disabled."*
> *— Dame Edna Everage.*

WHEN I MOVED to Adelaide little more than two years ago, one of my new neighbors crossed the street to introduce himself as I hosed down the roses in my lush, rented garden. He was a garrulous, likeable sort of bloke in his early sixties, and just visible in the open neck of his shirt there was the ugly red claw of a scar reaching for his throat, a reminder of massive open heart surgery. He seemed a decent man and I learned he was devoted to his ailing wife, doted on his young grandchildren and had worked like hell all his life to be a successful businessman. He said he once went to Canada to collect a debt, on principle.

Every evening, I would get used to him marching briskly past our picture window, elbows pumping, jaw set and his whole body tilted forward with purpose, exercising his heart back to good health.

This first day he spent 20 minutes sounding me out just to make sure I wasn't liable to do anything that might lower the tone of the neighborhood. Inevitably the conversation steered toward State politics and the name Don Dunstan cropped up.

When it did, his whole persona changed. While his flossy white hair ruffled gently in the breeze, that comforting, grandfatherly profile suddenly hardened, his eyes glittered like wet stones and his words were limned with spite.

“There were no homosexuals in South Australia until that Dunstan fellow got in,” he said. “Then they all came down in trainloads from Sydney and Melbourne because this was the safe place to be — and they never left.”

He was serious. It was a disquieting brush with Queensland-style surrealism in a place that's supposed to know better; a brand of prickly parochialism which characterises so much of South Australian society: my neighbor's example being just one of many mass local delusions.

Ironically it wasn't Don Dunstan who introduced the bill to legalise homosexuality in SA; that's just part of the myth which sprang up around the man. The Liberals introduced that bill in 1972, while in Opposition, though we'll come back to that colorful little episode later.

South Australia is The Schizoid State, not The Festival State, whatever the licence plates say. Despite its reputation as a dull but genteel backwater, an oasis of refinement in a brash urban landscape, there are a lot of people who could stand to see Russ Hinze become Premier of SA if he were rejected by Queensland for leaning a bit too far to the right.

Despite the self-conscious veneer of culture, SA is just Queensland without the pineapples. Queensland has The Big Pineapple, SA has The Big Crayfish. If you've ever woken up from an uneasy car nap to be confronted by the sight of The Big Cray, you know which is worse.

Queensland may be The Deep North but this is Australia's very own Deep South, a sweaty slice of southern Americana as lurid as anything Texas, Louisiana or Georgia can boast. A hick haven straight from the pen of Tennessee Williams complete with corruption in high places, a bought press, a history of shady State politics and a police force armed with magnums.

Then there is all the killing.

South Australians have earned an unenviable record for murdering each other with a flair that rivals the blood-soaked fiction of The Texas Chainsaw Massacre.

If they applied the same imagination to industry as they do to killing one another, South Australia might now be ahead of Taiwan in GNP.

Perhaps it's the isolation.

The same isolation that made Adelaide such a superb choice for an experiment in free colonisation — far from the vulgar blood, sweat and rum of contaminating, convict-spawned Sydney — has stunted its growth economically, politically, socially and intellectually.

Forget all you ever heard about Adelaide pioneering the new age of enlightenment in Australia — it was just a hiccup in 150 years of calculated in-breeding. Adelaide is a small pond and those who aspire to become big fish like it that way.

South Australia is a city-state. The population hovers around 1.4 million, of whom perhaps 900,000 live in Adelaide. An urban enclave plopped inconveniently at the bottom end of the mainland in the underpopulated vastness between Melbourne and Perth.

SA is a hick haven complete with corruption in high places, a bought press, a history of shady politics and a police force armed with magnums.

For 120 years, Adelaide was dominated by the whims of a ruling class transplanted intact from England, an instant elite with names like Gosse, Barr Smith, Hayward, Downer, Rymill, Bray, Wilson and, of course, Bonython. Much of their influence has been whittled away since World War II and their power is now dismissed by some as nothing more than a conspiracy theory swallowed only by the naive. That is partly true — family fortunes have waned, sons have died without heirs, lost interest or moved — but the melody lingers on. And establishment havens like the Adelaide Club on North Terrace help keep it alive.

The popular myth about Adelaide is that it was conceived by altruists in the spirit of freedom, democracy and idealism. Bullshit!

The names Hindmarsh, Light and Wakefield grace streets, suburbs and public buildings, and inspire statues which give shade to the intemperate and toilet facilities to the pigeons. But Governor Hindmarsh was a miserable old sod who worried more about his chooks and pet cow than he did about the passengers on the first vessel out, HMS *Buffalo.* Colonel Light, founder and architect of Adelaide, died a broken man, beaten by Adelaide's first generation of squabbling bureaucrats. And Edward Gibbon Wakefield was a lecherous old fraud who dreamed up his ideas for a free colony while doing time in London's Newgate Prison for kidnapping a schoolgirl. He never saw Australia.

Nevertheless, in the spirit of enduring hypocrisy, their names are enshrined.

What is beyond dispute about Adelaide is its striking beauty and the cosy, lotus-eating lifestyle available to its more fortunate inhabitants.

Though he was throttled by red tape in the end, Colonel Light got his own way just long enough to put his plans on paper and the result is a city of wide, tree-lined boulevards cradled by impeccably maintained parklands. It sits in a gem-like setting on a fertile plain between rolling mountain ranges in the east and the sparkling waters of the Gulf of St Vincent in the west — and all of it gift-wrapped by endless ribbons of white sandy beaches.

The heart of the city with the pristine lines of the Festival Centre, the ivy league University of Adelaide, the River Torrens and its delightful leafy banks would have to be one of the prettiest places in the world in which to be murdered.

Several people have tried it. One of them, Dr George Ian Duncan, a quiet, bespectacled 42-year-old law lecturer from the University Of Adelaide, made the mistake of taking an after-dinner stroll by the Torrens one evening in 1971. Poofter bashing was all the rage then and Dr Duncan was a homosexual visiting an area frequented by other homosexuals seeking anonymous sex. He was heaved into the river in full view of more than one person and drowned. His killer, or killers, were never brought to justice.

It was the uproar from this nasty little murder that prompted the Liberal Opposition to jump on the bandwagon with its own bill to legalise homosexuality.

But the pseudo-pastoral heart of Adelaide isn't only lethal to gays. Mark Langley was a strapping 18-year-old heterosexual, well able to look after himself in a fight. In early 1981, he took a short cut along the Torrens on a busy summer night after an argument in a car with some friends. He was kidnapped, murdered and subjected to the most ghastly sexual mutilation.

Langley was the most recent of three sex and mutilation murders of young men. Similarities in the way two others, Alan Barnes and Neil Muir, were butchered in 1979, led to the widespread belief that a new kind of Jack The Ripper was loose in Adelaide preying only on young men. The monster responsible has never been caught and that led one prominent Adelaide criminologist, Allan Perry, to warn parents

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“The public is not permitted to congratulate the performers before the end of the show.”

ROCK OF THE WESTIES

three days of rage, booze, trash and cash reveal a new breed of music lover

article by kent goddard
photos by bob king

THREE DAYS after Narara '83, the rock festival that was to breathe life back into a '60s idea, promoter Michael Chugg looks totally exhausted. His energy is so depleted that he seems to be draining it out of every available source. Time has slowed down within his orbit.

His office, peopled by half a dozen employees, is usually a hustling, bustling crazed rock'n'roll nightmare. Telephones ring and people shout. But not today. Movement is unobtrusive and voices are muted. Everybody talks very gently to Chugg, acknowledging his delicate state. No one bothers him with blown-out gigs, hassles with PAs or band personnel disasters. He is largely left alone. Slumped in his armchair, his chin resting on the desk, he stares out over Sydney's gloomy inner city skyline.

Michael Chugg was the main organiser of Narara '83. His presence over the festival was as inescapable as it is over the Sydney rock scene. It was mainly through his efforts that the site near Gosford, NSW, was secured and the investors — some of Sydney's leading managers, agents and promoters — were persuaded to marshal their forces for the event.

Still claiming to be a tender 35, Chugg is celebrating his 20th year in the music business. His career spans a rock generation, from promoting Easybeats shows in Tasmania while still in his teens, to touring The Police throughout Australia in 1981. He also manages Richard Clapton and The Church, among others, and holds a major share in The Harbour and Premier Artists, two of the largest rock booking agencies in Australia.

When it comes to most facets of rock'n'roll, Chugg has been there and done that, and he is not a person to be fazed easily. But right now, he is very worried about the state of the local music industry. For him, Narara '83 was not only a celebration of Australian music, but also a desperate rallying call to the industry.

"I hope this festival will generate more excitement in Australian music and spur people to go to more gigs and buy records," he says. "I think it was a good thing that we were able to put it on and have no deaths and no arrests. No arrests was really important for our image.

"The highlight of Narara for me was when they saved a kid who almost drowned. He was dead when they pulled him out of the dam, and they were able to revive him.

"I don't think I'll ever forget that. It was a pretty terrible five minutes. It brought home that our organisation was together and that we could cope with a disaster like that. The relief was incredible, let me tell you. . ."

The voice, which only returned the day before, trails off into silence. Michael Chugg looks like *he* was the one who was dragged out of the dam. The bloodshot eyes and translucent pallor only heighten the appearance of general physical neglect. Muscles have relaxed and then dropped, particularly around the midriff region and the jowls. A wide expanse of denuded scalp on the top of his head contributes to the suspicion that he is much older than his stated age.

This is what 20 years of rock'n'roll can do to a man. Indeed, within the local music industry, Michael Chugg is an all-important role model, albeit, a negative one. Of the most common phrases heard when industry people converse, "I don't want to end up looking like Chuggie," is close to top of the pops.

A generation gap has developed in the Australian music industry. Over the last five years, new blood in the form of young musicians, managers, agents, promoters and record company staff, has entered the scene. To them, Michael Chugg is a dinosaur, a veteran from the days when the music business was primitive capitalism at its best — or worst.

The late '60s and early '70s were the golden age of the rip-off in Australian rock: the stories are legion of very successful groups who never received a cent in their entire careers. The biggest scam of the period, and the one that helped kill it off, was the final Sunbury festival held near Melbourne. Conducted as annual events, the first two such festivals were moderately successful, but the third was a financial catastrophe. None of the bands ever were paid, except for Deep Purple, the star attraction from England. Their manager allegedly strode into the promoters' tent after his group's performance, brandishing a large revolver. The organisers were quite willing to accommodate his demands. It took seven years before anyone had the gall to put on another open-air festival.

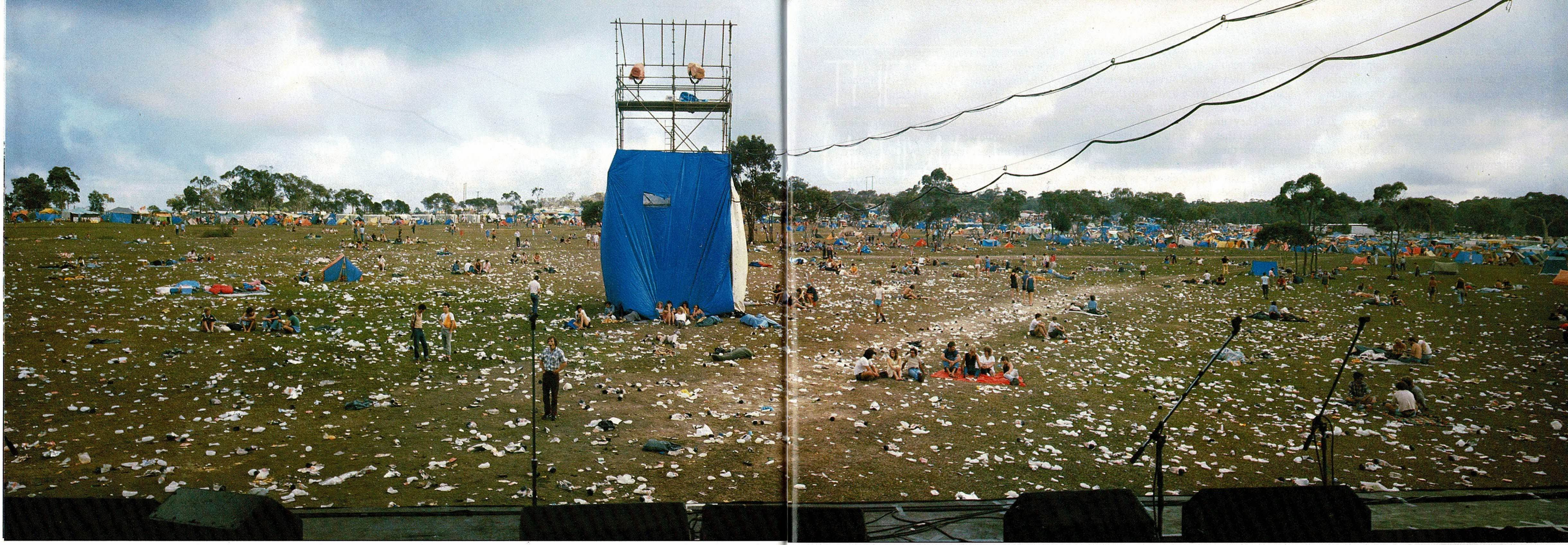
The new generation in the music industry would prefer to deny this legacy. A new breed of manager has entered the scene. Part astute businessman and part creative marketer, the species is typified by the younger men such as Ray Hearn and Jeremy Fabinyi, who manage Icehouse and Mental As Anything, respectively. As well, a very few groups (most obviously Midnight Oil) have been able to carve out their independence and maintain control.

Midnight Oil, one of the more popular groups in the country, are the most vociferous attackers of the old guard. They ran an advertisement in the *Sydney Morning Herald* during Narara explaining why they were not appearing at the festival. In the form of a manifesto, the ad claimed that the ticket price was too high and that the expected profits from the festival should be allocated to a worthy cause, such as youth welfare groups. It further argued that the program was too establishment and should have included a lot more new, young bands. This second point was also voiced by Michael Hutchence, lead singer for INXS, who *did* appear at Narara.

The enmity borne by the young people in the music industry is rooted in frustration. The system they are railing against is pub rock and the exploitation inherent in it. Besides the rare one-hit-wonder-from-nowhere syndrome, there is only one way for a group to make it in Australia: to play every pub venue in Australia over and over, year in and year out, with an income distribution that allocates most of the money to only about 12 bands who sit on the top of the heap, and virtual peanuts to the newer, struggling outfits on the rise.

When pub rock first became established in Australia in the early '70s, it served a very important purpose. A circuit of hotels in Sydney and Melbourne was slowly formed and this enabled groups to work constantly and earn a basic living. The combination of relatively inexpensive alcohol plus rock music in the one venue, proved irresistible. Apart from the conducive atmosphere and the consequent receptiveness of the patrons, groups were now playing to an increasingly sophisticated audience, who (technically) were at least 18. The prior reliance on young teenagers to buy records and attend concerts, which had been the reason for the success of bands like Sherbet was no longer in need of pandering. Australian rock music came of age in more ways than one in the late '70s.

But now, the system is beginning to creak with old age. The elite groups — such as Cold Chisel, The Angels and Australian



Crawl — are still doing very well. Bands at the bottom have never done well. But it is the middle echelon that has suffered the worst reversals. Amid a general economic downturn in the music business, bands at this level are being squeezed out. The hierarchy that has existed over the last five years is disintegrating. Now it is all or nothing. Either you are at the top, or you are virtually nowhere. At Narara, Men At Work earned $30,000, while The Hitmen received $250.

Even Michael Chugg, one of the architects of pub rock, has severe doubts about the future of the system.

"It's just about wiped out here for bands to make money," he says. "The costs of keeping a band on the road are exorbitant. The only light at the end of the tunnel is to break overseas and make lots of money there."

The feted example of Men At Work and their monster hit records in America and England is no real solution to the domestic problem. Michael Chugg vaguely murmurs about government subsidies and grants, but it is difficult to believe that the Australian public would support such moves.

No one, either young or old, in or out of music power games, has a valid alternative to pub rock. The Australian music scene is, at present, lumbered with this albatross.

"I don't think the kids are prepared to accept a booze-free gig. I don't think Narara could have succeeded without alcohol," Michael Chugg states flatly. His present appearance hints at the toll such a lifestyle can reap.

Not surprisingly, Narara '83 was the epitome of pub rock. Not only was the festival billed as a celebration of Australian music, but in some of the publicity, it was also referred to as a celebration of Australian lifestyles. In that case, Narara was very revealing. Besides the basic amenities essential for survival and comfort, the festival organisers only provided two diversions: music and alcohol. (Of course, many attendees supplemented this basic diet by providing their own drugs.)

Narara was certainly no forlorn attempt to re-create Woodstock, the way the original Australian festivals of the early '70s, and even 1981's Tanelorn, had been. Narara could best be described as the largest open-air pub in the world. The experience was something akin to spending three days camping out at a suburban pub and witnessing 30 bands perform.

There was a token "alternative" presence to be sure, but these people were politely ignored. The raising of social issues from either the audience or the stage was non-existent. Aboriginal land rights, unemployment, dams, uranium mining, gay solidarity, whales, et al, did not appear in this one-dimensional world. Even something as innocuous as nudity was very hard to find. The only obvious slogan was the huge ROCK WITH TOOTH sign above the massive public bar. No one seemed to disagree with that cause.

For most people, the notion of attending a three-day rock concert with unlimited supplies of alcohol laid on, would provoke a reaction of terror. Visions of Jonestown coupled with the rape of the Sabine women would immediately come to mind.

But Narara '83 was surprisingly well-behaved. There were no arrests, very few reported incidents of violence, and besides the usual minor cuts and abrasions, heat exhaustion and occasional bad acid trips, the only major casualty was accidental. Considering that Narara was a temporary settlement of roughly 30,000 people, there was probably more drama in a similarly-sized town, like Wagga Wagga, on that Australia Day weekend.

By most estimates, the ages of the audience at the festival ranged from 17 to 22. It was the sort of crowd that could be found in any surburban hotel in Australia where a band is playing on a Saturday night: the bedrock of the music industry, the punters who actually *pay* for records and concerts. Consequently, the great majority must be employed, as the minimum outlay for the weekend was around $100 per person ($40 ticket price and the cost of food and alcohol, plus incidentals). So what does young Australia expect for its money? What experiences are people after from a three-day rock festival, considering that they are almost all too young to have ever been to one before? None of the organisers had much of an idea. When, with only a week to go, barely 7000 tickets had been sold, they wondered if anybody was going to come at all. So, for over 20,000, the decision to attend Narara '83 was left very late.

At 6 am on Sunday, the sun was only just beginning to penetrate the mist that enshrouded Narara '83. The result was a weird half-light through which it was just possible to make out the lie of the land. Lie being the operative word. In the huge public area in front of the now empty and silent stage, hundreds of bodies were stretched out in the open on the ground, amid the immense carpet of garbage. Some were wrapped in blankets and sleeping bags, others had no covering at all.

The previous night, every one of them had raged to the music, until they had at last dropped where they stood.

Narara only really came alive at night. Dusk would see a massive migration of people from their camping sites down to the hypnotic blaze of lights emanating from the stage. The most common possession was a large plastic bottle of Coke, which contained personal recipes for insensibility. Though people were banned from taking alcohol into the festival, the searches at the gates by the security guards were not totally effective. Many patrons brazenly toted bottles of Jack Daniels and Southern Comfort as they headed off to rock their lives away.

By early morning, the resultant vision of carnage was horrifying. Slowly, the bodies began to stir and unsteadily rise to their feet. Sometimes in small groups, but more often alone. They shuffled around in aimless circles through the garbage.

But this picture of wasted youth may be too glib. The great majority of the audience were sound asleep in their campervans and tents. Most of them had certainly over-indulged during the night's performance, though somehow they had made it to the security of their "homes", just as they do back in the suburbs.

There were two contradictory aspects of the audience's behavior at Narara '83 that baffled the organisers: the comfort they provided for themselves and the garbage they produced.

"At festivals in the past," reminisces Michael Chugg, "a lot of people have turned up with just a sleeping bag or a blanket and been prepared to sleep anywhere. But at Narara, kids turned up with tents, expensive ones too, and there was no shortage of campervans coming through the gates, either. These kids came really set up and we weren't ready for it. We hadn't allocated enough camping space and so they took over areas that were supposed to be left clear. Next year, if we do it again, we'll know to enlarge the site."

Then Chugg shakes his head. The memory of it still gives him pain.

"I don't know what you can do about the garbage, though," he mutters in exasperation. "They seemed to be quite happy to live amongst all their crap for three days. By Saturday, when it became really noticeable that there was all this garbage everywhere, we thought maybe the bins we'd provided were full. But we checked with the contractor and he had been emptying them. The bins were hardly used. People threw their shit anywhere. I don't know how you educate them. I had to ask people not to pitch their tents right next to the toilets, otherwise the sullage truck couldn't get close enough to empty them. Do you believe it?"

The amount of garbage left at Narara was one of the most memorable images of the festival. Two days afterwards, the count was already 800 tons, with another couple of weeks of collecting to go. In some parts of the site, the odor was getting a bit rich towards the end of the weekend. Not only were the toilets overloaded by that stage, there was also a multitude of rotting carcasses scattered from one end of Narara to the other. The barbecue chicken stall had made a killing.

There was no real retreat from this sensory oppression. The small dam was turned into a mud hole by the revellers on the first day. The stage area was no better and due to its distance from the toilets, at night, members of the audience relieved themselves wherever was convenient. Thirty thousand drunk people emptying their bladders is not a pretty sight. The smell is best left to the imagination.

Apart from the universal intention to party to the brink, their strange standard of comfort was the most banal common denominator of the Narara populace. But what does this reveal: that young Australians are filthy drunks who will suffer hangovers only in the privacy of chic European tents?

The atmosphere of Narara was appropriate for the Australia Day long weekend. This was a holiday, and like tourists everywhere, the kids did not have a lot of respect for the alien terrain they were trampling over. But otherwise this packaged tour demonstrated little evidence of a cohesive force existing between its constituents. Apart from a practical uniform of T-shirts and jeans or shorts, there was no willingness to achieve any group consciousness. No one even seemed particularly upset by the security guards, armed with riot sticks, searching people's gear for alcohol and weapons as they entered.

One burly guard, looking very much the part of the mercenary in his baseball cap and mirror shades, described the process as fun. "Everyone's got into the spirit of it and decided to treat the searches as a good time," he said. "It's cool." His hands clenched and unclenched on the baton, and his taut physique and inscrutable visage implicitly dared argument.

The Narara people were quite happy to experience whatever might come along. In the afternoon when the heat raged and there was nothing really to do, people did exactly that. Ingenuity is not the forte of the youth of Australia.

Despite the passive nature and overwhelming normality of the audience, the contingent present from the music industry was deeply suspicious of it. Theirs was a siege mentality.

Late on Saturday afternoon, a phalanx of security men charged through the VIP section. They headed straight towards the gate in the wire fence leading to the public festival area, and there attacked one hapless soul. They made a mess of his face. It transpired that this patron had been trying to get past the guard into the VIP enclosure all day. The aggravation finally told on the security man when a chair was thrown at him and he lost his temper — with disastrous results. The incident passed in a flash. Very few people saw what happened, though they were aware that events were moving faster than was customary in the relaxed charm of the VIP sanctuary. This motley collection of musicians, roadies, managers, agents, promoters, record company personnel, music publishers, the assorted media and a lot of their friends, led a privileged life at Narara '83. This physical encounter was the only time their immunity was threatened and, of course, it was more an exhibition of extreme stubbornness by one individual than a general revolt.

Roughly the size of a football field, and ringed by portable huts and campervans, the VIP paddock was dominated by the bar in the centre. Covered by a large marquee and surrounded by plastic copies of wrought iron tables and chairs, Bennie's Bar was a very popular spot. Many people never left it during the whole three days, except to catch a brief sleep when they finally turned off the alcohol at half past three in the morning.

Seven hours later, they would be back, ready to have the first beer to wash away the breakfast they had just wrestled into submission. The greasy spoon canteen, situated in an adjoining marquee to the bar, was the only blemish on an otherwise very congenial lifestyle. Some saw this relic from a derelict men's home as a sly aspersion by the organisers on the VIPs' real social standing. But it still did fantastic business.

The macho bravado expected of rock archetypes often takes strange forms.

The real privilege of the VIPs was alcohol — unlimited supplies close at hand. Cans of Sydney Draught and spirits for $2 each and bottles of Moet et Chandon champagne for $35. The public was not so lucky. The Rock With Tooth bar, operated by Old Sydney Town, which owns the Narara site, sold seven-ounce plastic cups of beer and wine for $1, and 20-litre casks of wine for $80. No spirits were available.

In the severe heat of the afternoon, most of the VIPs took their drinks and retired to a cool, shady gully. Running beside a fence which protected them from the public, the gully afforded a comfortable vantage point from which to view the main stage. While they leant back on the grass and sipped their drinks, only 30 metres away a host of poor parched devils, broiling in the sun, clung to the wire and stared sullenly back at them.

An insidious form of apartheid has always been present in the Australian music scene. There are the tiny minority who are in, and the great majority who pay to be excluded. This was never so blatantly obvious as at Narara '83. Even the color of their skin was markedly different. By the end of the festival, the general public was either deeply tanned or severely burnt. For there was very little shade. The VIPs' prevalent tone on the other hand was pale, veering to a sickly grey tinge.

Some wits termed the possessors of a VIP pass as "the Manzil Room in shorts": the Manzil Room in Kings Cross being the nocturnal habitat of the Sydney music industry. Many people were shocked at finally seeing old friends in broad daylight. The scene had all the healthy glow of a TB clinic.

This was the elite of Sydney's rock'n'roll establishment who dominated the backstage areas of Narara '83. The most disquieting aspect of their presence was their unwillingness to mingle with the audience. Most had little curiosity about what was happening on the other side of the fence. Considering that their very livelihood is under threat (record sales and attendance at gigs are both down around 30 percent from a year ago) their overall attitude was similar to attending the Last Supper but perversely refusing to wash their feet.

The irony is that while Narara '83 was a celebration of Australian music, the industry is in a confused and depressed state in this country, despite the overseas success of a handful of groups. The recession, home taping, a prohibitive sales tax on records, the boom in video games and random breath testing have all been cited as the causes of the ills. But the bottom line is simply that young people are not patronising rock music as much as they used to. On the whole, they are not provided with the packaged excitement they expect, and a definite complacency in

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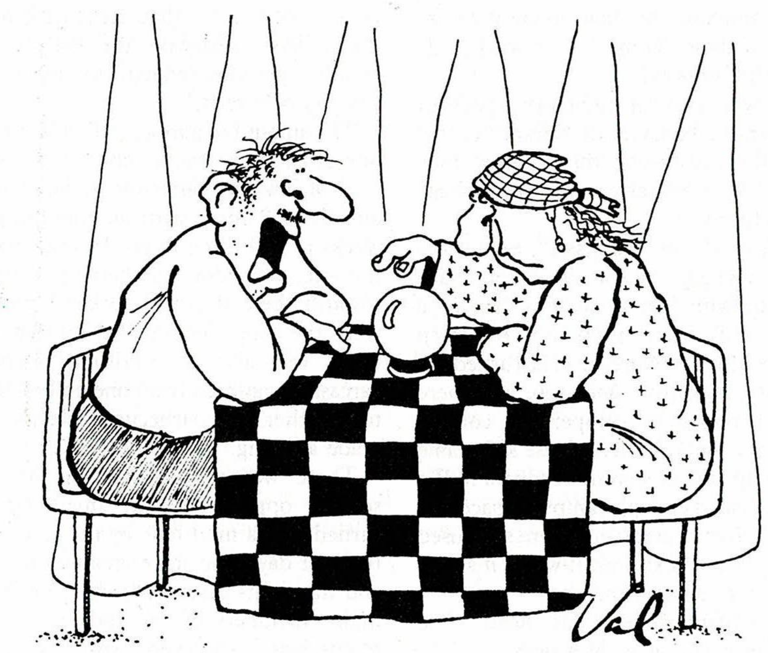


"Can you see me paying you?"

THE ULTIMATE ATHLETE

how fast can a man run? how high and far can he jump? as drugs and technology help him flirt with absolute limits, does an athlete become something more — or less — than human?

ALBERTO SALAZAR was near death. That seemed a bit melodramatic, even for athletes, whose lives can often seem like B movies. But the rumor persisted as hundreds lingered in the cavernous Prudential Centre after the April, 1982, Boston Marathon. There was just this morbid buzz, the kind of grim expectancy that follows the classic moments of athletic horror: the scythed matador; the driver flipped on a turn; the fighter who can't be revived; the batsman who takes a 95-mile-an-hour fast bowl in the ear. By its nature, the marathon bears no relation to blood sport. Yet Salazar, the Cuban with the whip-like body of a cursorial animal, had spit in the eye of danger, had made an offering to the mythical figure of Ulysses, the archetype of exploit who can never abide a leash, or even death, and who refuses to be driven about by the whims of gods. He drives himself. In Boston, Salazar had taken all his craft into the unknown, ever-changing algebra of time, mind, body and weather. He had fought off a ferocious, draining challenge by Dick Beardsley, who lost by a couple of strides, and he finished by setting a new course record of 2:08.51. Salazar had been there before, escaping without trouble when he set a world record (2:08.13) at the New York Marathon a few months earlier. Even so, no two marathons are

article by mark kram

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL NELSON

ever the same, and now the bright sun, low humidity and crisp breeze along the 26-mile, 385-yard course had cunningly lured him over a metabolic edge — then swacked him. By the time he was helped to his recovery cot, he was in a whirlpool of dark trouble.

Salazar had, once more, gone nose to nose with the limits. While his father talked about how his driven son might one day kill himself, possibly the greatest long-distance runner of our time was being intravenously fed a dextrose-and-sodium-chloride solution for dehydration. His eyes were vacant, his black hair soaked, his body trembling and his legs paralysed with cramps. The attending doctor recorded his body temperature at 88 degrees Farenheit; you can't go closer to hell and get back.

●

Who among us has never asked himself: "What on earth am I doing here?" The men who climb mountains have always asked that question, and so do athletes like Salazar who prepare to take their bodies and minds to new extremes. But where *are* the limits? How fast can a man run? How high and far can he jump? Is there a limit to what muscles can endure under stress? Is there a point when the skeletal structure must collapse, when the cardiovascular system might sigh?

Human beings have spent their entire history trying to conquer a triad of limitations imposed on them by fate, by God or by sheer biological accident. The late psychoanalyst, Robert Lindner, conceived of human limits as an iron triangle composed of the medium in which we must live, the equipment we have or can fashion with which to live and the relentless fact of our mortality; those three sides form a prison cell.

Like so many before him, Salazar, in his own way, had flung himself up against the triangle, spending three-and-a-half quarts of fluid and all his will for a race and a record. Why he punished himself — indeed, had been doing so for some time — seems incidental compared with the side of human character that he so typifies: those who have always travelled the blade of limits, the species that wants no part of a prison cell.

Personal glory and obsession aside, their slashing at the bars is an attack on mortality. The Greek poet Homer did his best to clarify that drive with his story of Odysseus. Ever since, men have sought the limits on the crags of mountains, in the dark of ocean depths or in the loneliness of a single-handed vessel at sea. The Ulysses Factor is what it was called by W.H.L. Anderson who first applied it to such explorers and adventurers as Sir Robert Scott. Ulysses implies that there is some factor in man, some form of special adaptation, that prompts a few individuals to exploits that may seem purposeless but are ultimately of value to the survival of the race. *Desire* and incomparable *will* lead a compendium of qualities essential to such individuals. Though less romantic than the iron men of whom Anderson wrote, the modern athlete who reaches for the limits communes with his own sense of adventure: how far beyond a limit can a mind and body under stress and pain be pushed? The results are best measured in the pure sports that pit man against himself, and they come in the form of records, which hang for an instant, then get lost amid the swamp of agate type in books for trivialists and statistics collectors. The figures mark only the perimeter of the limits, not the gritty core of the assaults — the interminable hours of painful training, those moments of disbelief, that shock of recognition of the physiological leap forward.

Numbers are inadequate in the burning light of Bob Beamon's long jump of 29 feet and two-and-a-half inches in the Mexico City Olympics of 1968. In an event where records had been chipped away only in small fractions over the years, Beamon surpassed the previous limit, the world record, by two and a half feet. It was a physical achievement so stunning that analysis failed, leaving only slack jaws and poised pencils. How can numbers reflect the desire behind the steady erosion of marathon records, first by Bill Rodgers, now by Salazar, until the two-hour marathon may be seen before the turn of the century?

If Spitz, who took a gold medal in the 100-metre freestyle at the 1972 Olympics, were swimming at the same pace today, he couldn't even qualify.

It may be seen, yes, but only through a Palomar telescope, according to an educated body of dissenters. Still, there are those who lean toward William Blake's words: "What is now proved was once only imagined." Those words from the 18th Century have since been supported repeatedly and often in sports — by Roger Bannister's dramatic benchmark mile of four minutes (a hitherto much derided prospect), for example, and more frequently by the stirring international duels between milers Steve Ovett and Sebastian Coe who seemed as if they were going to stomp the event into shards.

Alberto Salazar, for one, is clearly of Blake's persuasion. Salazar told *Runner's World* magazine that by the year 2050, there would be a two-hour marathon. If he is right, how is it that we have come so far in the marathon and the mile, reached the point that would hardly have seemed possible as recently as 1965? Trying to hook up the intricate connections, big and small, is like trying to locate our precise breakout toward the moon landing. Did putting a man on the moon become a real possibility when the Wright brothers lifted off at Kitty Hawk or when Wernher von Braun began work on the German V-2 rocket?

The evolution of the new disciplines of biomechanics and sports biochemistry, as well as the sheer numbers of people newly aware of fitness, is at the fulcrum of athletic progress. The marathon — and jogging for health — led the way, and seemed to create an atmosphere that detonated research. The age of the sports laboratory, of athletic enlightenment, was upon us. Ovett and Coe appear to have fastened attention and sharpened focus on human limits at a time when people have never before been so preoccupied with their bodies. People seem angry at death and look expectantly toward medical technology, while at the same time being apprehensive about the ominous dawn of the robotic age. Records used to fascinate, then fade. But now — with the advent of sports medicine and biomechanics — the breakthroughs support those who take for granted that perfectibility of the human body is out there waiting for the right generation to inherit or to seize it. Questions provoke still more questions. If Mark Spitz, who took a gold medal in the 100-metre freestyle in Munich in 1972, were still swimming at the same pace today, he could not even *qualify* for the Olympics in that event. How, in just 11 years, has a superman apparently become a relic? To find the answers, scientists all over the world are experimenting in labs full of strong young men and women, gazing at muscle tissue, poking at conformation and examining the physiological mechanisms of those athletes who convert food into energy better than others — a vital element of physical excellence. Given the unpredictable nature of athletic contests and the caution of science, answers tend to resist concrete form. "The real labs for limits," says Dr Ernst Jokl of Kentucky University, "are world competitions." That is where the dice of body and mind are thrown.

Yet there can be no doubt that a great deal of knowledge from sports science has helped world-class athletes get where they are today. For one thing, the labs have yielded useful information about muscles and how they function.

Pre-eminent as a human performance scientist, Dr David Costill of Ball State University was the first to segregate certain properties of muscles that are crucial to athletic performance. Dr Costill found that some muscle fibres contract rapidly and with great force but are quickly fatigued; those "fast-twitch" muscles are dominant among sprinters. He also examined "slow twitch" fibres that can't generate as much instantaneous force but can contract for a longer time before they're exhausted; those he discovered, were dominant among long-distance runners. (The average person has about half of each type.) Salazar, for instance, has 92 percent slow-twitch muscles, which helps account for his extraordinary endurance. Bob Hayes, the fastest man ever to run 100 yards, was gifted with a high proportion of fast-twitch muscles; no matter how long or hard he trained, world-class times in distance events would always be out of his reach. Today, through simple biopsy, Costill can tell an athlete precisely what proportions of fast- and slow-twitch muscles he has. By implication, any athlete can determine the events for which he is genetically best suited and the events which would force him to struggle against his own natural limits.

Looking further, scientists learned a great deal about the chemistry of muscle contraction that has practical applications for athletes. They discovered, for instance, that muscles store enzymes that help convert the body's primary fuel (the complex sugar, glycogen) into kinetic energy. With training, the level of those enzymes in the muscles can be tripled — but that's where it stops; it is a pure physical limitation, this ultimate budget of power. Similarly, the amount of glycogen itself that is stored in the muscles can be increased through a program of training and diet called carbohydrate loading, which has become a part of the modern athlete's everyday consciousness.

When the body runs short of glycogen or fails to burn it efficiently, the result is a build-up of lactic acid in the muscles — the "supersludge" that can slow an athlete down during his performance and cause soreness for days afterward.

In a recent article, Dr Jim Wilkerson, a physiologist, focused even more tightly on that picture of muscular energy production, and the goal of running faster. "The source of all energy," Dr Wilkerson wrote, "is a molecule called adenosine triphosphate, better known as ATP. ATP is just about the only thing that matters as far as energy is concerned. If you don't produce it, you don't have muscle contraction, and if you don't have any muscle contraction, you won't go anywhere. It's that simple. The body produces this energy of movement — ATP — two basic ways. Either it uses oxygen (aerobic) or it doesn't use oxygen (anaerobic)."

Those terms — aerobic and anaerobic — probably represent the cornerstone of contemporary sports science. If there were one single advance, one moment of luminous insight over the years that cleared the way for the modern athlete's assault on his limits, it was the understanding that the energy for short-duration, high intensity exercise — a 100-metre sprint, say, or a long jump — is produced without oxygen while the energy for feats of athletic endurance — of aerobic strength — requires a continuous delivery of oxygen to the muscles. Ninety to 95 percent of the energy needed to complete a marathon, for instance, is produced aerobically, while a sprinter can run 100 metres without ever taking a breath. Aerobic training — the most ubiquitous form of which is jogging — aims to increase oxygen supply by strengthening the heart and lungs, enlarging arteries and increasing the rate at which enzymes in the muscles can absorb oxygen from the blood. Anaerobic conditioning, such as wind sprints or weight training, increases the body's ability to deliver short, powerful bursts of energy.

●

Complex as much of it is, research on muscles, training and diet has slowly filtered down to the athlete through good coaching and doctors such as Wilkerson and Costill. The result has been a trend toward overall "body management" among athletes, physical self-awareness that can give a sharp edge in competition. Along with technological advances, such awareness would seem to suggest that the phrase "human limits" may soon be archaic.

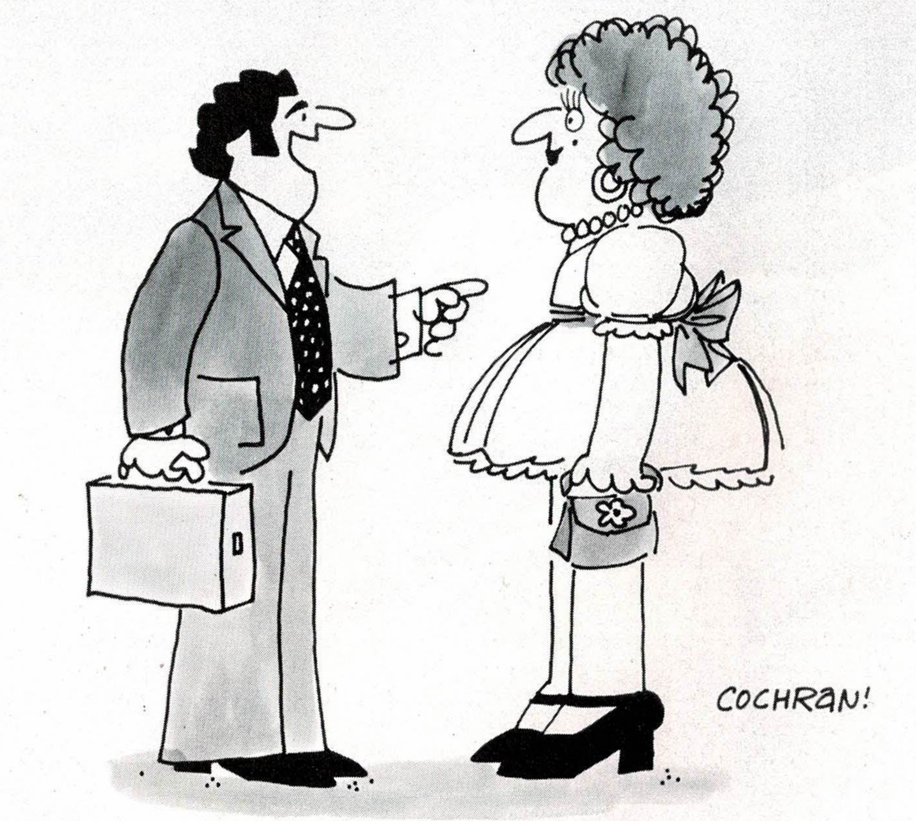
Still, most scientists believe, guardedly, that there *are* physical limits, though they say so with one eye bolted on genetics, to the ever-mysterious force of human desire and on modern pharmaceutical wonders. Dr Gideon Ariel, a biophysicist with labs on both coasts of the USA, says: "Yes, there are definite limits. For one thing, among other factors, our bone structure can stand only so much pressure. Beyond a certain point — and this tends to vary depending on the points of pressure — the bones simply splinter." Dr Ariel believes that Beamon nearly exceeded that point in Mexico City. "That long jump may see marginal improvement," he says, "but very little." Dr Jokl is less equivocal, saying that "Beamon's feat was the greatest single feat in the recorded history of athletics. It is unlikely that it will ever be surpassed."

Houston University's Carl Lewis, a superb sprinter and long jumper, agreed with Jokl for a long time. "I was like everybody else — a victim," says Lewis about his awe of Beamon's mark. The magnitude of the record seemed to intimidate him until last year's US National Sports Festival, when Lewis set a new sea-level record with a jump of 28 feet nine inches. But it wasn't the record itself that was most fascinating; it was what Lewis had to say about his four previous foul-ridden attempts that day. "On one of them, I know I jumped 30 feet," he said. While eyes in most of the track world popped, Dr Ariel remained sceptical.

"I don't believe he jumped 30 feet," says Ariel. "We are talking about a force obstacle here. The pressure on the hip joint is enormous — well over 1700 pounds. To jump that far is impossible. The femoral bones would shatter. The ligaments connecting the femorals and the tibial bones, between knee and ankle, would be torn. The body just cannot hold up under that kind of pressure."

Clearly, when scientists try to envision the precise limits in various events, their estimates differ, as do those of the Russians, who have been in the vanguard of what's come to be called human engineering. While projecting a sub two-hour marathon, Ariel also sees a nine foot high jump and "perhaps a 9.5 in the 100 metres," which would cut the world record by half a second. Jokl sees an eight foot high jump and

(continued on page 114)



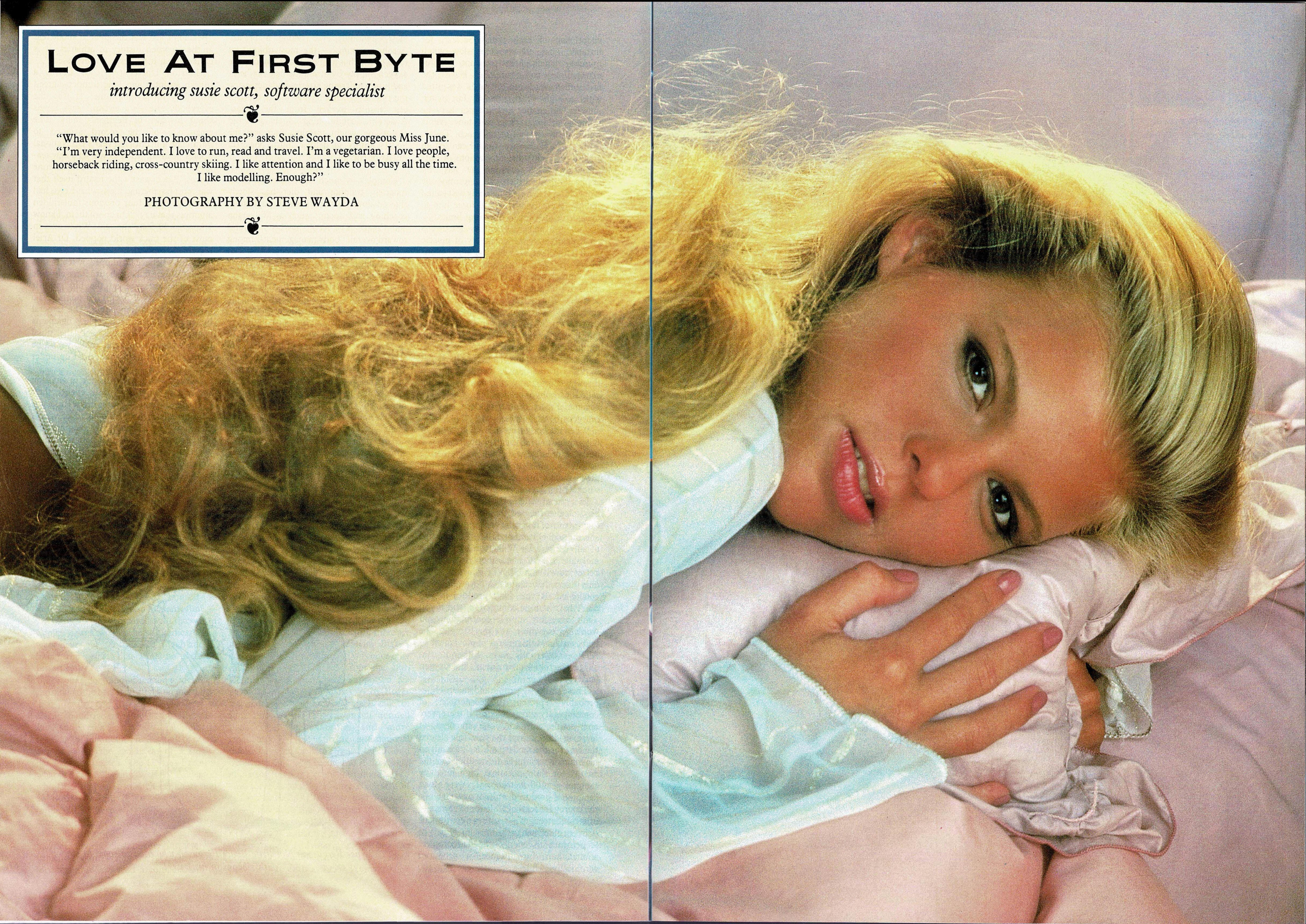
"Bruce Ferguson? Not little Bruce Ferguson who used to come to school with ribbons in his hair?!"

LOVE AT FIRST BYTE

introducing susie scott, software specialist

"What would you like to know about me?" asks Susie Scott, our gorgeous Miss June. "I'm very independent. I love to run, read and travel. I'm a vegetarian. I love people, horseback riding, cross-country skiing. I like attention and I like to be busy all the time. I like modelling. Enough?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA



"No!" we reply, "tell us more." We discover that Susie is a computer whiz. "I do some data entry," she explains, "but, for the most part, I deal with operating support contracts that help clients figure out their machines." Outside the office, Susie is a keen runner and jogs four or five miles a day in Salt Lake City where she lives.

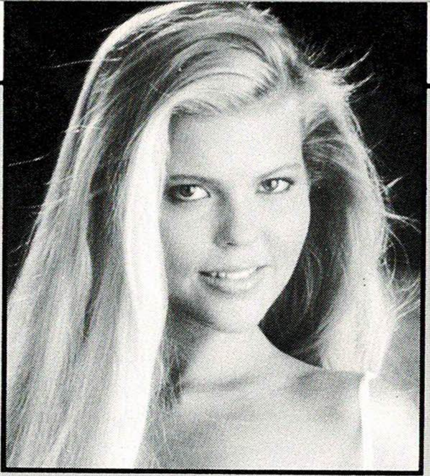
BAZAAR

"I just love men to death," she smiles, "probably even more so now that I'm older and can appreciate them. I pick my friends carefully. I'd rather have five close friends than 50." And fantasies? "Most of my fantasies are very sensuous," says Susie. "I love being in love. I love loving. My goal is a monogamous marriage with bright, beautiful children."

MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Susie Scott



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Susie Scott

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 11-2-63 BIRTHPLACE: San Diego

AMBITIONS: to be rich, famous and beautiful when I grow up

TURN-ONS: diamonds & furs; vintage champagne; faster horses; traveling & going home

TURN-OFFS: heartache

FAVORITE MOVIES: Gone with the Wind; Arthur; E.T. and Raiders of the Lost Ark

FAVORITE FOODS: flying-fish roe with raw quail eggs; peanut butter & jelly sandwiches

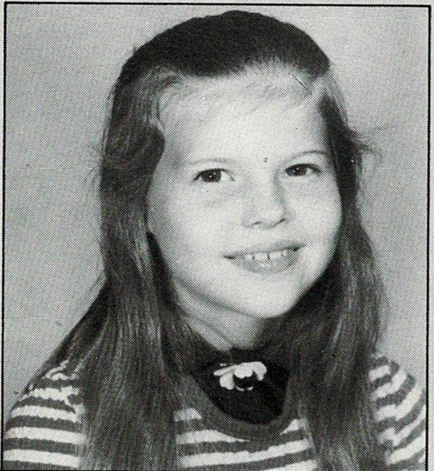
FAVORITE PLACE: Utah; wherever my heart is

IDEAL EVENING: cooking dinner at home, snuggling by the fire & someone else cleaning

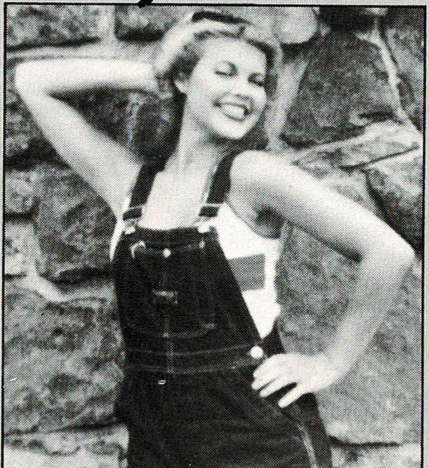
BIGGEST JOY: being in love; winning; and children

1½ yrs old

my 1st set of wheels



Third Grade



16 yrs. old.

I'm gonna be a Playmate someday!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *incest* as relatively boring.

A man walked into his local bank and went up to the pretty young cashier.

"Can I help you, sir?" she asked.

"Okay," said the man, "this is a fuck up."

"Don't you mean a stick up?" she questioned.

"No, it's a fuck up. I've left my bloody shotgun at home!"

I'm going to duck you," said the five-year-old boy to his slightly older sister.

"I bet you can't," she replied, haughtily. "You can't even pronounce it!"

After their first love-making session, the frustrated bride said to her new husband, "Gee, you didn't tell me you had such a small organ."

"Well, darling," he replied, "you didn't tell me I was going to play in a cathedral. . ."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as a guy to whom a prostitute says she has a headache.

Cried a young whacker off, "I'll be crowned
As the champ when the word gets around
I've convincingly showed
That I'm first with my load!
I can beat any jerk, pound for pound!"

Look, my specialty is live sex shows," the porno producer snapped at the under-hung auditioner, "not the theatre of the absurd!"

During World War II, a rather high-ranking American officer was surprised by counter-intelligence while being fellated by a seductive female Axis spy. He was thereupon court-martialled on the charge of insertion in the face of the enemy.

But my elderly aunt was considered a highly respectable spinster!" the society matron protested. "Can't you find some way to cover up the shocking fact that she expired in bed while being simultaneously serviced by two paid studs?"

"You just leave it to me, Mrs Worthington-Smythe," soothed the police officer. "What I'm going to put in my report is simply that she died at the stroke of two."

Wandering through the desert, Jesus came upon an old man who was crying bitterly.

"My good man," Jesus said, "why do you wail so?"

"I've lost my son."

"Describe him to me," said Jesus. "Perhaps I've met him in my wanderings."

"He has holes in his hands and feet," replied the man, whereupon Jesus wrapped his arms around the old one's neck and cried, "Father!"

Overjoyed, the old man returned the embrace and wept, "Pinnochio!"

Why did you divorce the marquis?" the ex-Marquise de Sade was asked. "Beats me," she replied.

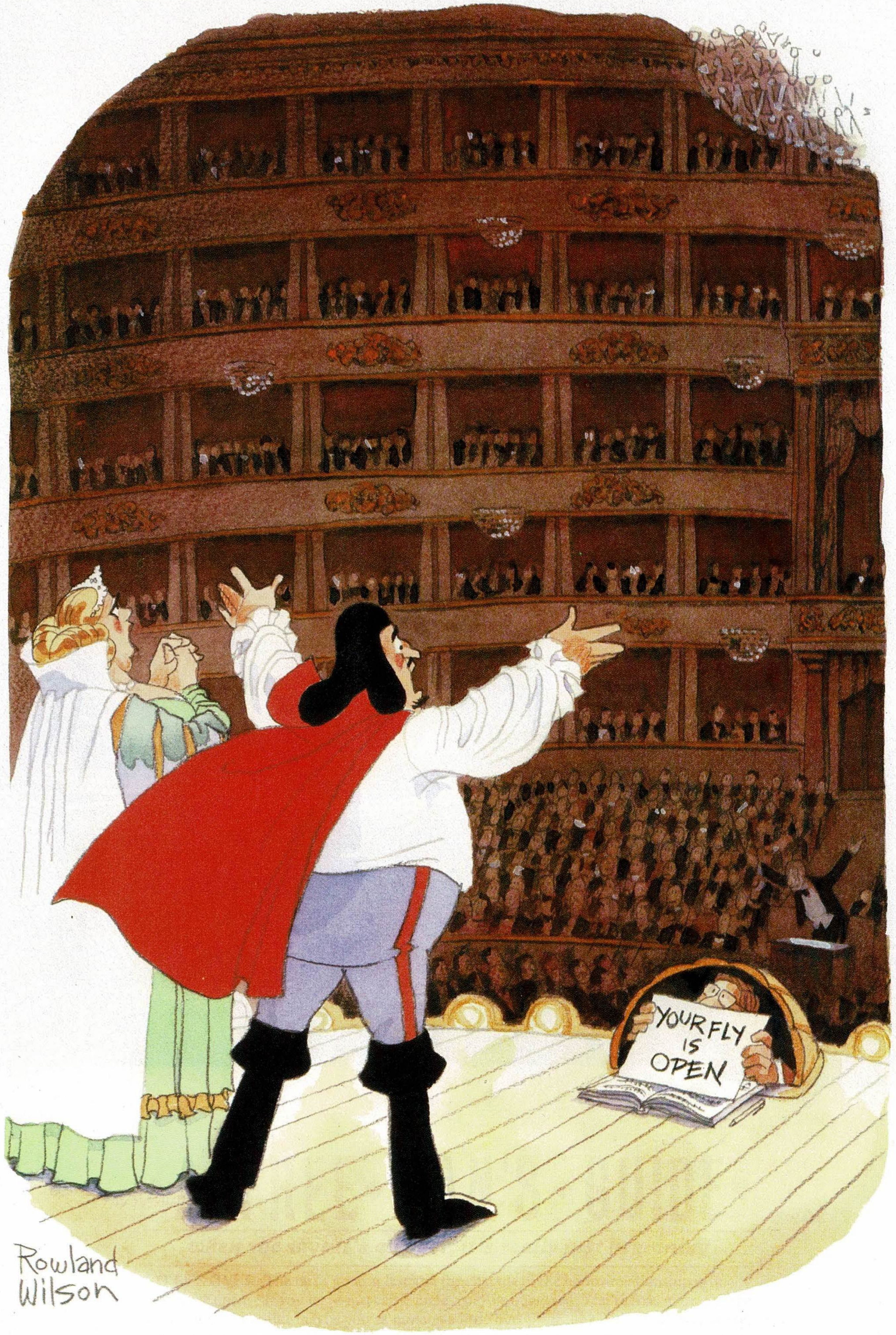
There's only one thing hard in our life together," the ageing tycoon's 22-year-old wife confided to her best friend, "and that's his hearing."

LeRoy Neiman

The Religious Appendix to our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Calvinism* as the worship of designer jeans.

When the clients are more than a few,
There's a savvy old madam named Lou
Who'll establish a line
By displaying a sign
That informs all arrivals: FUCK QUEUE.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER LUXTON

A FREE MAN'S GUIDE

when she says it's all over, it's really just beginning

SO IT'S OVER. The tart's gone at last and the charade of the happy relationship is finally out in the open. "If you leave me, can I come too?" be buggered. You're free, mate. Off the chain. Well done!But maybe you're nursing a little hurt pride, eh? Well, don't you worry, stay tuned to your old Uncle Clyde and I'll not only tell you how to Band-aid your little

article by clyde strange, research by horan, wall, walker

hurty-wurty by pissing a stream of dollars up against various walls all over the country as you find your new feet, but even a few hints on where and how to find a new sheila (presuming that you have managed, by now, to get rid of the second sheila who was actually responsible for the final break-up).

First up, what you need is time out to toughen up and get your head together, as they used to say in the '70s. Only then can you get down to the business of reacquainting womankind with your brand of prowess or — to put it more simply — solid shagging.

Take a trip to the Top End, to Darwin f'r instance, said by vested interests to be the fastest-growing town in Australia. Down south, your friends will be muttering and groaning, reading financial headlines they'd rather ignore, between squabbles with their wives. In the NT, they're whooping it up. One reason is that it's a younger man's State. Even Cabinet members have an average age of 38 years. Now there's a handy conversation starter, but you'd have to be really desperate, wouldn't you?

Before you hit the Darwin casinos and nightspots, try some rough and ready outback adventures that will get you away from it all, and clear out any lingering memories of how great it was to come home to a hot feed and an evening of *A Country Practice.*

After a trip with the Camel King of Australia, Noel Fullarton, to the back of the outback, you'll be so recharged you'll wonder what all the fuss was about. What woman, eh? If you get up early enough in the morning, you might be lucky and get a good-looking camel. This is a joke, pervert. Write to Fullarton at Virginia Camel Safaris, Orange Creek Station, via Alice Springs. Or contact Ian Conway, of Breakaway Safaris, 85 Undoolya Road, Alice Springs, for a personalised four-wheel drive safari. Conway really knows the wild regions of Central Australia. Both these adventures also can be booked through the Northern Territory Tourist Bureau in your State capital.

This camel business might indeed have its uses, but by now you'll be ready for a drink, or several hundred. Don't expect subtlety in the North. The twin nightspots in Darwin are appropriately called Fannies and Dix. Suck a stubby for starters at the renowned Darwin watering hole, the Victoria Hotel, now almost modish.

Darwin boasts a brand new casino at Mindil Beach on Darwin Harbor. This Federal Hotel-Casino Resort boasts Parisian-style cabaret spectaculars, gaming in style, plus tennis and golf: all the usual things you need to spend money and get laid. For all those long years (months?) that you've been an ever-loving mate to an ungrateful bitch, you've ignored the home town high-spots, right? Well, maybe you haven't, but now you can dispense with the balaclava and sunnies and really enjoy the night life.

SYDNEY

Let's do Sydney first — I usually do when I leave yet another wife. The Happy Hunting Grounds haven't changed much in the last couple of years. Thank God, say the regulars. Some of them head for Eliza's, where the glamor girls of Double Bay hang about exercising their sex appeal. For a more flamboyant crowd, try Arthur's in Kings Cross where friends are made and betrayed in an instant. Get in for your chop.

Still in the Cross, do Kellett Street: it gives you Dean's Coffee shop, The Verandah and Tzers, to mention but three attractions. There have always been a lot of women in Kellett Street — some of them are free and some cost a bundle. The ones offering spa pool opportunities will usually be talking money.

Check out Kinsela's on Taylor Square near Sydney's gay centre. And here's a kind word for Sydney's gay men who are helping to make us a scarce commodity — thanks. For a great night, eat in the peer-in, stare-out, glassed restaurant on Kinsela's ground floor. Falling on the floor is always such fun here, which is easy to do with the great wine list. The food's great too. Tony Bilson of Berowra Waters fame is the chef and the set three-course menu is only $9.50 — the "unset", considerably more. Afterwards, join the throngs upstairs for the late night show — anything from stand-up comedians to Geraldine Turner or The Globos. How's your foxtrot? A big band swings upstairs at Kinsela's most Wednesday nights and there are many unaccompanied women looking for a light-footed partner.

> *A rough and ready outback adventure will clear out lingering memories of how great it was to come home to a hot feed and* A Country Practice.

A mere spit's distance away is Martin's Bar, where being on the prowl is a sport for both sexes. (Don't ask where Martin's is. If you don't know, Martin won't let you in.) However, once admitted with a member friend, you've got the run of the place. Martin has women serving behind the bars. They don't have much on from the waist up. This can help to pass the time.

Leave space for a few more Sydney spots where the booze, the women and the good times flow: the Cauldron in Darlinghurst, The Basement in Circular Quay, The Lord Dudley in Woollahra and, for a few scrubbies and a bit of rock'n'roll thrown in, venture into the late-night Manzil Room in Kings Cross.

MELBOURNE

Melbourne has always been the Good Times city. City of Parks and Gardens — leave it off, will ya! It's dripping with nightlife (okay and rain too). But before poking yourself silly in Melbourne, try these out-of-town suggestions for whooping it up first.

For instance, how about a couple of days away on the piss, on Rutherglen Red? This rail-away weekend is chocka with singles. The train to the Rutherglen wineries just below Albury leaves from Spencer Street Station with a disco carriage on board to get you in the mood. The winery throws a dress-up dinner and dance on Saturday night, but if this doesn't appeal to you, you can always eat and drink yourself into a new galaxy at the barbecue lunch on Sunday.

For a less sociable time out of town, contact George "Swamp Fox" Cunningham, who runs Belinda Lodge on the redgum banks of the Murray at Picola, 225km north of Melbourne. Here, for a mere $30-$40 a day, you can shoot whatever's legally in season — ducks, pigs, foxes, or your foot. Contact the Victorian Travel Centre in your State for details on both of these places.

Jack Lovick was one of the riders in *The Man from Snowy River* and you can recreate your own version of the film by joining one of Lovick's Mountain Trail Safaris from Merrijig, not far from Mt Buller. A four-wheel drive vehicle trucks along behind this mountain cattleman's adventure, carrying essentials like your stocks of fine reds for the campfire. All this, bar the booze, for $30 a day.

Or you could try a trail-riding, toughening safari over the Bogong High Plains (in the north-east of the State, east of Mt Buffalo), camping under canvas or the stars, riding through the primitive mosses, alpine flowers and stunted gums of this extraordinary region. Trout streams, deer, emu and brumbies are laid on. This one costs $240 for six days from Tim Dickinson Australian Enterprises or the Victorian Travel Centre.

But frankly this is all a little too clean living for those like me, who have filth on their minds. Allow Mr Strange to tell you a little about some of his favorite hang-outs in Melbourne. Try the Melbourne Underground — a huge complex in King Street — for starters. It has a mezzanine which floats around the perimeter of the main area, the six bars, four restaurants, disco, coffee shops, not to mention a very generous cruising area.

Another disco for the upwardly inclined who would much prefer to be vertically inclined, is Madison's at 145 Flinders Lane. Dress up or don't go. Rip it up on the parquetry dance floor downstairs, sample the cocktails in the Park Avenue Lounge, and fall into the Manhattan Room for a feed. Madison's, like The Underground, is open to 3am.

Catch the standup comics at Le Joke, upstairs at The Last Laugh in Collingwood, where the bar is packed with all sorts of local wildlife. Try Silvers in the Toorak Centre, or the laser show at Inflation at 54 King Street, or a few drinking holes in South Melbourne.

And South Melbourne offers lots of 'em. At 160 Clarendon Street you'll find the Star Hotel, newly tarted up and offering big nights and even bigger opportunities on Wednesdays and Fridays. Just down the road at 238 Clarendon is the Golden Gate Hotel, packed to the rafters with women on the loose on Wednesday nights and Saturday afternoons. Check out Wally and the Beavers and their Sixties night on Mondays at the Roxy Hotel at 172 York. This late licence pub (1am) attracts a wide age range.

Then there's the Town Hall Hotel, also in South Melbourne, at 137 Bank Street, with a DJ and a Mexican restaurant out the back.

THE FREE MAN'S HIT LIST

Northern Territory
Fannies Disco, 3 Edmund Street,
Darwin. 81 9761.
Dix Restaurant, 42 Stuart Highway,
Darwin. 81 6870.
The Victoria Hotel, 27 Smith Street,
(The Mall), Darwin. 81 4011.
Mindil Beach Federal Casino Resort,
Gilruth Avenue, Darwin. 81 7755.

New South Wales
Jualiana's at the Hilton, 259 Pitt
Street, Sydney. 266 0610.
Eliza's, 29 Bay Street, Double Bay.
32 3656.
Arthur's Licensed Diner, 155 Victoria
Street, Potts Point. 358 5097.
Yesterdays, 178 Victoria Street, Potts
Point. 358 4404.
The Cactus Cafe, 150 Victoria Street,
Potts Point. 358 3705.
Dean's Coffee Etcetera, 7 Kellett
Street, Kings Cross. No phone.
The Verandah, 13 Kellett Street,
Kings Cross. 358 4112.
Tzers, 58 Kellett Street, King Cross.
358 3381.
Rogue's Restaurant, 10 Oxford
Square, (lane entrance next to 165
Riley Street), Darlinghurst. 33 6924.
Jamison Street Cabaret Restaurant, 11
Jamison Street, Sydney. 27 1937.
Kinsela's, 383 Bourke Street, Taylor
Square. 331 6200.
Cauldron Restaurant, 207
Darlinghurst Road, (down the lane),
Darlinghurst. 331 1523.
The Basement Restaurant, 29 Reiby
Place, Circular Quay. 27 9727.
The Lord Dudley Hotel, Jersey Road,
Woollahra 32 1655.
Manzil Room, 15 Springfield Avenue,
Potts Point (Kings Cross). 358 3318.

Victoria
Melbourne Underground Restaurant,
22 King Street, Melbourne. 62 4701.
Madison's Melbourne, 145 Flinders
Lane, Melbourne. 654 1122.
Shieks Cabaret, 234 Collins Street,
Melbourne. 63 8350.
Le Joke, 64 Smith Street,
Collingwood. 419 6266.
Silvers Restaurant Cabaret,
445 Toorak Road, Toorak. 241 8244.
Inflation Cabaret, 54-60 King Street,
Melbourne. 62 4117.
Star Hotel, 160 Clarendon Street,
South Melbourne. 690 4748.
Golden Gate Hotel, 238 Clarendon
Street, South Melbourne. 690 3133.
Roxy Hotel, 172 York Street, South
Melbourne. 690 1652.
Town Hall Hotel, 137 Bank Street,
South Melbourne. 690 5148.
Tommy Bent's Tavern, 419 Bay
Street, Brighton. 596 1771.
Anchor and Hope Tavern, 481
Church Street, Richmond. 429 2701.
Juliana's at the Hilton, 192
Wellington Parade, East Melbourne.
419 3311.

Queensland
The Resort, 122 Ferny Avenue,
Surfers Paradise. 59 4444.
Twains, The Mark Shopping Centre,
Orchid Avenue, Surfers Paradise.
38 5000.
The Penthouse, Weedon Court,
Orchid Avenue, Surfers Paradise.
39 0289.

Western Australia
Clouds, Sheraton Perth Hotel, 207
Adelaide Terrace, Perth. 325 0501.
Eagle One Nightclub, Lake and James
Streets, Northbridge. 328 7447.
Juliana's at the Hilton, Mill Street,
Perth. 322 3622.
Perth Underground, 268 Newcastle
Street, Perth. 328 6770.
Hannibals, 69 Lake Street, Perth.
328 1065.

Tasmania
Country Club Casino/Launceston
Federal, Country Club Avenue,
Prospect Vale. (003) 44 8855.
Regines, Wrest Point Federal
Hotel/Casino, 410 Sandy Bay Road,
Sandy Bay, Hobart. (002) 25 0112.

South Australia
Braested Restaurant, 175 Greenhill
Road, Parkside. 271 3533.
Toucan Restaurant, 126-28 King
William Road, Hyde Park. 272 3948.
Regines Restaurant, 69 Light Square,
Adelaide. 212 6044.

There's also Tommy Bent's Tavern in Brighton, and the Anchor and Hope Hotel (affectionately known as the Wanker and Grope), a haunt for jazz and car enthusiasts that features a sliding roof to let in the sunlight should you wake up there in the morning!

ADELAIDE

In Adelaide they like to keep their decorum intact. The Braested Restaurant and Regines are two nightspots flush with possibilities. Their owners, managers and PR people would like me to tell you that they are first and foremost restaurants, whatever anyone might say. Stick it fellas. As far as I'm concerned, both of your places are first and foremost places to meet women, and second and fifthmost places to put the bib on.

The Braested Restaurant is full of 1850s style bluestone and cast iron and has a large meet and mingle bar on the upper floor where dancing hots up around 10pm.

Whatever they say, Regines is more than a restaurant. Somehow this mission hall has defied its origins. It now has an island bar, brass dance floor, silver service restaurant and a DJ who, it seems, inhabits a pulpit. There will be no vespers here.

GOLD COAST

Time to go north again. Book yourself into The Resort in Surfers Paradise — five and a half acres of tropical landscape, waterfalls, ponds and single women. With 409 rooms, The Resort is odds on for a bit of a battle with the pork sword. The surf is 150 metres away and the sun the usual distance. The Resort fronts onto stillwater Budds Beach where sailboards, Hobie Cats, canoes and sailboats are available free of charge to guests.

There are six bars, ranging from low-light intimacy to raging disco, Long Johns entertainment room with live bands or disco seven nights a week and cabaret in the Somerset Room with a five-course meal to carry you through the four-hour show.

Wasted by the good life, Surfers-style, guests pick up condition and whatever else they can find (and in some cases avoid) at the disco gym by the pool, the yoga classes, volleyball, and jogging — both vertical and horizontal. The basic package at The Resort is $60 per person per night, including breakfast, lunch and a five-course dinner nightly. Book direct on (075) 59 4444 or try your travel agent.

While you're in Surfers, hit Twains or The Penthouse. Both of these nightclubs are open to 3am. Twains packs them in Tuesday to Saturday, The Penthouse Monday to Saturday. Twains is all muted lighting, chrome, dark blue velvet, mirrors, dressy disco, with modular lounges and booths. Dress up. Just across Orchid Avenue, The Penthouse offers four floors for prowling: Mad Mary's disco for callow youths, recorded rock'n'roll at Bananas on another floor, live bands for the jiving 30s crowd and a piano bar.

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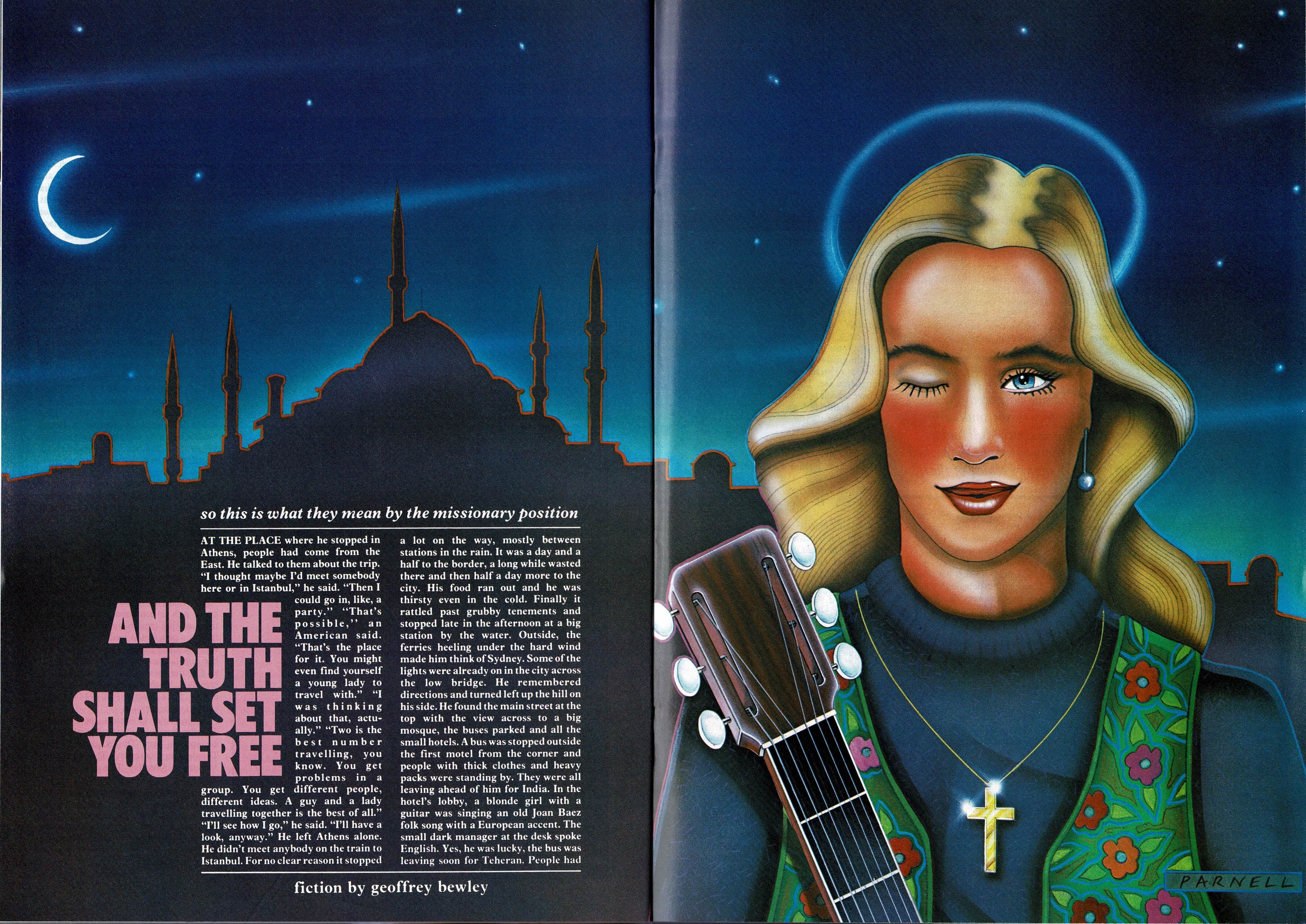


so this is what they mean by the missionary position

AND THE TRUTH SHALL SET YOU FREE

AT THE PLACE where he stopped in Athens, people had come from the East. He talked to them about the trip. "I thought maybe I'd meet somebody here or in Istanbul," he said. "Then I could go in, like, a party." "That's possible,'' an American said. "That's the place for it. You might even find yourself a young lady to travel with." "I was thinking about that, actually." "Two is the best number travelling, you know. You get problems in a group. You get different people, different ideas. A guy and a lady travelling together is the best of all." "I'll see how I go," he said. "I'll have a look, anyway." He left Athens alone. He didn't meet anybody on the train to Istanbul. For no clear reason it stopped a lot on the way, mostly between stations in the rain. It was a day and a half to the border, a long while wasted there and then half a day more to the city. His food ran out and he was thirsty even in the cold. Finally it rattled past grubby tenements and stopped late in the afternoon at a big station by the water. Outside, the ferries heeling under the hard wind made him think of Sydney. Some of the lights were already on in the city across the low bridge. He remembered directions and turned left up the hill on his side. He found the main street at the top with the view across to a big mosque, the buses parked and all the small hotels. A bus was stopped outside the first motel from the corner and people with thick clothes and heavy packs were standing by. They were all leaving ahead of him for India. In the hotel's lobby, a blonde girl with a guitar was singing an old Joan Baez folk song with a European accent. The small dark manager at the desk spoke English. Yes, he was lucky, the bus was leaving soon for Teheran. People had

fiction by geoffrey bewley

moved out. Yes, there was plenty of room upstairs.

Most of the "room" turned out to be in rooms with other people, with their belongings left on the beds and on the floors. He took a two-bed room at the side, on the second floor on his own. The manager told him it was 70 lira, but it would go down to 50 if somebody took the other bed. He didn't care about that. He was hungry and he wanted to eat, and he was tired and cramped from the train and afterwards he wanted sound sleep.

Back downstairs, the bus had left. He found the Pudding Shop along the street and took savory lamb, salad, baklava, pudding and milk, then another pudding to fill him. He noticed a pretty round-faced girl with curly red hair across the room, and he watched her while he ate. She was speaking French with two bearded guys in long coats, but he watched just the same until they all left. When he'd finished eating, he looked in the bar upstairs, where loud rock music was playing off cassettes and a couple of hundred people were packing in under the smoke, but that looked like a bit too much after two nights on the train.

So that was it for the day.

In the morning he looked in the bathroom along the hall, but the sink just outside his door was in better light for shaving. The mirror was broken but he put his own on the ledge and soaped up.

He heard a door open along the hall, but he missed whoever came out. Then he heard a clicking sound from the bathroom, and then a voice. He'd finished with the razor and he went to the door with his towel in his hands.

A blonde girl in a thick pullover was crouching by the tub. She jumped up as the door creaked.

"Oh, do you want to come in here?" she said.

"No, I just heard something."

"Oh, it was this thing, this heater. I want to have a shower and it won't start. Do you know anything about heaters?"

"I got it last night," he said. "I'll have a go."

The old gas heater was listing against the tiled wall. It appeared to be held together by twisted bits of rusty wire. He pushed open the grille and lit the pilot jet, and turned it so the ring caught alight.

"Like that," he said.

"Oh, yes, thank you. I'm really no good at these things."

She pushed her heavy blonde hair away from her face as she smiled. She was very tall, and he thought maybe she looked so shy because of that. She had slanted eyes and a wide mouth and her cheeks were red from blushing or from cold. She was even prettier than the red-haired girl the night before.

"I saw you last night," he said. "You had the guitar down there."

"Yes, my friends were leaving then."

"You were good."

"Oh, no, not really. But I enjoy doing it."

"No, you were very good. Will you be playing some more later on?"

"Yes, of course, if you're asking to hear it."

"No, I'd like to. I really would. Look, you're cold, you want to have your shower now. Where will you be later on?"

"Oh, next I must have breakfast."

"Okay, look, I'll be waiting down there."

"That would be very nice," she said.

He'd slept late. In the Pudding Shop the breakfast crowd was thinning out. He read the travellers' message board inside the door while he waited. Then she came in wearing an embroidered native jacket over her pullover, carrying her guitar. She strummed and smiled while he finished his second pudding.

While she was eating they talked. Her name was Sarah. She was from Munich, but she'd been travelling now for more than a year. She wasn't heading east, she was coming back. She'd been in India most of the time, first in Delhi and then in Goa and Bombay, mostly in Bombay after all.

She pushed her heavy blonde hair away from her face as she smiled. She was very tall and he thought maybe she looked so shy because of that.

"What were you doing all that time?" he said.

"I was studying, you know. Also I was doing missionary work sometimes."

"What sort of missionary?"

She smiled and pushed at her thick hair again. "Christian missionaries," she said.

He liked how she kept doing that. He wondered what religion it was. "I heard there were a lot of missionaries still there," he said.

"There are some, yes. But not when it's such a big country."

"I suppose there are quite a few around Goa."

"No, not so many, except for the Catholics."

"But you were there."

"I was there for a little while. But everybody is Catholic there, so, not so good for us."

"That was bad luck."

"Although the Catholics are quite good in some ways."

"I'm not a Catholic," he said. "I suppose I'm not anything, really."

"Most people aren't, I think," she said.

They finished their coffee and stacked their cups and dishes for the Turks to collect. "What were you planning on doing now?" he said.

"I don't know. A walk, something."

"We could go over the bridge. We could see the rest of the place on the other side."

"Is that what you'd like to do?"

"Yeah, why not? What else is there to do?"

"All right, sure."

She left her guitar in her room. They found a way down the steep narrow streets to the quay where the ferries tied up. Past a line of boys with shoeshine stands they turned on to the bridge toward the modern part of the city.

"This is the Golden Horn," Sarah said.

"This bridge?"

"No, the water here. It's very famous."

One of the shoeshine boys grinned up at Sarah and said something in Turkish, and the others laughed. Sarah smiled and shook her head and walked on.

"What was that?" he said.

"I don't know. Something not very nice."

"Did you ever have trouble with the Indians?"

"Yes, a lot of trouble. You wouldn't believe some of it. They really don't like it with the missionaries there. Nobody there is allowed to teach anything but Indian things, you see. The Catholics are allowed to have schools because then they can teach all the politicians' and the rich people's children, but they aren't allowed to teach any religion.

"Nobody else is allowed to teach any religion at all."

"I thought Indians were supposed to be pretty tolerant."

"Oh, no. And if they catch you they really hassle you. They really give you a bad time."

He didn't like the sound of that. She was shy and gentle, although she was so big. "Did you have trouble like that?"

"Oh, yes. Quite often."

"What did they do?"

"Once I was in jail for a week. They took my passport and I didn't know what was happening. Then all of a sudden they just said, you can go, and they put me out. That was the worst."

"Bastards," he said.

"But now I think maybe it was only to frighten me, you know."

"That's a bastard of an act, anyway."

"It's their country. I suppose they have the right."

"We've got these Indian religions at home, Hari Krishnas and Ananda Margas and things. I suppose just cults is what they are, really."

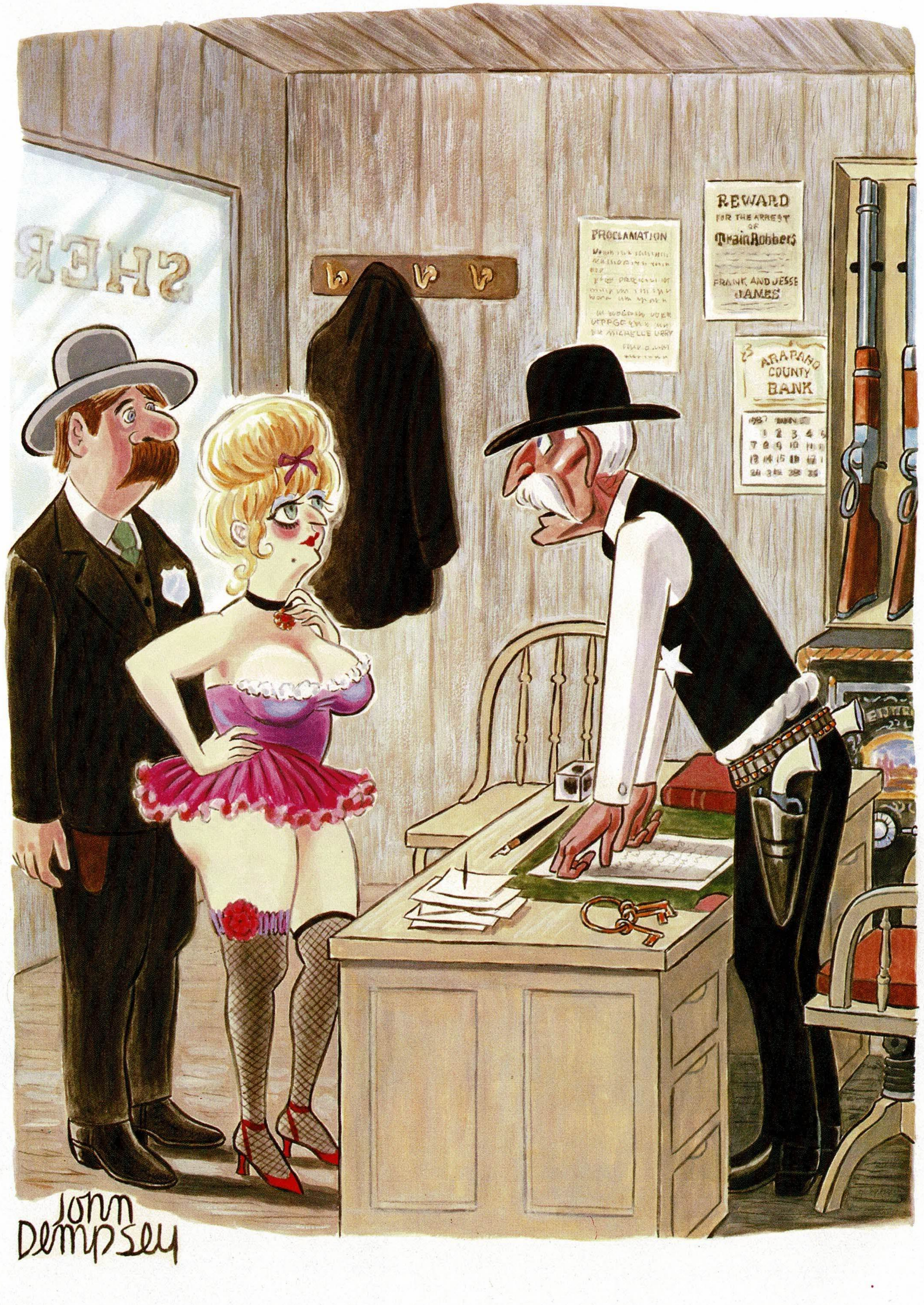
"I suppose in India they see Christians as a sort of threat."

"You couldn't have been a threat."

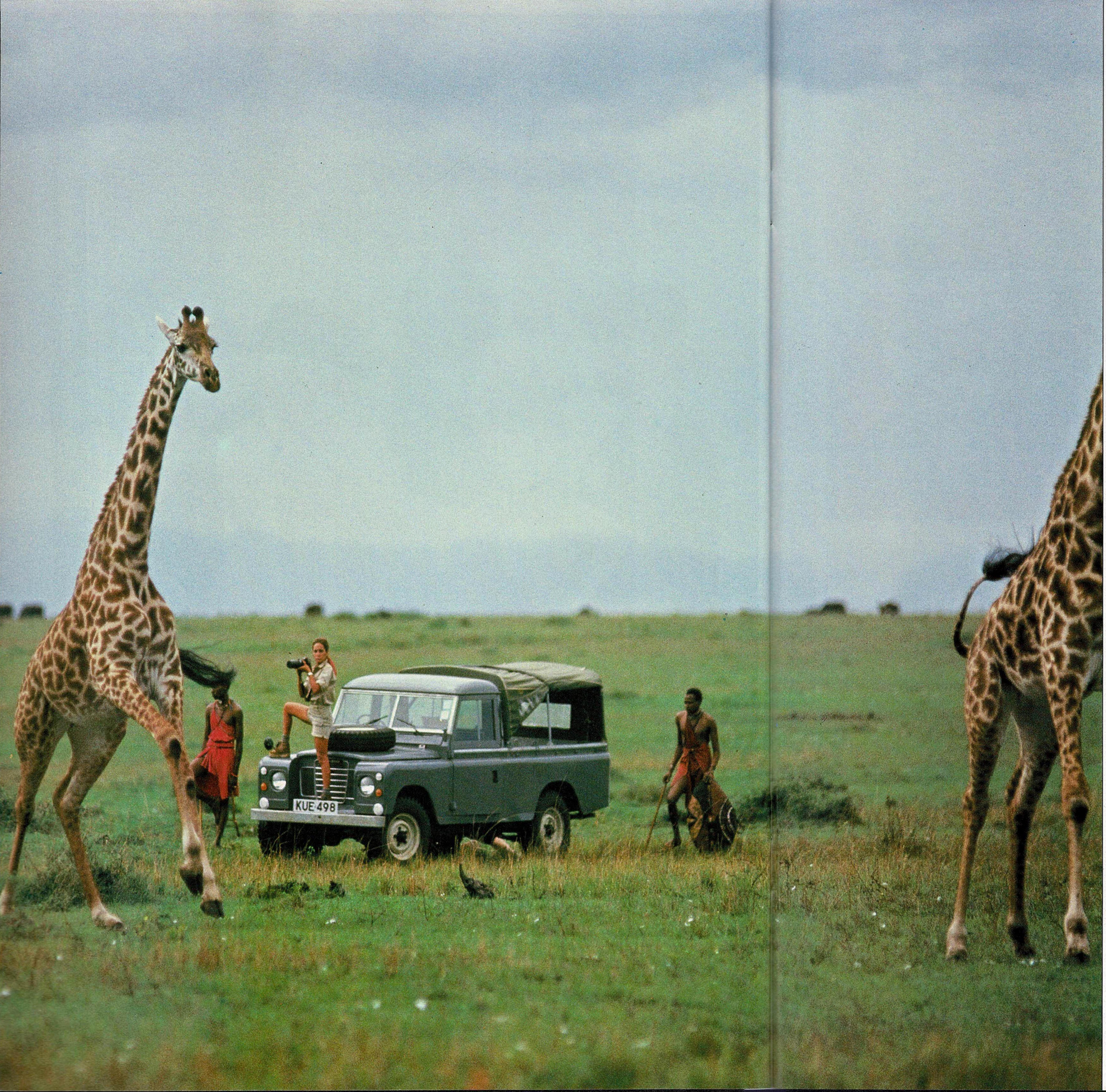
She laughed and pushed at her hair again. "Oh, I'm sure I must have been," she said.

On the steep old street past the bridge her foot skidded on a wet paving stone, and he reached out to steady her. She smiled and rested her hand on his arm, and across the

(continued on page 128)

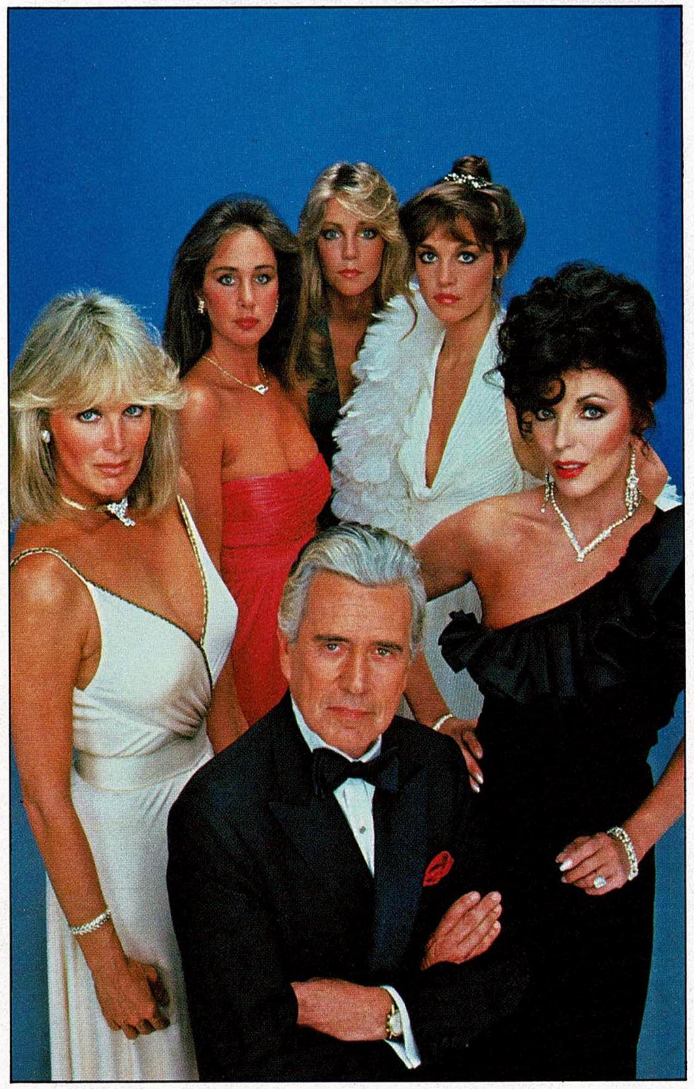


"Gol dang it, deputy, I asked you to round me up a little posse!"



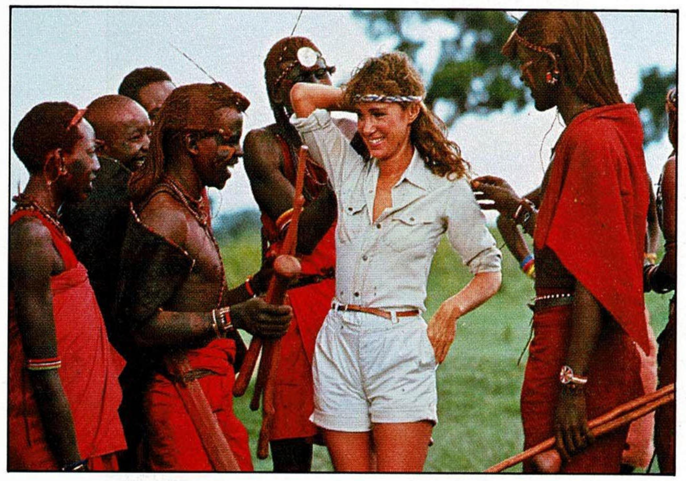
GOING NATIVE

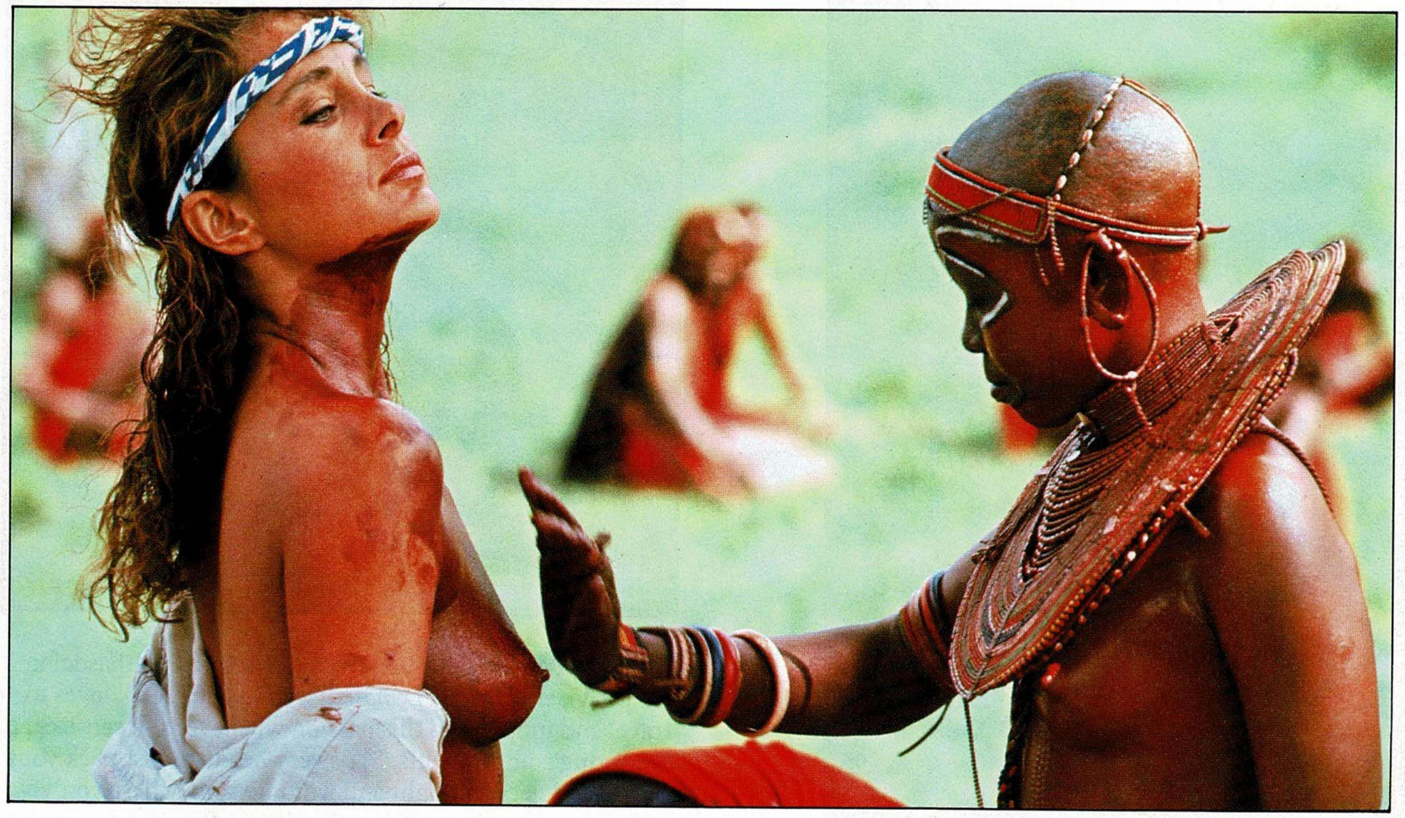
television's pamela bellwood visits another dynasty — among the masai of kenya



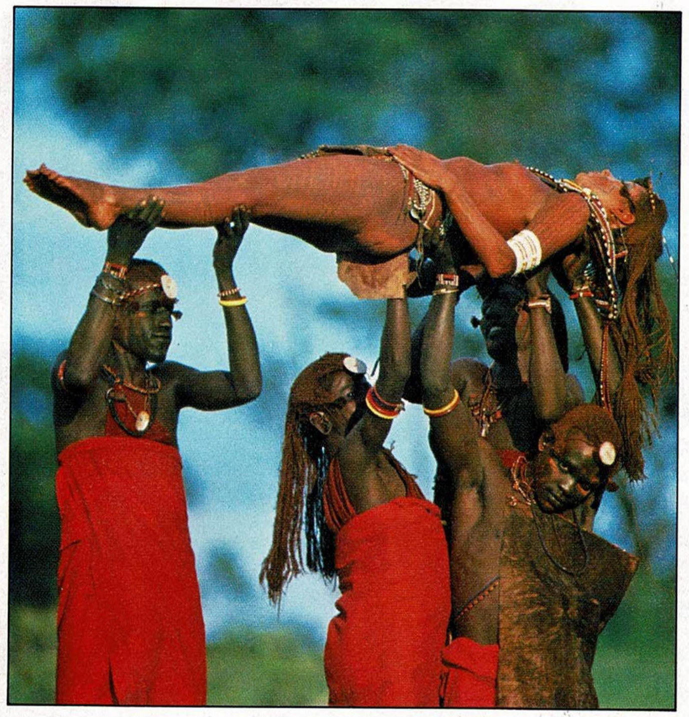
Actress Pamela Bellwood, who plays Claudia Blaisdel in the TV serial drama *Dynasty* (second from left), loves to travel and indulges in this passion whenever she can escape her acting commitments. "It's very heady to just pack your bags and get on a flight and wind up somewhere you've never been. I *love* that," says Pamela.

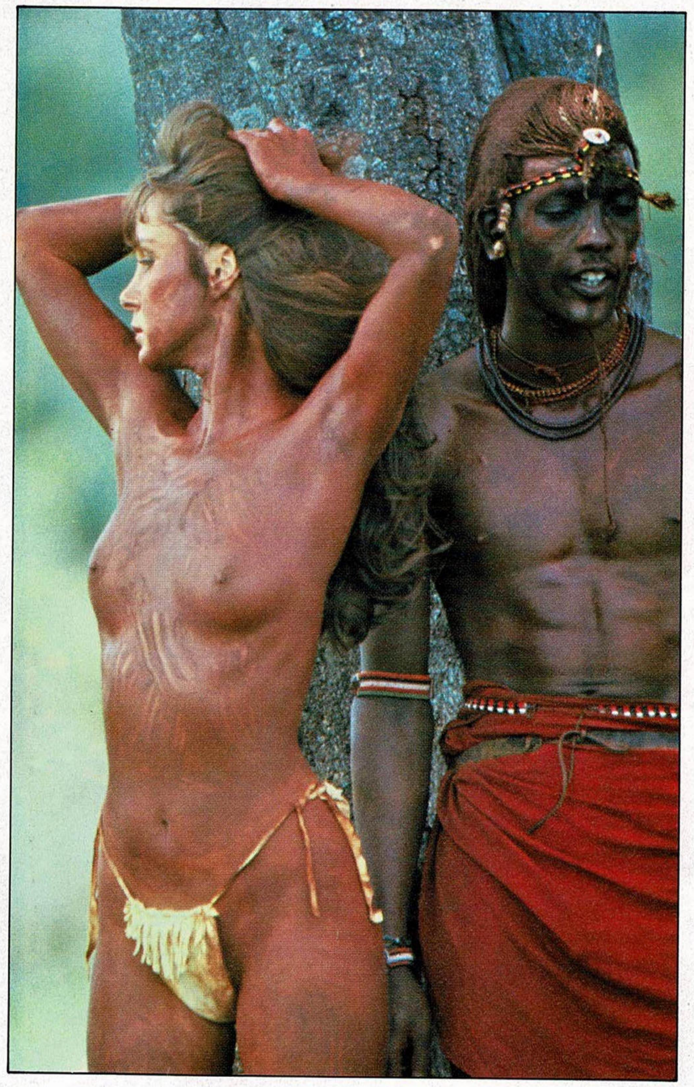
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





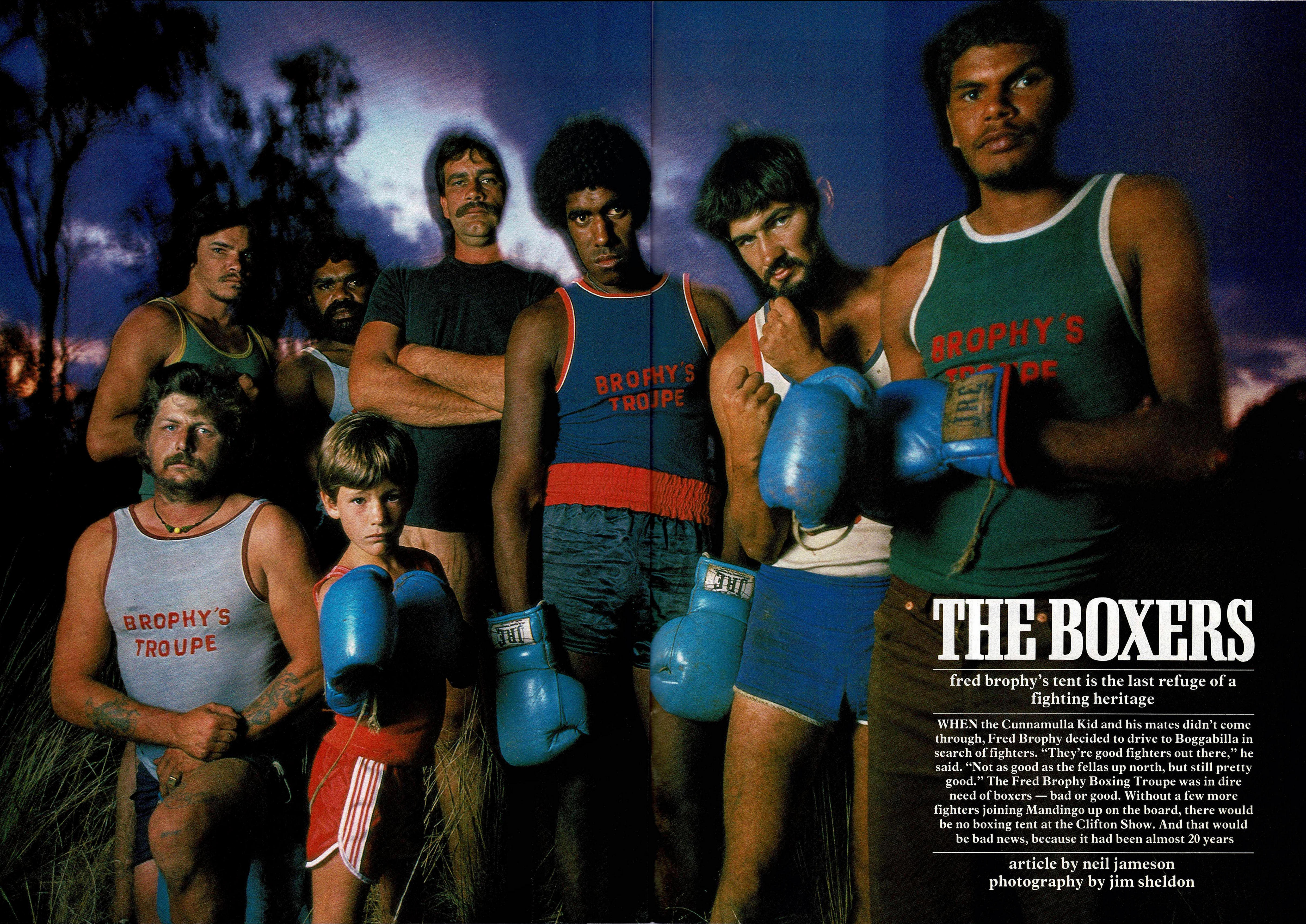
Pamela had no qualms about embarking on a safari-style photo shoot for PLAYBOYin Kenya. "The rougher it is, the better I like it," she enthuses. "I love trekking through the jungle and coming upon a village that no one's been to and having pigs moved out of a mud-floored hut so I can sleep there." This Masai village suited her down to the ground!





"The Masai have a sense of etiquette," Pamela explains. "And as the women never show their legs at all, my bare legs were very unnerving to them. We were cutting a pair of shorts real high to make them shorter and sexier for the shoot and one of the Masai men came over and said, 'I think that's more than enough.' It was sweet."

Pamela described her family as middle class and there's nothing in her background to explain her predilection for mud floors. In fact, she lives two completely separate lives. Pamela's based in Los Angeles and says acting finances her travelling and travel broadens the acting talent. "I'm trying to achieve a balance in my life," she concludes.

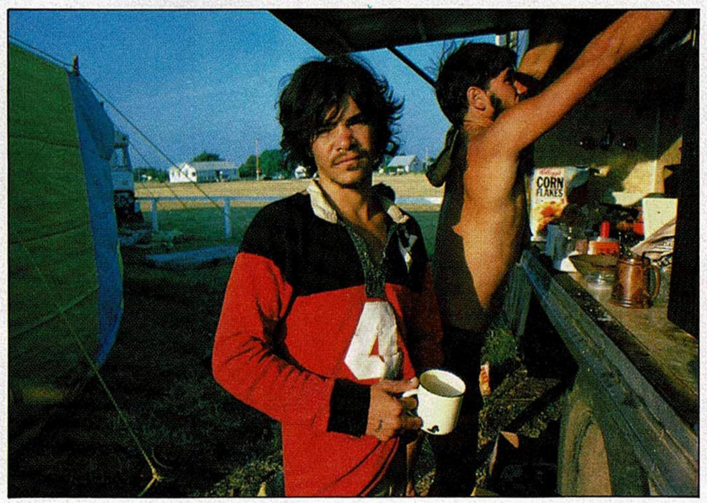


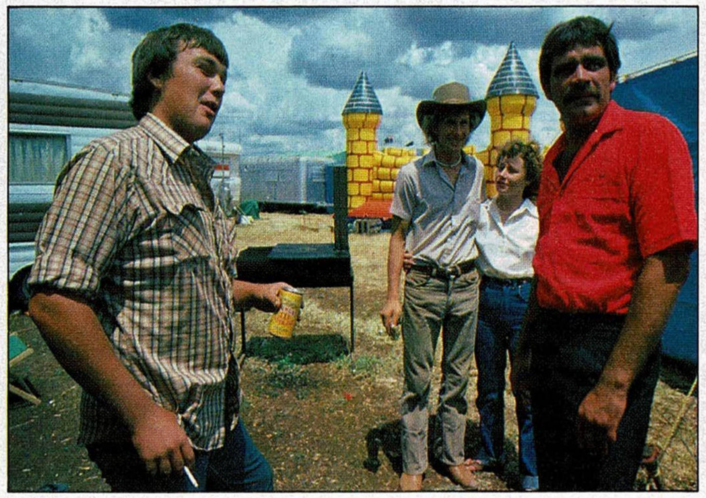
THE BOXERS

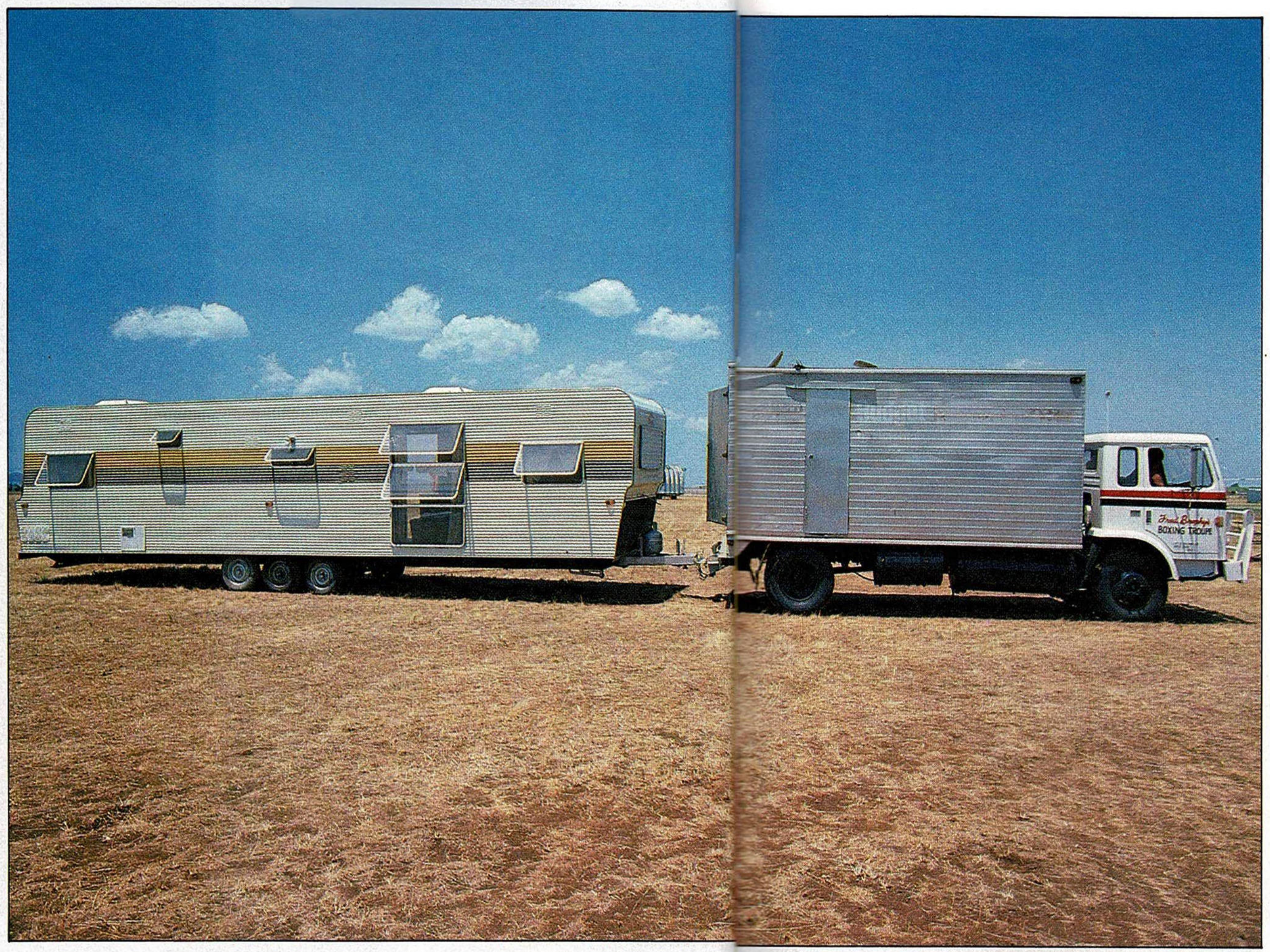
fred brophy's tent is the last refuge of a fighting heritage

WHEN the Cunnamulla Kid and his mates didn't come through, Fred Brophy decided to drive to Boggabilla in search of fighters. "They're good fighters out there," he said. "Not as good as the fellas up north, but still pretty good." The Fred Brophy Boxing Troupe was in dire need of boxers — bad or good. Without a few more fighters joining Mandingo up on the board, there would be no boxing tent at the Clifton Show. And that would be bad news, because it had been almost 20 years

article by neil jameson
photography by jim sheldon







From top right, clockwise: Brophy's "house", parked on the Darling Downs; Brophy recruits fighters outside Boggabilla; local challengers appear to line up a fight; pegging out the boxing tent; troupe members have an early morning coffee; Fred and Sandi Brophy kill time before the show with a beer at the Clifton Arms.

since a boxing tent had appeared in the tiny Darling Downs pastoral town.

It seemed a desperate and dubious mission — driving 220km across the Downs to recruit fighters, sight unseen. But two sweltering hours later, Fred was in the back bar of the Wobbly Boot — Boggabilla's only pub — buying beers and bargaining with fighters.

He found Kid Goanna by the Space Invaders table. At a settlement outside town, with Cowboy Holmes ("he fought Lionel Rose") as guide, Fred found Afro Savage chewing on a half-cooked piece of meat.

"What's that you're eating?"

"Porky-pine."

"Ever boxed before?"

The Brown Bomber was resting, watching television and waiting for his wife to give birth when Fred pulled in. The Bomber was a bit older than Afro and Goanna and took a few minutes to pack his things. The younger pair came in what they were wearing.

Fred spent an hour in Boggabilla but left with three fighters. Bugger the Cunnamulla Kid and his mates! The Fred Brophy Boxing Troupe was back in business.

●

"They reckon there's some local champions here who want to earn themselves a reputation."

It was 24 hours after the Boggabilla run. The tent was up, the drum had been belted, the bell rung and Fred Brophy was at full pitch. Uh, huh — here comes the bit where he drops a few local tough-boy names to stir the parochial pride. Over at the Clifton Showground bar, the last suds of Dutch courage are slurped before the boys join the swelling crowd outside the Brophy tent.

"There's gonna be a bit of fun and fireworks here this afternoon. We've got fighters from all over Australia, plus Mandingo here, the fighting black from Alabama. There's Kid Goanna from Boggabilla, Afro Savage from South Fremantle, the Brown Bomber from Ballarat and Pretty Boy Floyd from North Queensland."

Brophy's head stores an encyclopaedia of fighting aliases, and in better times he might add the Fighting Hippy, the Brain or even the Fighting Fairy from Kings Cross to that list. Their places of origin are invariably as fantastic as the fighting names.

By quarter past four, the crowd had grown to about 300. Centre-stage was Fred Brophy, dressed like a flash referee and clutching a microphone. To his right were his fighters. The vacant space on the left beckoned anyone with the prescribed measure of beer or bravado. "We've got a bonus here today," declared the promoter. "A local grudge match between Frank Reich and Steve Breeze. Up ya come, fellas. Now, they're mates, but they've got a score to settle and they're gonna do it the traditional way — in the ring. Give 'em a round on the bell and drum!"

Steve and Frank's grudge went back to a recent drinking bout when Frank passed out and Steve gave him a haircut. Frank's crop still looked like hacked hay.

Like so many parts of the country, Clifton was dry. Not as dry as some, but dry. The rich Darling Downs soil hadn't tasted rain this side of Christmas, and everybody, including the show folks, knew what that meant to the local economy. The show society had cancelled the sheepdog trials because there weren't enough sheep — most had been sold or freighted elsewhere for agistment. Every storekeeper and Clifton's four publicans had their stories on the drought's impact on trade.

Drought and all, Fred Brophy was encouraged by the size of the opening day crowd massed outside his tent.

"They all said this would be the worst show on the circuit," said Fred, "but it looks okay to me." The boxing fans streamed through the entrance to the Brophy tent while Fred's wife Sandi, and Jimbo, from the knock-'em-downs, took the money. Moombah, one of the troupe's three dogs, sat near the entrance and scratched fleas. He'd seen it all before.

Off in the east, the sky was unpredictably dark and distant thunder rumbled. By the time the last customer filed in, isolated raindrops were flecking the dusty showground.

●

Fred Brophy just might be a genius. Anyone who can keep this show on the road in spite of the economy, drought, high fuel bills and the anti-boxing lobby, must have more than his share of savvy. The Brophy Troupe is more than the boxing team. Fred travels with Sandi, five kids, three dogs, Chris "Mandingo" David, Jimbo and Gary (better known as Shaky). If Brophy recruits reliable boxers, he will encourage them to stick with the show for as long as possible. So, at any given time, the Brophy Troupe might number 15, not counting the dogs. And that adds up to a lot of mouths to feed. The entourage travels in a wagon train usually comprising an equipment van, two caravans, two cars and a dilapidated bus. A mechanical check on all vehicles would script like a transport inspector's wet dream. But with the combined mechanical knowledge of Fred and Jimbo, the team nurses the vehicles from show to show, usually making enough cash for food and fuel to the next town. It sounds like a half-arsed existence, but nobody, least of all Fred, cultivates ulcers with the worry of it all.

It can be safely said that these guys will never be mistaken for GPS graduates or lay preachers. Between them they can count the odd jail stretch and there are enough tatts and scars to do credit to your local bikie chapter. They share a lot of laughs, and even more beers, and leave you wondering just what sort of hell they would be raising if they weren't gainfully employed under the Brophy banner.

Jimbo and Shaky are a rare double act. Individually, they'd make any CES interviewer faint clear away, but in their own domain, they're deadly operators. They share the driving duties, physical work, mechanics and, on show day, run the "joints". Shaky's joint is the hoop-la, while Jimbo operates the knock-'em-downs. They're brilliant at their work and would be prescribed research material for any remake of *The Sting*. If Fred is short of boxers, Jimbo might be called on to strut his stuff as the Fighting Hippy. For the tattooed ex-biker, it's all part of The Life.

The Life. Not so long ago, no Australian show was complete without a boxing tent. The demand was so great that if a tent failed to appear at a show, another showman would recruit some fighters and stage the sessions himself. Almost everybody loved it. The local cops co-operated, because any trouble-makers who got pissed were more likely to punch themselves out in the tent than raise Cain elsewhere. Every mining camp and country town had at least one local champion and tough nut looking for a hiding.

Back then, there were plenty of tents around so that the annual show guaranteed a few great stoush sessions. The promoters had the country quartered up and respected each other's domains. Jimmy Sharman's tent toured much of the eastern seaboard; Bobby Tutt's concentrated on the NSW country areas; Roy Bell's would bob up in Victoria, NSW and the Northern Territory; Bill Leach's troupe worked Victoria and South Australia; Les McNabb's appeared in NSW country centres. Down in Tasmania, Harry Paulsen's tent was popular; Larry Delahunty's was a fixture in the Territory and outback Queensland. In Western Australia, Arthur Blumb's, George Stewart's and Scottie Bishop's outfits divided up the State.

Selby Moore's tent worked Victoria, South Australia and the country areas of Queensland and NSW. When Selby passed on, the business was handed over to his nephew, Fred Brophy. It's the only traditional boxing tent still plying the Australian show circuit.

Fred cites the early '60s as tent-boxing's hey-day. A mineral boom was upon the land and towns were springing up everywhere. The Snowy Mountains project had lured hard-living, working populations to southern NSW. They'd found bauxite and uranium in the north, iron ore in the west, and the coal mining centres were as viable and tough as ever. With Black Jack McEwen on the Country Party throne, Australia's rural communities were reasonably prosperous. The land was still raw enough to promote the pioneering spirit and the boxing tents became a forum for the primal aggression embodied in that spirit.

"There were boxing gyms everywhere," recalls Fred. "In those days, almost every young bloke knew how to defend himself."

Now, the heritage has all but disappeared and you wonder if Fred's allegiance to the lifestyle owes as much to history as it does to the need to earn a living. Whichever way, he takes great pride in maintaining a small slice of Australiana.

"Take a look at these guys," he says, gesturing at his fighters. "I've got so much respect for them. It takes a real man to put himself up on the boards, not knowing just who is going to walk up to fight him."

Respect they earn, but glamor is another thing. So many of the fighters Fred recruits are Aboriginals half-trapped in the malaise of boredom and alcohol. A brief boxing career seems no great alternative, but the Brophys take an active interest in the fighters' welfare. If the boys intend to stay on for a six-week show run, Fred and Sandi will open bank accounts and place half the earnings so that each fighter will have something to walk away with. In peak times, a fighter could earn $200 a week. Half goes in the bank, half in the hand and he gets his food and lodging on top. In exchange, he gets the odd hiding; and any MD will tell you a thumping is not necessarily good for you. Sandi keeps an eye on their appearances, regularly hitting the op-shops to refurbish the wardrobe. It's not the career you'd prescribe for a favored son, but it's not as bad as some moralists might believe. Fred's view is much more direct.

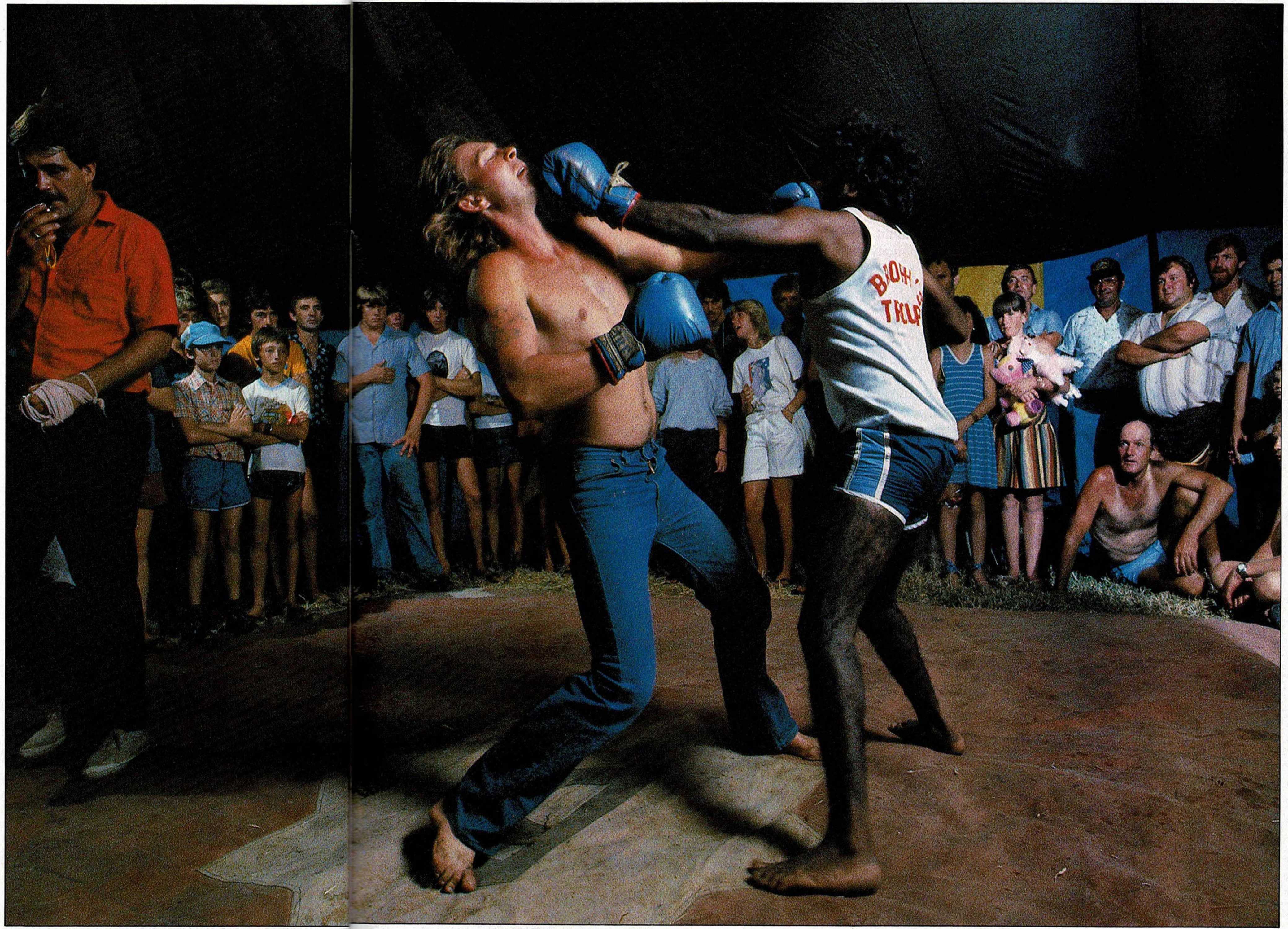
"I reckon the Government should subsidise me," he declares. "I'm performing a public service!"

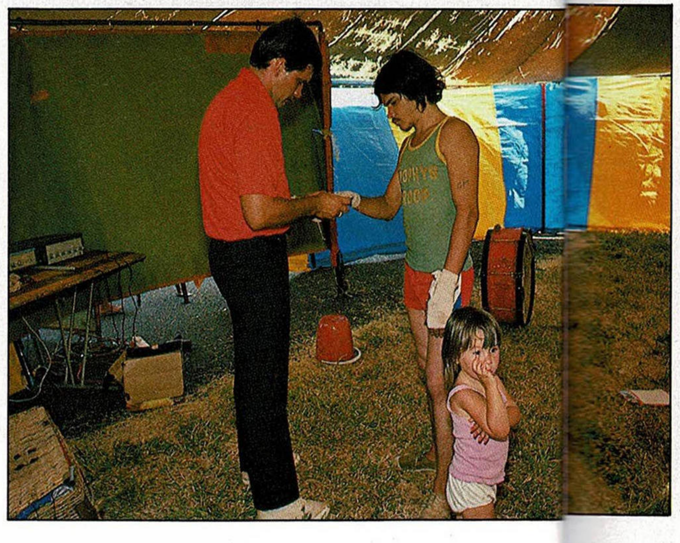
In fact, Fred *has* included his sons in the business. Paul, 18, was "down south recruiting fighters for the northern run", while Levi, six and a half, treads the boards as "the world's youngest professional fighter". The girls — Christina, Amy, Rocky and Josie — are blissfully exempt from the business end.

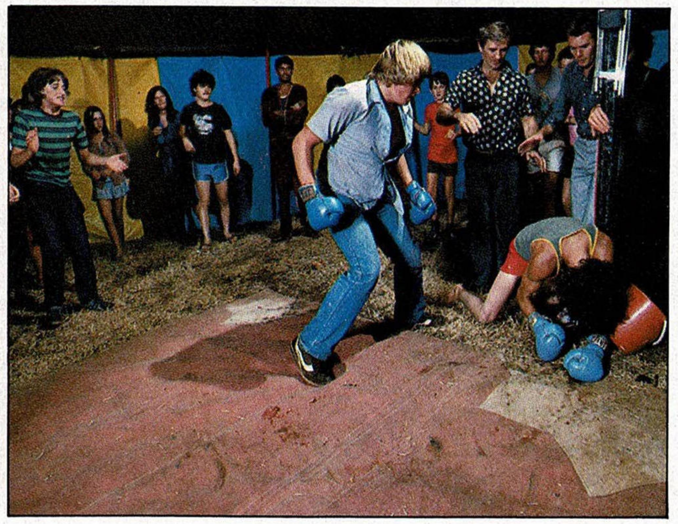
●

"My name is Fred Brophy and I'm the fairest referee in the world."

It's a good line, he uses it often and it served as his preamble to introduce Steve and Frank as they shaped to settle their dispute. Steve: big and bearded, but certainly no athlete. Frank: faster, but with







Top photo: the Brown Bomber paws an opponent under the eye of the "fairest referee in the world". Bottom, left to right: Kid Goanna has his hands taped before a bout; Brophy spruiks and cajoles challengers at Clifton; under a flurry of blows, Kid Goanna hits the mat.

a tendency to put his head just where Steve's roundhouse tree-loppers were bound to connect. Steve flailed himself to near exhaustion early, but his aggression had knocked the kapok out of Frank. The decision went to Steve on applause and they departed as friends, with Frank's haircut looking crazier than ever.

Michael, 16, from Clifton had done a bit in the ring and he was willing to fight Afro Savage. Michael glowed with the fitness and health of someone who had lived a clean life. Afro's regime included an echidna diet and, at the outset, it was hard to tell which fighter's preparation was the better. Michael used a crisp two-fisted attack to carry the fight to Afro, who showed no hesitation in mixing it with the local. The second bout was showing plenty of promise and the crowd, under Fred's coercion, screamed approval. Then Michael's onslaught knocked the Savage off balance and Afro fell to the mat. It wasn't a knockdown, just a slip, and it came just when Afro was starting to get his opponent's range. The Savage climbed to his feet and was immediately greeted by a short left jab, followed by a crashing right which laid him out on the spot from where he had just climbed. KO. Fred applied the count, and the cash and credits went to Michael. It had all taken about 45 seconds. Score one for the locals.

Rikko sunk artesian wells and lived out near the Wheat Sheaf pub on the road to Toowoomba. Judging by his physique, well-drilling kept him pretty fit. He'd nominated to fight Kid Goanna and Fred's decision to make them bout three on the card, suggested he was expecting an entertaining encounter. He wasn't wrong. Rikko lacked the ring finesse of the Kid but his speed, fitness and persistence enabled him to nail the Kid often enough. It didn't stop the Kid from knocking Rikko down twice in the first round and both knockdowns were noteworthy, not just for the punches which caused them, but the shit-faced grin Rikko had on his dial each time he clambered to his feet. He was *enjoying* it!

Round two went the way of the first: a sackload of leather thrown by both fighters with the Kid scoring two more knockdowns. And Rikko kept grinning. In the third, Rikko tried to take the fight to Goanna but the Kid showed intelligent counter-punching to the head and body to put the local boy down for the last time. Chalk up one to the Brophy Troupe.

The following bout was an all-local encounter with the decision going to the Little Fella on crowd applause after his opponent had decked him with a foul blow. By that stage, the crowd had a high opinion of referee Brophy's diplomacy. It served as an appropriate prelude for the top draw on the card.

Mandingo comes from Alabama, providing you can accept that Thursday Island is somewhere in the Mississippi basin. No matter. At 18, he is one outstanding physical specimen, a superb athlete and damn clever fighter. Combine all that with his good looks and natural showmanship, and it marks Mandingo as the performing prince of the Brophy Troupe.

He was down to fight Shane, the obvious choice as local champion. You *know* what Shane looks like. He's the guy whose side you want to be on in a pub brawl. He's the country bloke with the bullock build who rocked into the city one year for the football trials, didn't make the squad but left a few reminders behind. There is a Shane in every town, and nobody will fight him anymore because he's beaten most and has the rest bluffed. Up on the board, he'd looked a tough customer and as he stalked Mandingo in the first round, there was a tonne of determination in his approach. The man from Alabama was too quick and elusive and mixed his defensive technique with a dose of disco dance. The crowd hooted its approval.

By round two, Shane's purposeful approach had given way to concerted aggression and he caught Mandingo with a couple of rasping rights to the head. Fred, appreciative of the class of his fighter, had told Mandingo merely to keep Shane honest by reminding him just who was in control of this fight. But Mandingo responded *too* eagerly, opening up a cut in Shane's mouth. As the claret flowed, Mandingo yelped: "I can't stand the sight of blood," and Fred signalled the end of round two. Shane went the distance in round three, prompting a great response from the crowd.

> *By round two, Shane's purposeful approach had given way to concerted aggression and he caught Mandingo with a couple of rasping rights to the head.*

"I'm gonna give the decision to Mandingo," declared Fred, "but the money goes to Shane for going the distance!"

The fans loved it. So did Fred: "Always leave them with their pride intact," he said later. "You might want to come back to this town again."

●

Fred hadn't bargained on it but he accepted the bonus of a second session late in the afternoon. He seconded Jimbo to referee the early bouts while he mounted the boards to spruik the last ounce of business out of the bar area where blue ribbons and bravado still dominated most conversations.

Rikko had sunk a few beers during the course of the afternoon, and was having such a fine time, he nominated to fight the Brown Bomber from Ballarat. Up on the board, Rikko's crazy grin was broader than ever.

Shane had obviously missed the message that Mandingo had gone easy on him in the first session. He requested, and got, a rematch. Oddly enough, the Bomber decked Rikko in the first three seconds. Rikko climbed off the mat and beat the Bomber on a TKO. It wasn't the first thrown fight in boxing history. Everybody, including the still-grinning Rikko, knew it, but nobody seemed to mind. Clifton had already figured that Fred Brophy was a good sport.

Mandingo tried to keep Shane honest in their return fight but for some reason the local lad wasn't taking the hint. He'd land a few on the 'Dingo's head and cop a few crisp left-right combinations in return. But it was clear Shane was getting to his man and Mandingo wouldn't take it for much longer.

With a snappy chant of, "Keep on keeping on," the 'Dingo went into overdrive and shook his man up with an electric barrage. It stopped Shane momentarily but he came back with a rush, bundling Mandingo off his feet. Now, the 'Dingo was ruffled. This guy just *wasn't* getting the word! With a deft left feint, he straightened his opponent's head and then zeroed a crashing right between Shane's gloves. It buttoned him right on the nose and the blood flowed. Fred stepped in and advised Shane to call it quits before he got a hiding. Shane was getting the message by this stage. He agreed.

●

Fred and his boys pulled the tent down the following afternoon, about 15 minutes before a ferocious gale swept across the Downs.

"That was bloody lucky," said Fred. "That wind would have ripped the tent to bits. It would cost $6000 to replace!"

Fred didn't have $6000. What he did have was about $700 he'd made from the two tent sessions and the joints. Just enough to pay the bills, buy fuel and struggle on to the next town.

The last time we saw Fred Brophy was about 9.30 that night outside the Killarney Showground. The van had broken down and Fred had his head under the bonnet while Sandi bedded the kids down for the night. Fred's got a block of land up the Queensland coast and one day he plans to settle down on it and go fishing after handing the business on to his sons. He daydreams about buying an island and "getting away from it all".

On days like this one, the dream is particularly appealing. The van and bus had both run out of juice, the bus had blown a tyre and the van had broken down. But Fred Brophy, fifth generation showman, was still smiling. He wouldn't consider doing otherwise.

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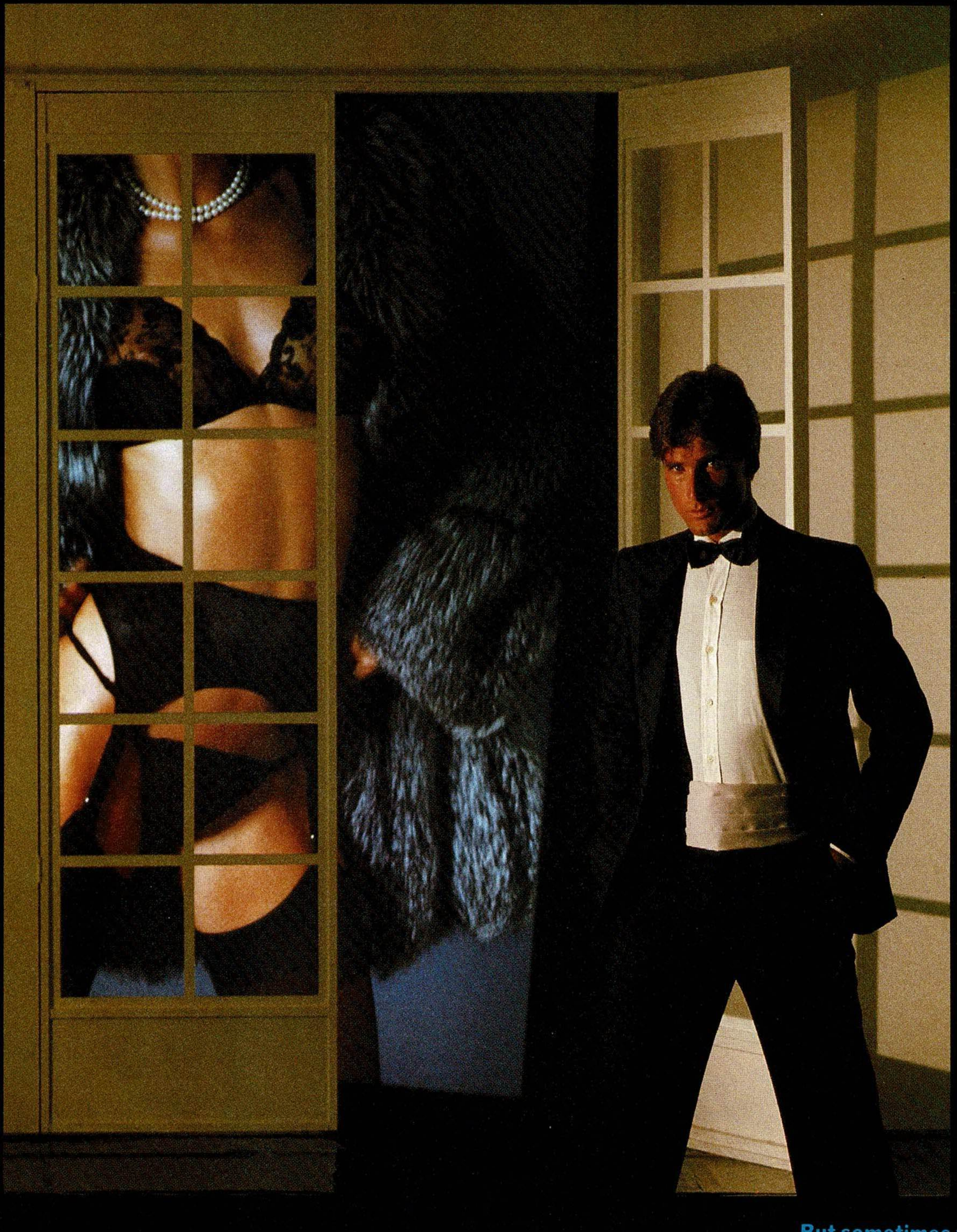
if the invitation says formal, just

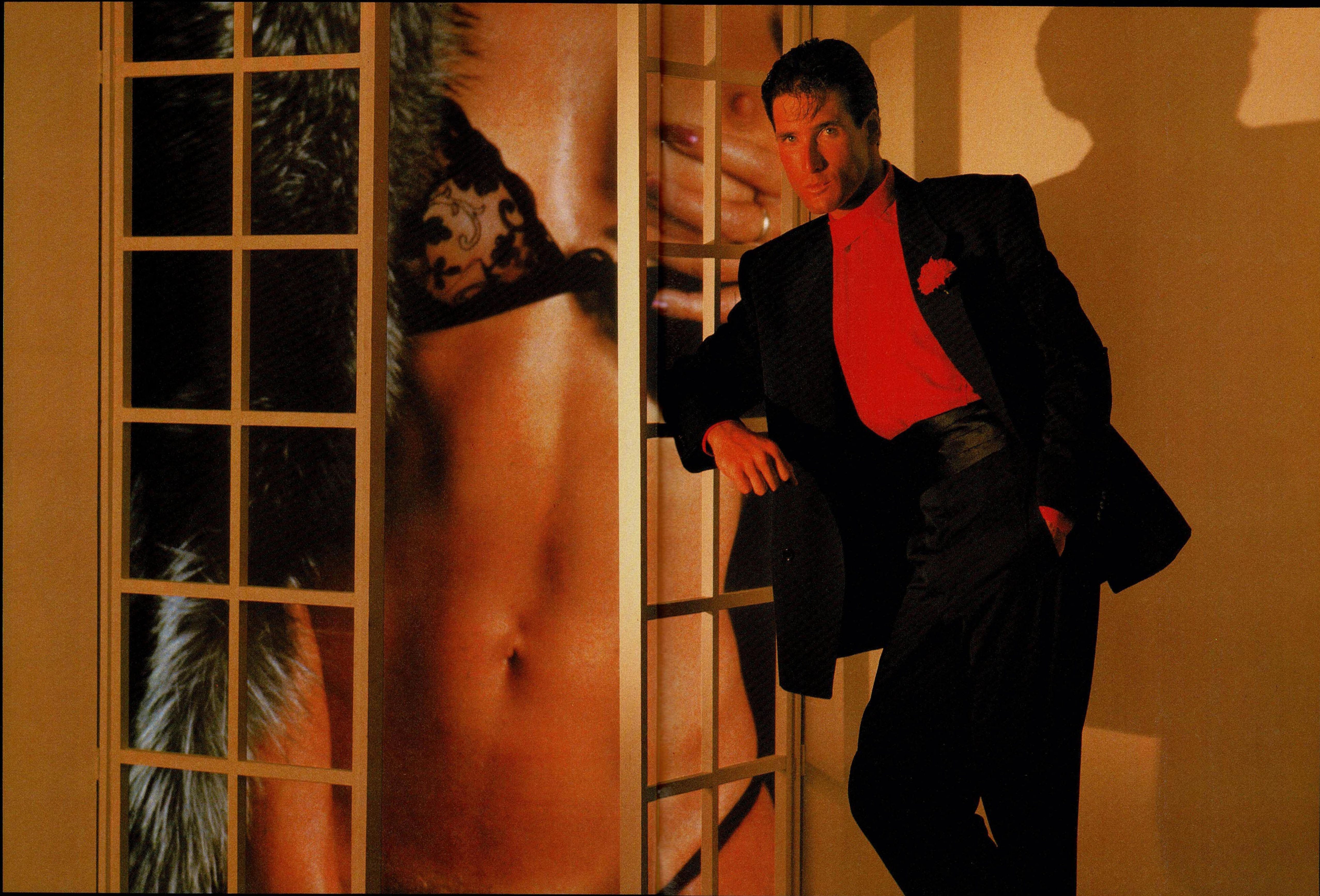
COME AS YOU ARE



fashion by vitek
photos by robert butcher

When the invitation reads "Dress Formal", the immediate impulse usually is to rush for the safety and security of the tuxedo or penguin suit. But, in today's flexible fashion arena, "formal" is as much a state of mind as a mode of dress. The look for the 1980s is just about *anything*, as long as it's properly put together.

But sometimes you can't go past the tuxedo for prime panache. This Italian one comes with satin lapels and retails for $480. The bent collar shirt is $50 and the bow tie, $15. All from Il Tacchino Menswear, 61 Market Street and Mid-City Centre, Sydney.



Stylish cotton shirt with single peaked collar from the clever Clifford Gordon people ($50) is coupled with a suit featuring wide shoulders and narrow waist ($450). The silk cummerbund ($35) provides further streamlining for a beautifully integrated look. From the Clifford Gordon shop in the Royal Arcade, Sydney.

This avant-garde bolero, designed by Stuart Ashworth, is a perfect example of the new formal wear philosophy. This designer offers a very innovative fashion range and also does one-off designs for men and women. He believes clothes should reflect the true personality of the wearer. "If you want attention," he warns, "you'd better have something to offer when you get it."

The image of leather has graduated from basic bikie to elegant evening. These trousers are textured to look and feel like fine corduroy and priced at $325; the matching jacket is in grey kid, $350. Teamed with a casual bent collar shirt, your favorite scarf and perhaps a pair of quality Western-style boots, the look is typical of the new approach to after five. His skins and her fur from the Blue Fox Fur Shop, MLC Centre, Sydney, and Central Plaza, Melbourne.

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WESTIES

(continued from page 64)

The Australian music industry has not yet realised what a monster it has created with pub rock.

their attitude to rock has developed in the '80s. The music now often serves as merely a soundtrack to a personal quest for oblivion, rather than a bold statement of identity — which Woodstock at least demonstrated, however superficially.

The Australian music industry has not yet realised what a monster it has created with pub rock. For most of today's youth, the pub is more functional than the rock. The industry is increasingly out of touch with its public. Frequently, industry members bolt off on the wrong tangent without recognising the futility of their efforts. Around four am on Monday, one brash 17-year-old guy from the audience went out hunting for one of the organisers of Narara. At last he collared one and politely insisted that he be heard. The youth wanted to reassure the organisers that the audience was not disappointed with the festival. So, could the MCs up on stage stop hassling them to keep demonstrating their enthusiasm with urges to chant, cheer and jump up and down all the time? The 30,000 patrons were enjoying themselves, but this guy wanted to explain that they were also exhausted after three days of debilitating heat and copious alcoholic and drug consumption.

Didn't the organisers realise that the kids were only human and not automatons at the mercy of anyone who commandeered a microphone? After making his brief statement, this young spokesman for the silent, unconscious majority disappeared back over the fence into the night.

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For virtually the whole of Narara '83, Michael Chugg — when he was not making unheeded announcements from the stage — rushed around the site toting a CB radio backpack. A one-man communication network, he was contactable anywhere. Whatever problems sprang up, they could be relayed instantly to Chuggie for a decision. In the most unlikely places, Michael Chugg would suddenly be encountered with his ear pressed to his receiver, deciphering the electronic crackle of a voice which only intensified its hysteria. Michael would always reply in a composed and succinct manner. He was in command. At all times he was in touch with the far-flung reaches of his empire. Michael Chugg assumed his role as King of the Kids with great gravity.

"Oh God," he groans, "don't remind me about the tattoo stall. I wonder how many kids woke up the morning after with a Narara '83 tatt on their arms." The gnarled bikie artist had pictures of the $10 and $20 versions available mounted above his booth.

Chuggie's reign had its genesis at Tanelorn late in 1981, for which he managed only the talent and stage. That rule as the pretender inspired Chugg to mount his own festival. The 400-acre Narara site was first shown to him by the NSW Government in May 1982. The property is owned by Old Sydney Town, a joint venture between the State Government and Westpac, and the festival was viewed by them as a means of rejuvenating an ailing business (mainly through the liquor licence which garnered them a hefty profit).

In October, two dozen people were employed to work full-time on various facets of Narara's organisation. That same month, the first workers moved up there to begin preparing the site. Ever since, bedlam has been the state of the empire. For those four months, Michael Chugg has been in contact.

He was the nerve centre of the whole gigantic operation that cost close to a million dollars to stage.

Now suddenly he is alone. It is all over. That was Narara '83. Big deal! What was it all about? What was it all for? Michael Chugg shrugs, stumped for an answer. The tempo and stimulation of the event and its varied entertainments have left him depleted in mind and body.

It is lonely at the bottom. Chugg has all the gaiety and zest for life of a deposed ruler waiting to be executed. But he should be ecstatic. Chugg claims that the gross of roughly $950,000 ensures the investors will return a small profit. Narara '83 is one of the very few Australian rock festivals ever to finish in the black.

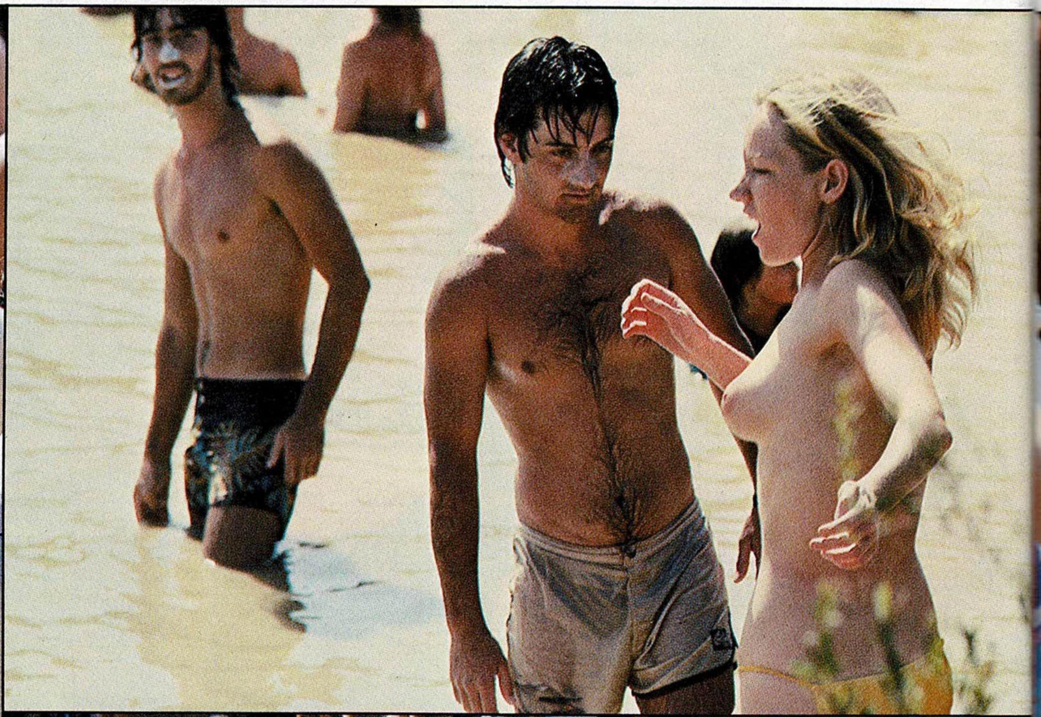
He should be laughing. Especially since just before Christmas, his company, Frontier, dropped a bundle touring Daryl Hall & John Oates and Joan Jett. It is a great return of form and one of the biggest upsets for a couple of years.

So what is wrong?

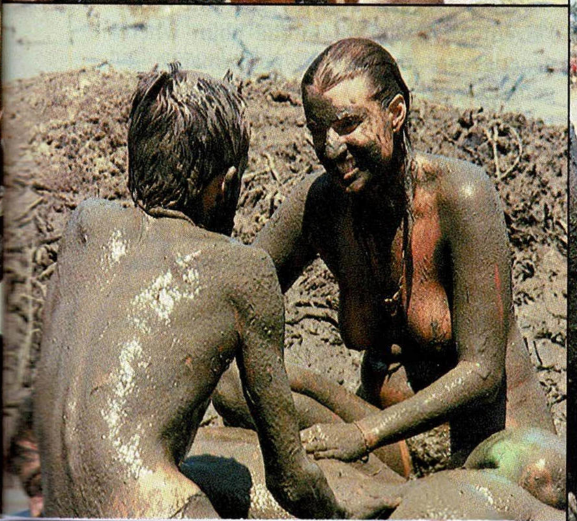
"I'm a bit freaked out." The raspy murmur issues through a plume of dense Camel smoke, which swirls around his head like a big question mark. "I haven't really worked out why yet," he finally admits. His red eyes scan the desk top as though looking for clues. "I suppose it's just the comedown. You throw yourself totally into a project like this for four months and suddenly, it's all over. You've got to get back to normal and repair everything you've neglected."

Perhaps whatever Michael Chugg lost is still back there, somewhere in the garbage of Narara '83. The rules of this ball game are changing.

The Australian music industry knows that Narara may well be the only good news for a long time.



The hip go hippo: wallowing in the mud at Narara '83. Tuning in and turning pink in the raging heat of an Aussie summer. Though people were banned from taking alcohol into the festival, the security searches were not totally effective. Mountains of garbage and an overwhelming stench marked the aftermath of Narara '83.



ATHLETE

(continued from page 67)

The natural athlete, up against human limits as we know them, will be only a quaint memory.

probably a 9.8 sprint. The Russians, who select their athletes by specifications of weight, age and height, foresee a 9.75 for the 100 metres by 1990 and a high jump of eight feet two inches. But when it comes to the glory event, the mile, there are those who feel sure the Russians will meet a definite impasse with their "horses for courses" program.

Marvin Clein, president of Sport Science Associates and an expert on athletic conformation, believes that the Russian approach is worthless when it comes to mile limits. The villain thwarting dramatic progress there is the heart. Evolution will have to produce a larger heart than the existing one in order to pump more than 36 quarts of blood per minute, which is possible today. Such a heart would mean bigger men whose apparatus — a large, tough spine together with bigger lungs and rib cages — would also have to evolve to meet the demands of that heart. That kind of heart would require more weight, thus more energy, to propel the body forward. According to Clein and University of Denver graduate student John Keefe's calculations, the existing organ is theoretically capable of sustaining only a 3:34 mile, which is 13.33 seconds faster than Sebastian Coe's current record.

Clein believes that swimming is the one sport that is not on the brink of its limits. Gravity takes its toll in running and jumping, but its effects are lessened by a body's buoyancy. And body heat — always dangerous to athletes — is vented in a pool. Clein's model swimmer has slim hips to facilitate swift passage, big hands to paddle the water and broad shoulders to sustain the necessary muscle mass. Women have a special advantage here: with more body fat and more buoyancy, all their energy is directed toward propulsion rather than to staying afloat. Clein sees the gap between men's and women's records narrowing considerably in the coming years.

If the accent here ignores the large spectator sports — football and baseball, for instance — it is because they are fettered with equipment and do not fit purely into the equation of man against himself. Football is a collision sport of speed and weight, plus force, plus diabolical equipment. Baseball is a finesse game; how far one hits a ball is of no consequence as long as it is hit far enough. Ariel does think, however, that an 80-yard field goal is possible, as is a 150-mile-an-hour fast ball. "But can it be aimed?" he asks. "And who could catch it?" The super-athletes capable of playing in that league remain — at least temporarily — figments of the scientific imagination. But the work of Clein and his colleagues is finding no lack of practical application.

•

It is said that Neanderthal man, dependent on speed for his food and survival, could sprint faster than any athlete today. It is amusing to speculate about what he would be like if he'd had access to the wonders of biomechanics. Besides helping the infirm, the new science is baring the secrets of motion, eliminating the waste and awkwardness of movement. Torque, load, stress, lift and drag are included in the field's vocabulary. Computers can lay naked an old man's step or a difficult movement in ballet. The body as a human machine can be sweepingly brought into relief. No athlete or coach can sensibly ignore the work being done in the labs and hope to continue competing on a high level.

Place electrodes on a pitcher's fingers and you can see a fast ball corrupt into a languid curve just because of an instant slip of one digit on the pitching hand. Models of the human hand, accurate down to the pores, are being put into moving water to test optimal positions in swimming. Ariel is designing the world's "first computerised footwear, a running shoe with a microchip nestled in its sole." Recording impact and stride, the device can be plugged into a home computer after a workout, and the runner will know how far he ran, his average speed, the kilojoules he burned and how much weight was lost.

"In order to do something best," says Ariel, "you must find the best way to do it." To that end, Ariel uses high-speed film of athletes in action, and feeds each frame into a computer. The computer can isolate the physical requirements for a certain event and advise if a given athlete's form is efficient or inefficient. Ariel also spends much time in the area of "muscle recruitment", training an athlete to use muscles that he would not ordinarily use for his event. Those muscles are isolated, and the athlete, by means of weight training or specific exercise, develops them until he is able to call on them at will.

Although biomechanics promises and delivers much to athletes, Peter Coe, the father of Sebastian, views the tinkering of science with dark humor. Long a smart adviser to his son, the elder Coe gave this comment to *Runner's World*: "Imagine the great coach Svengali McTwist applying the extra signal or stimulus as the runners enter the final curve in the big race. Nonsense, you say? Too obvious to hide? But have you thought about microplants? Can you envision all competitors having to be screened as they enter the track through airport-like security?

"Now what price progress? 'Back back!' you cry, yearning for long johns, tights and handlebar moustaches. What lunatics from the land of silicon chips will home in on the sport? We jam each other's propaganda broadcasts. Why not jam each other's athletes at the Olympics?"

Ariel, for one, does not believe that such flights of fancy are far-fetched. "Human engineers," he says, "will one day replace ex-athletes as coaches." If he is correct — and there seems to be much more macabre evidence up ahead — then we are about to enter the era of the athlete as robot, the totally processed athlete. The natural athlete, up against human limits as we know them, will be only a quaint memory.

•

Microplants and demented coaches seem frivolous alongside the current situation. We live in a time when talk of artificial brains and human hybrids is commonplace, when sperm banks are a reality for the genetically gifted in science as well as athletics. But the incursion of new drugs into sports summons up an otherworldly atmosphere that once again puts a glowing finish on the crown of the prophetic H.G. Wells.

Long ago, the far-seeing Wells created two characters named Mr Bensington and Professor Redwood in a novel called *The Food of the Gods*. They accidentally discover *Herakleophorbia IV*, a compound that becomes responsible for a new world of gigantic children, who want a new civilisation and prepare to engage in war with the "pygmy" world (that's us). At first, incredulity greets that scenario when it is transferred to modern athletics, and then the mind pauses over the idea: drugs and athletes; ham and eggs.

Dr Gabe Mirkin once conducted a poll of more than 100 world-class runners. The question was: "If I could give you a pill that could make you an Olympic champion, and also kill you in a year, would you take it?" More than half the answers were affirmative. Nor are drugs and what they can do to an athlete and his performance a minor problem to Dr William Taylor, author of *Anabolic Steroids and the Athlete*. The Wellsian new man is not mere fantasy to him.

"How far can athletes go?" he asks. "Eventually, you get to the point where genetics are the key to performance — genetics or drugs. We have gone so far in terms of training and nutrition that now it is only a question of locating athletes who are genetically suited to the task at hand. That will happen over a period of years, or drugs will alter the body. Already, drugs have accounted for not a few current records, and in years to come, they will account for more. The best athletes have, and will have, the best pharmacists."

Already, steroids — biological amplifiers — are vital to success in track-and-field events. Derived from the male hormone testosterone, steroids can synthesise protein and alter the shape of the athlete's body as well as his attitude. According to Ariel, steroids are "more of a key" to success than the essential training and vitamins. "You would not enter international competition," he says, "without taking steroids. There should be two Olympics: one for those who take steroids and one for those who don't." An athlete can be trained to a razor edge, but he cannot hope "to make a final without steroids, especially in events like the discus, shot and javelin."

"People," says Ariel, "often close their eyes and say that anabolic steroids have only a placebo effect: this is wrong. From tests we have made, we have determined that anabolic steroids will add 20 feet to the discus, four feet to the shot, and 10 feet to the javelin. Not only do they make an athlete stronger physically, they make him more obsessed. An athlete on steroids, for example, does not merely want to throw the discus — he wants to kill it."

Ariel's research should not be taken to mean that the use of steroids is confined to track and field. A weight-lifter, a football player or any other athlete who wants to "bulk up" can generally find a co-operative pharmacist or physician willing to supply the drugs.

"For 15 years now, the average size of National Football League players has not really changed," says Dr Taylor. "But compared with the players today, those back in 1960 were underdeveloped. Then, anabolic steroids were introduced and the *bulk* of the players increased dramatically. Now, with the introduction of synthetic growth hormones [developed by the Swedes and called Crescormin] the day may come when we have 350 to 375 pound athletes, eight to nine feet in height."

With injections of the hormone, the potential for physical growth is immense, according to Taylor. Used extensively in the treatment of growth deficiencies, these "polypeptide hormones" are commonly extracted from the pituitary glands of corpses, but the process is expensive ($10,000 a year for treatments). Now the hormone has been synthetically reproduced and approved by the FDA; it will soon become widely available. Fully expecting that the drug will be abused, just as anabolic steroids are, Taylor says that he is already getting inquiries from the zealous parents of high school athletes.

The possibilities horrify him. "Unless this medication is strictly controlled," he says, "we may have a serious problem on our hands. To allow this medication to become popularised the way steroids have would be like opening Pandora's Box. The parents who call me say that price is no object. They have read or heard that the hormone can add three inches a year to growth, and they want it for their children."

Taylor says that the time may come — and very soon — when a high school athlete will be forced to recognise that if he wants to succeed, he will have to resort to drugs. Athletes, he says, are different from 30 years ago; the avenues to success are now precisely defined. "Back then, athletes would merely suck it up. Now they know that they cannot hope to compete without them."

Ethics will have to be examined and the door locked, and it must be opened only when needed. If the drug is popularised, Taylor sees sports becoming ludicrous, records and limits obsolete. The geometry and balance of such games as baseball and basketball will have to be altered, with baskets set higher and the pitcher's mound moved back. For the unreconstructed, the era of the pseudo-athlete, of H.G. Wells' athlete, will seem shorn of all that is human — the perfect fit for a robotic universe.

The robots may add something to life, but they will surely signal the final end of the hand-made, the dissolution of craft. Hardly a fiery-eyed zealot, Taylor wants athletics and those who play them to remain biologically pure, and he does not want records or broken limits that are devoid of any current frame of reference. The Ulysses impulse and the kind of man who must go see what's over the hill, argue strenuously for his concern: if that impulse is displaced by a daily dose of hormones, then there will be no sport as we have learned to feel it; the desire and will of the heroic athlete will belong to folklore.

•

Those qualities were best caught by the effort of Salazar in Boston, when his legs felt like they were on fire. One tries to freeze that face at the finish of that Boston Marathon. It was a rubber mask of pain, yet something terribly human was there. It was poignant and startling, but somewhere in that awful contortion it seemed that an old promise was being renewed once more. Salazar is an action poet and his face spoke eloquently for the Ulysses man and for all that he represents: the last line of defence against the processed athlete and against artificiality in all aspects of our lives.

Man's continuing adaptation is the ongoing need for those same qualities. All the perceptive men behind the scenes of athletics recognise this: that desire and will are, and should remain, the most elemental linchpins to real excellence.

WARDEN
DO THE RIGHT THING
MARK LYNCH

EVENINGS

(continued from page 41)

His phallus was in my face and I did not dare but to swallow it and felt the flood of the Nile rise.

answered, and her eyes flashed again. I was much affected. The power of her presence on this night was not like other occasions when she was merely fat and limped about on feet sore from her weight. Tonight, ensconced on a gold bench, for the golden chairs were much too narrow, she seemed massive, yet majestic as a Great Queen, at least in this hour. Certainly, if the story told by Honey-Ball had immediate power over my monarch, it was to arouse His desire. One could almost feel the glow of His belly. It rose in my great Pharaoh like a fire beneath the flame of *kolobi*. The eunuchs began to chant. Their hands struck their thighs with many little taps in a rhythm so quick I could hear the chirping of the crickets and the hooves of horses. One of these eunuchs even had a way of running his finger-tips over his knees with a slipping sound to give you the patter of a brook or the slap of the smallest waves. To this accompaniment came forth many moths and butterflies from the dark and they flew in and out of our ears as if we were water-grass and they as numerous as little fish. Honey-Ball began to hum, and her voice was so resonant that once again I could not recognise the woman I saw. Other times, she had seemed without shape in her clothes, yet from the moment she came out of the water tonight, her body looked firm, and she was not without beauty. Like some who are fat, her flesh was slack in dejection, but could fill with blood when she was happy.

Tonight, she sang a ballad of the love of a farm girl for a shepherd, a sweet and innocent song and Usermare drank *kolobi* to the sound of it, and wiped His eyes. Like many powerful men, he liked to weep a little on hearing tender sentiments. But not for too long. Soon Honey-Ball sang the next verse. The melody was the same but now the shepherd had no interest in the girl, and looked instead at the buttocks of his sheep, a wicked ballad. Honey-Ball began to cry out in the pleasurable cries of the sheep as it was taken. "Oh," she groaned, in a voice to wake us all, "Oh," and the air throbbed.

Usermare was now ready. "Come," He said to her. "You, Heqat, Nubty, Oasis!" With a voice that did not bother to conceal the heat of His slow fires on this night, He added, "Let it be at the house of Nubty." Then, as if a thought had just come to His hand like a dog licking His fingers, Usermare said, "Menenhetet, you are to come with Me," and He took my hand, and that way, we walked together.

●

I already knew that these little queens did not always wait for an offering of pleasure from our divine Ramses, but sometimes ended by making love to each other. This discovery — true mark of the peasant — was objectionable to me, even if it should have been familiar. I grew up in a crowd of boys who were always on each other. Our expression for a powerful friend was He-Who-Is-On-My-Back. So as a boy, there was nothing I did not know of being on the others' bodies, although my pride, since I was strong, had been that nobody was on mine. Still I could not bear to think of these women with one another, nor the way by which the most powerful of the little queens often treated the gentler ones as if they were slaves. On those nights when His Chariot did not enter the Gates, and you would not hear the thunder of His fornication, there would rise up instead the sweeter cries and harsher screeches, the moans and music of many a woman in many a room. It was common whenever women were at such play that one would pluck a harp to accompany the others. And I, hearing such sounds, could not, in my mind, forswear the sights. To see a little queen at the sweetmeat of another was to gorge my blood. But then I did not have the royal disregard of my Monarch. We all knew that He liked to watch His little queens romp with one another. "Oh, yes," He would say, "they are the strings of My lute and must learn to quiver together."

I, however, used to think of this as part of the filth that rose on the flood, a pestilence. It seemed to me that for a woman to love another woman more than her Pharaoh was equal to praying for the plague. So marched the legions of all those thoughts in me that were loyal to Usermare, but now as I walked through the gardens with my hand in His, I became another man and was tolerant to their games and again I coveted the little queens for myself.

●

On this night, the little queen, Nubty, had a statue of Amon whose belly was no larger than my hand. Yet the staff that rose between His golden legs was not hidden, no, to the contrary, it was half as long as the god Himself was high, and Usermare knelt before this little god, and raised His own hands as if to say that all of Him was in service to Amon. Then, He put His mouth around the gold member of Amon.

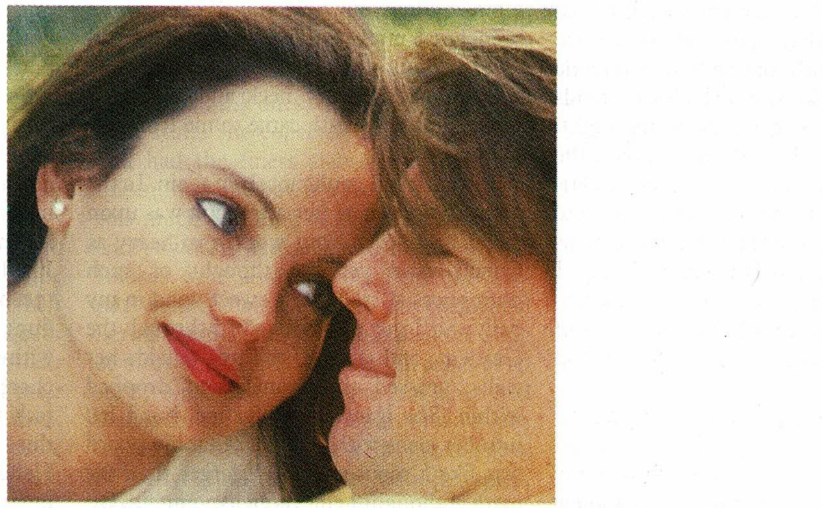
"No man has ever penetrated My mouth," said Usermare, "but I am happy to kiss the sword of the Hidden One, and know the taste of gold and rubies." Indeed, on the tip of this gold member of the great god Amon, on the knob itself, was a large ruby.

Then, He rose, and Heqat and Oasis removed His neck plate and His skirt of linen. "Here, Meni," He said to me, "pray to Me as if I am now the sword of the Hidden One," and His phallus was in my face, and I did not dare but to swallow it, and felt the flood of the Nile rise in Him. My head was bobbing like a boat and the little queens giggled as the heat of His *kolobi* rushed into my throat and down the inside of my chest. There, I have told you the worst, the first of the humiliations I was to know on this night before my Pharaoh. It is this which has delayed me, this which is difficult to tell. Yet now I feel as if a stone is lifted. So I will tell you the rest.

The little queens anointed Usermare. Tonight as on other nights when I had not been there, He would sit like the God Amon, while the little queens would wipe all old cosmetic from His face and apply new rouge and eye shadow. They would take off His garments, and dress Him in fresh linen, then speak verses over the jewellery they laid on Him. Each piece removed was kissed by one of the little queens, as well as each garment they replaced. Since in those days I did not fully understand the difference between kissing and eating — which peasant could? — I thought they were making these small sounds with their lips to show that the taste of the linen of the Pharaoh was good.

To my astonishment He gave Himself up to the little queens as if He were a woman. He lay on His back with His powerful thighs in the air, His knees further apart than the width of His great shoulders, and my hand was held in His with such force I could hardly have freed myself. Yet that was only at the commencement.

Toward the end, He held my hand softly and I could feel His pleasures as they swelled into Him out of the cunning mouths of the little queens; indeed, even now, I can tell You of all that was in Usermare as He grew ready to come forth. I was able to know Him in those moments as none who are not a Pharaoh can ever know so Good and Great a God. When the four little queens knelt before the great and beautiful body of Usermare, I came to know Him. Heqat had taken His feet in her mouth and licked between His toes like a silver snake that winds through golden roots, and Oasis, with the skill of long practice, had given light licks and long kisses to the sword of Usermare even as Nubty knew His ears and His nose and the lids of His eyes with the tip of her tongue, yes, all of these caresses from Heqat, Oasis and Nubty passed through His fingers into me and I felt more beautiful than all the flowers in the Gardens of the Secluded and lived in the air of a rainbow while there He lay, legs apart, His knees bent. It was then that Honey-Ball brought her lips to that mouth of Usermare which lived between His buttocks and she kissed Him there, her tongue coming forth into His gates, and she knew the entrance to His passage. He lay there, and with my hand, I was with Him. So I knew what it was to be in the boat of Ra going up the river of the



When you're making love, what's she really thinking about?

You? How wonderful it is?

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And they're well aware of the limitations of foams, jellies, IUD's and diaphragms. So if the lady in your life is taking full responsibility for contraception, she may well be a little preoccupied.

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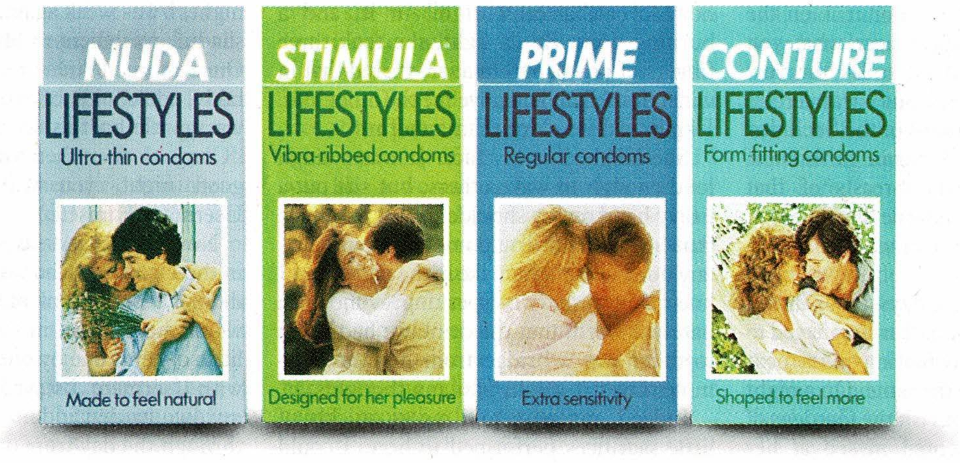
New Lifestyles. They're strong and they have no side effects. They're for men and women who believe in sharing responsibility as well as pleasure.



O&M/ANS0307

Duad in the Land of the Dead, and that was a wondrous place to see from such a boat with serpents and scorpions at every turn, flames in the mouths of beasts more terrible than I had ever known and blessed fields whose grass was sweet even in the night. Usermare floated through the Lands of the Dead, and saw the sun and the moon as His cousins. Then the river began to rise into the ruby of His sword there in the sweet lips of Oasis, and I heard Him shout, "I am, I am all that will be," and even as the women cried out, He came forth and the ghost of the *kolobi* was like a fire with red and emerald light in me.

So did I come forth at His side, all the powers of His own rising having surged through His fingers into mine, but then my coming forth was blasted back as if I knew that soon I would be owned from mouth to anus, the great monarch soon to command the two ends of the river that ran through me, and it was true for Usermare was now ready to stand forth as a man and He was interested in none of the mouths that lived between the thighs of His four little queens, but took my poor anus instead, and before the women, made a woman of me. "Aiiigh, Kazama," they cried with many giggles, and it was then I learned that Kazama was their name for me. Slave Driver was the thought they held when they spoke the name to each other, but now the slave driver had become the slave. "Aiiigh, Kazama," they cried in their laughter. But I did not. Holding His hand, I had lived in the waters of paradise. Not so with His sword. That gave me no vision. I swore that this was the last time He penetrated my bowels, there would not be another even if He cut off all I had and left me in the compound of the eunuchs.

●

The night was without a moon when I left the house of Nubty; and to my unhappy eyes, as dark as the most awful of my thoughts. I could think of nothing but my shame. It was then I took a second vow. Shame, like any other poison, needs its own outrageous cure. I decided to seek the courage of madness itself, and put myself in the bed of one of the little queens.

I was bravery itself to breathe twice on one thought such as this. For it is on the second breath that others hear what you think. Yet I knew I must speak the vow clearly. So I told myself, but I was certain every house in the Gardens of the Secluded would awaken. Then I began to think of Honey-Ball. Out of the breasts of that round woman rose a tenderness for me that was like the rise of the river when the earth is dry.

Let me not speak of the days it took until I made my first visit, nor of fear I managed to conquer only to lose my footing on the next fear. All such tales are the same. On a night when Usermare did not visit the Gardens of the Secluded, I presented myself at her door. Although on that visit I did not even try to sit beside her, I asked on leaving if I could come tomorrow, and she led me out to a tree by her own garden wall over whose branches I might climb. That way I could enter without awakening her eunuchs. She put her hand to my neck and rubbed it slowly and a strength came to me from her plump fingers.

After I left, I could not sleep again. In the night the power of her attraction was upon me. I had never liked women so heavy as herself, and yet the thought of such plumpness stirred like a sweet wind in my belly. So I got up and walked through the Gardens, and climbed the tree outside her walls, crossed the branch and dropped within. She was waiting for me, but I fell into her arms with such fear that my sword was like a mouse. She felt larger than the earth. I thought I embraced a mountain. On that night, I did not have the strength to enter a lamb. The trickle drawn forth from me had none of the serpent's flame or the radiance of Ra, I flew on the wings of no bird, but was dragged out of myself, and indeed, she pulled me forth, her hand plucking me up and down until the waters were lifted to the end of my belly and beyond. I knew what it was to go forth in fear. I did not even feel the shame when we were done, but much relief. Soon I could be gone.

I began to think of Honey-Ball. Out of the breasts of that round woman rose a tenderness for me that was like the rise of the river.

She was not in the same haste, however, to see me leave. By my side, she gave a heavy sigh, heavy as the shadow of a large bird when it crosses your shadow, and said, "I will lead you out to the tree." Instead, we passed into a room that had many odors from the powders of beasts and animals long dead, and in a corner by a niche, was a small bowl of alabaster with oil in it, and a burning wick. By its light, she took three fingers of powder from a jar, stirred that in wine, drank half and gave me the other half. I knew a taste older than a coffin.

She laughed at my face. It was a laugh loud enough to wake others, but she put a heavy hand on my shoulders, as if to tell me that her servants would not be surprised by any noise she might make in the night, and I knew, since she was speaking to me with barely a word, that the drink we had taken together was a bridge from her throat to mine. Over it would pass my thoughts.

Indeed, my nose told me as quickly of little sacrifices performed in here. I could sniff the old blood of many a small animal who had given up its last fears on her altar. Then I knew that the powder in this wine must have come from a dung beetle, pounded, sifted, then altered by words of power, for why else would I think of it? We are so in awe of that beetle's strength, which can push balls of dung much larger than itself up a river bank, that we do not study its subtler habits. But I, as a boy, had spent many afternoons on the river with no more for amusement than the beetle to watch, and I had seen them push the ball up the bank to the hole where they would bury it. That dung would serve as food for the eggs laid within. Yet if you confused two beetles and changed their balls, they still strained to the task and did it for the other's eggs. I tell you this because I understood, standing next to Honey-Ball, that she had been putting our purposes together and mixing our thoughts.

Before I left on this night, as if she would own more of me than Usermare did, she cut off the ends of my fingernails with a sharp little knife, collected these parings and minced them small with her knife. Then she ate them in front of me. I did not know if I was with a woman, a goddess, or a beast. "If you are here for love of me," she said, "your hands will learn caresses. But if you were sent by Usermare, your fingers will share the pain of the leper before they fall off." Again, she smiled at the expression on my face. "Come," she said, "I trust you — a little bit," and she kissed my lips. I say "kiss" because that was the first night I could truly try it. I had known the secret whore of Kadesh and my woman in Eshuranib and many a peasant girl and I had known the sharing of our breath, which is agreeable. Peasants tell each other, "Nobles eat from plates of gold so they also know how to touch each other's mouth." Here, she lay her lips on mine, and kept them there. I felt swathed like a mummy, only it was in wrapping of a cloth finer than any I had ever felt. Her tongue was sweeter than any finger, and yet like a small sword when it pressed into my mouth. No, say it was like a little serpent that undulated in honey.

"Come to me tomorrow night if He is not here," she said, and led me to the tree. I had no sooner departed than my desire was back. Yet when I returned on the following night, I was weak again. Her hand, like the shaduf, was there to lift me above myself. Once more, I knew only the walls of her body, and could not enter her gates. But she was gentle on this second night and said, "Come to me when you can, and on one good night, you will be as brave as Usermare Himself."

Now, I was, as I say, the only man living in these gardens who was not a eunuch. So I did not wish to think of the amusement that would be stirring in every house as these little queens, one by one, heard of my night with Usermare. I stayed behind the walls of my own garden and no longer went visiting through the day from one home to another. Such visits had been most agreeable for the gossip they offered, but then by way of the eunuchs, there was no story about any Prince, Governor, High Priest, Royal Judge, Third Overseer to the Vizier, that did not come back to us in the Gardens. I say to us, but the eunuchs knew the gossip first, the little queens received it next, and I was lucky to hear it last. Even so, I knew more of the good and bad fortune of everyone in Thebes than in the old days when I was a charioteer galloping through the city. So, it had been agreeable to visit the little queens, and eat their cakes, smell their different perfumes, admire their faience, or their golden bracelets, their necklaces, their rings, their furniture, their gowns, their children, their own gardens, their servants, the exploits of their great relatives (since often they were daughters from the best family of their home); but then, all compliments given, we would come to our greater interest which was gossip, and I would hear much about Queen Nefertiri and Rama-Nefru. The little queens had their preferences, of course, like schools of priests who worship in different temples, so you could hear that Queen Rama-Nefru would only be the favorite for this season, or as easily that She would be His beloved for many years. I soon saw that these tales of the Pharaoh's great consorts were only a reflection of stories the little queens told about each other. For you could count on it. To listen to the tale of one was to believe that another little queen had just lost favor.

Thereby, I came to know quite a few of their secrets, and even before I began to visit Honey-Ball at night, I had an understanding of her that came in part from her friends, as well as from little queens who were not. Long before I climbed over her tree, or heard Honey-Ball sing by the lake, I knew of her loss. I had seen many men killed by the thousand, but that might weigh less in the balance of Maat than the woe felt by these little queens for the amputation of one toe. In the Gardens of the Secluded, Honey-Ball had been His Favorite — on that, her friends and those who did not like her, were nearly ready to agree. She had not been fat then, and even the eunuchs did not dare to look at her when she bathed, so voluptuous was her beauty. Ma-Khrut was her name for all occasions. But she was vain, vain even for a little queen, indeed after all I heard of good and bad about her, it became my conclusion. She was vain. So she traded to Heqat — the ugliest of the little queens! — a necklace that once belonged to Usermare's mother. Then she dared to tease our Pharaoh. She told Him she had exchanged the necklace for a bowl of alabaster, and could Sesusi find her another bowl to match? They were alone in her bed when she said this. He stood up, seized His knife, and holding her foot by the ankle, severed the toe. Mersagert, that Goddess of Silence who never shut her mouth, told me that the screams of Ma-Khrut can still be heard over many a pond on a still night, and her enemies spoke of how she rushed to have the little toe wrapped, and then embalmed. Some said that after this night she was constant in her study of magic. She grew fat, and her garden sprouted rare herbs and rank ones, her rooms were filled with stuffs she collected. Where once she had had the finest alabaster of any little queen, now the bowls were chipped. There was much handling of the roots and skins and powders that moldered in them. Foul smokes were always rising from the fire-pots in the chamber where she performed her ceremonies and you could sniff the dung of birds and lizards or snakes in cages of all sorts. Needless to say, she not only had names for these beasts, but also for various stones and branches she kept, not to speak of her wrappings of spider web, her spice, her herbs, her snake skins, whole and minced, her jars of salt, her dried flowers, her perfumes, her colored thread, her consecrated papyrus, and many jars of oil, native and foreign, some from plants and trees strange to me, some to be used beneath the light of the moon and others at the height of the sun.

I would hold her in my arms, but my sword was like a snake with a broken neck; I did not know how to live in the pulsing of her lips.

Each night that Usermare remained away from the Gardens, I would awake in the dark, and with a heart that beat worse than any bird you might seize in your hand, I would be drawn to the branch that carried me over her wall, and with a good look to be certain no eunuchs were near, would leap up from the land where I was Governor and drop over into that garden within the Gardens where so much grew that was strange, and I had no power. Each night I would hold her in my arms, but my sword was like a snake with a broken neck, and when she kissed me, I did not know how to live in the pulsing of her lips.

In such moments I could not taste the pleasure. Too full was my recollection of her face at the gates of Usermare. Warmth rose at the memory of her mouth on Him, and I was like a woman again, so rich was my pleasure, but nothing like a man — so little was I able to stir myself. All this pleasure only turned around in me like oil that is never poured from a jar. I began to hate how clearly I could see her mouth on Him and even began to dislike her, that dull weight of her body, the odor beneath her arms as it came through the perfume.

But one night, after seven nights of failure, she said, "You live so much in His wrath that I must take you away. I will make a boat to rise above Him." Upon my closed eyelids, shut in weariness, and close to despair, she drew with her fingernail, lightly but firmly, the hull of a ship. In the darkness I saw these lines she drew on me, and they were as clear to my closed eyes as fire, yet without flames, only the brightness of the lines. And as I saw each part of the ship, so did she say its customary name in her own voice, but reply with a whisper for the Secret Name. The sound of this second voice seemed to come out of the straining of the wood, the pull of the ropes, or the smack of the sail when it went full out. I heard the groans of the oars in their locks, and did not dare open my eyes for fear I might lose the pleasure of seeing this vessel under full sail.

"I am the Keel," she said, and in her second voice, replied: "My secret name is Thigh of Isis." Then the first voice said, "I am the rudder," and the answer came: "In my hidden name is Leg of the Nile."

The more closely I listened, the shorter became her speeches until she had to say no more than "Oars" and the reply would come from the creaking of the boat itself: "Fingers of Horus."

Soon, she was saying the first name to one ear, and I was hearing the Secret in the other. "Bow," said she, and "Chief of the Provinces" was the response. "Sail," she said. I heard the whisper: "Sky."

"Pump," declared Honey-Ball, and then her own deep voice spoke out: "The-Hand-of-Isis-wipes-away-the-blood-of-Horus." With that, she took my poor dead snake and pumped it in her hand, but then the word for my member was almost the same as the word for pump.

Like a wind that touches the water as lightly as a fingertip, so did the breath from her nose blow over the top of all she held in her hand, until at last she said, "Mast," and without moving, muttered, "Bring-Back-the-Lady-before-She-Leaves."

On those words, she put her mouth on the blunt head of my poor snake, but it was dead no longer and more like a wounded sword. Then as the boat moved forward in the water, so did her mouth go up and down as we rode the waves, and I do not know if it was Ra I saw in my body, or the royal pleasure of Usermare, but I was ready to sail, and at that, she lay back, and pulled me over her. It was so quick, I plunged. I even screamed. Fire and rocks threw me about, then cast me out of her as I came forth, but my boat flew over the edge of the sky. She was kissing my mouth. So I knew. My flesh had dared to enter where only a Pharaoh could dwell. I was still alive. So soon as Usermare read my thoughts, I would certainly be dead. Yet I had never taken a breath with such exaltation.

Quickly she drew the circle of Isis about my head — a double circle — and the gates to my mind were closed. "Go," she said, "and come back tomorrow."

(To be continued next month.)

FACT:

TOYOTA'S ADVANCED ENGINEERING GETS OFF TO A GREAT START... AND A ONE-TWO FINISH!

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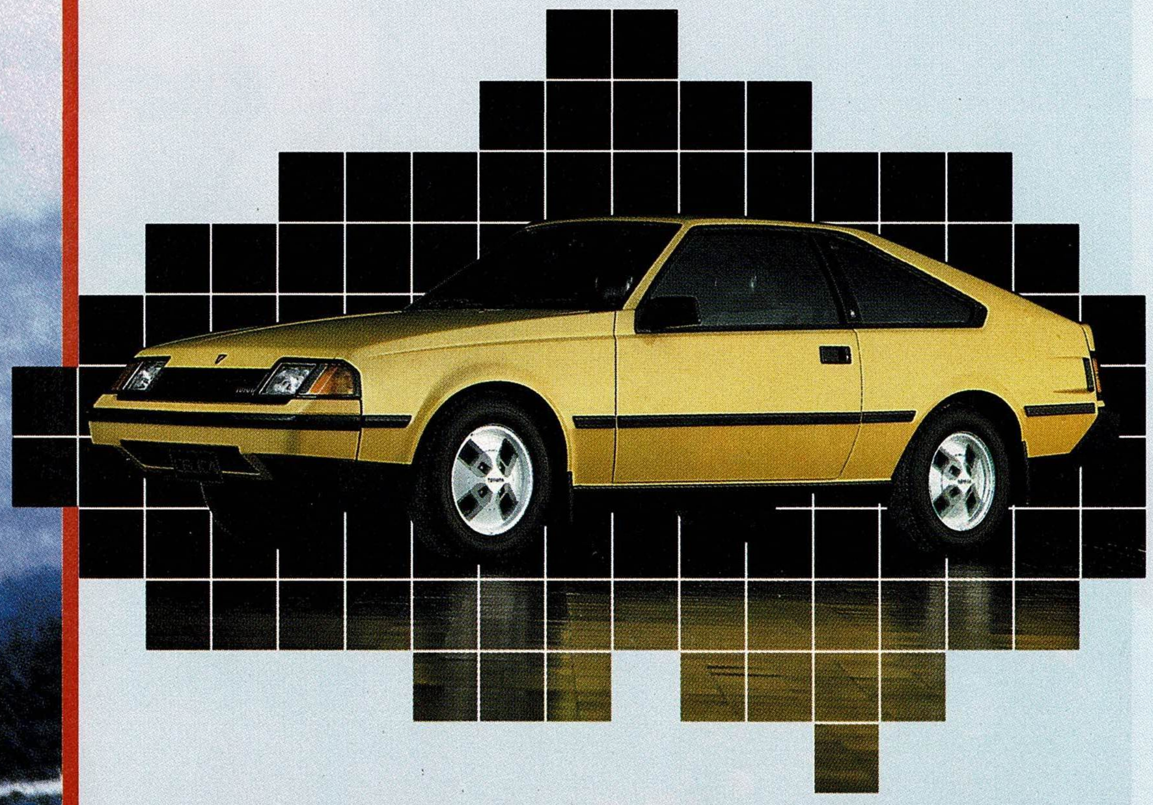
FACT: Each year, there are only a handful of events that count toward both the prestigious World Championship of Rally Drivers and the Manufacturers' World Championship. This year's Motogard Rally in New Zealand was one. Thus it attracted and tested not only the world's best rally drivers and navigators, but also the best designs and engineering of the world's leading car makers.

FACT: Toyota entered two new Celicas in the rugged Motogard Rally. After more than 2,220 km of fierce competition. Through day and night. Over paved highways, gravel roads, and icy forest paths... Only 31 out of a starting field of 64 cars were still running at the finish. Toyota's two Celicas were first and second!

FACT: Not every entry in the Motogard stood a chance for overall victory, but of those that did, virtually all were "works" prepared and entered like Toyota's specially modified Celicas. But unlike any of the others, Toyota's new Celicas were making their official debut in World Championship Rally competition.

FACT: You can experience advanced engineering and reliability in every Toyota Celica. For winning performance you can count on, start by checking out all the new Toyotas today. See for yourself how the facts come alive when you drive Toyota.



TOYOTA

Christina's World

Christina Ferguson is an Air Force brat. She is fresh, remarkably wholesome, yet worldly. She's 19 years old but has already lived in some 15 States of the US. "Everytime you move, it's a new lease on life," she says. "You can change what went wrong with the last set of goods. You can be mysterious."

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Christina has a regular schedule for her spare time: "I like to lie out in the sun, swim, jog, sew my own clothes, go shopping, run a few errands, then meet with my friends." Ambitions? "I'd like to go into business with my mother, perhaps in fashion design," she says.

Christina is discreet when questioned about her sex life. ''It was great the first time and I couldn't wait for the second time. Beyond that, if you want to talk sexy, try the bathtub-and-candle scene in A Star is Born. That *is sexy!'' Meanwhile, we think Christina's pretty sexy herself.*

TRUTH

(continued from page 88)

He was surprised how eager she was. He was already hard and she felt it with her hand.

street he saw two Turks with black moustaches staring at them. She looked and saw them too, and she let go of him and looked away. One Turk spoke and the other laughed as he followed her past.

He thought of her with the Indians. It was bad how these things happened. She was a lovely girl. Missionary work there wouldn't be easy. It would probably be worst for a shy girl like her. It made him sorry to think about it. She was a missionary so she wouldn't be looking for anything with a guy, but she was a lovely girl and he liked being with her just the same.

"I don't like the men in these countries, you know," she said. "I hate the way they look at you like that. In Iran it's all the same. In India too, sometimes."

"It's because you're so tall and blonde," he said.

"But it's also the way Moslem men think about women, you know."

"It's because you're so pretty, and they're not."

She laughed. "Oh, no," she said.

"Oh, yes. Truly."

She shook her head. He wondered if he should have said that. But she was smiling and she touched his arm again.

At the top of the hill they came to a wider street lined with modern city shops and cafes. Huge old American cars striped yellow as taxis were nosing through the slow traffic. The men were all wearing old-fashioned baggy suits and coats and hats like detectives, and the women were in furs and long out of style dresses. A party of dark young soldiers in boots and tight battledress stood on one corner. All of them stared when they noticed Sarah.

The road went on with the same sort of places all the way. The people staring were becoming tiresome. "This is not so good," Sarah said. "There is nothing good to see."

"It was more interesting back on the other side."

"So, what do you think? We go back?"

"I think so. I think we might as well."

It was still cold and overcast and on the way down to the bridge it started to rain. It was like mist turning liquid, coming straight down.

"Once we're back we can stay in," he said. "You can play your guitar again."

There were three beds in her room and a girl was sleeping in one, so she took the guitar to his room along the hall. She sat on his spare bed with her long legs crossed, with her thick blonde hair swaying by her face, and played and sang old Joan Baez numbers, There But For Fortune and Blowin' In The Wind.

Her singing voice was deep but light. Her accent added something to the words. He smiled at her, and she smiled and shook her head without missing a note. He admired the way she sat and her mouth and the way the light went in her hair.

She finished Blowin' In The Wind. "Fantastic," he said. "Really good."

"Oh, it's just something I do, you know."

"You should do it properly. I mean, you should perform."

"In India sometimes I would perform. But it was only that I would play a little bit when we were having prayers, like a service."

"That's okay. That's performing."

"I think I'll read you one of the prayers," she said. "Would you mind that?"

"No. Not at all."

"Because now when I play, that's what I like to do."

"No, that's fine. Go ahead."

She put the guitar aside. From her bead shoulder bag she took a thick book in a plain paper cover.

"This is our book," she said. "This paper is so the people can't see what it is."

He saw it was really like a thick wad of pamphlets bound together in a slightly home-made way. Then she began turning the pages, and he saw the startling titles and texts and comic-strip drawings. Then he knew about the missionary work. He knew the sect's style from papers of theirs he'd seen at home. He couldn't remember what they called themselves but he'd heard all the stories about them.

"I'm not really very big on religion," he said.

"People don't understand religion," Sarah said. "They think that it's saying prayers and asking for things. They think it's obeying a whole lot of rules, or else you'll go to Hell."

He nodded. That was how he thought about religion.

"But you know it's not like that. Religion is about God. It's what God wants. And what he wants is love, just love. That's the only thing. God loves you and you have to accept it and love him in return."

"That's one way of looking at it."

He was sitting on the side of his bed, facing her, with his hands between his knees. She leaned across and took his right hand in hers.

"You only have to ask him," she said. "If you want God's truth and love, all you have to do is humble yourself like a little child and ask him to come into your life."

"See, I've never really thought about things like that."

"But see, it says here, behold, I stand at the door and knock. And if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come to him. This is from Revelations, from the Bible. Here's another, also. If you continue in My word, then you are My disciples indeed. And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. That's from the Gospel. And do you know the word? The word is love."

"I think maybe I'm really more interested in relating to people than in relating to God."

"But there's no difference. We have to love God and we have to love one another just the same way. Because love is everything, you know? All the things that are wrong in the world, all the wars and violence are happening because there's not enough love."

She was facing him with her head a little on one side, with her hair half across her eyes again. She hadn't pushed it aside for a while. The book was on her knee and she was holding his hand palm to palm.

"Not everybody is as full of love as you are," he said. "I'm probably not."

She put the book aside and put both her hands around his. "You can be," she said.

He'd remembered all the things he'd heard about the sect. With his free hand he pushed back the sleeve of her sweater and stroked her wrist. He couldn't think of any reason why he shouldn't.

"I can help you," she said.

He'd heard all about their missionaries. He knew how they were supposed to operate. He couldn't believe his luck.

"That would be good," he said.

They stood up together, and he put his arm behind her waist. She came forward with her head on one side to kiss. Her tongue was in his mouth at once.

He helped her undress, two sweaters, a T-shirt and jeans. Her body's skin was soft with a fading tan. Once she'd been bigger built and now her flesh was loose as if she'd dieted hard. He knew that was from so long on Eastern food. Her seat and her long thighs were soft and slack now.

They finished undressing quickly in the cold and crawled into his bed. They closed and kissed again and then she wound her leg over his. He was surprised how eager she was. He was already hard and she felt it with her hand and then ducked under the blankets, and in a minute she had him gasping and shivering. She knew what she was about and she backed off before she'd taken it all the way. She was in charge and she started to move on top of him, but then he pressed her back and went into her. He didn't want to hurry but then he couldn't help going right through with it.

He thought she might have been faking when she cried out, but afterwards she fell back with her mouth open and her eyes shut tight. He studied her from his side of the bed. He thought, all that stuff was true. That was how they did it. Truth and love, love one another. She knew what she was doing when she got down to it. How many

(continued on page 137)

GUIDE

(continued from page 85)

Nightspots, resorts and snowfields are great soothers of the savaged ex-husband.

PERTH

After resting in Surfer's, try for arrest in Perth. Perth's newest nightspot is Clouds at the Sheraton Perth Hotel, done out reputedly at a sky-high cost of $300,000. The lighting and music in the disco is computerised but the disc jockey is non-digital and the sound is discreetly channelled to the dance floor so that you can still talk in the lounge areas. You can eat, dance and rest there till 3.30am Monday to Saturday.

Perth's Eagle One packs black carpet, chrome, mirrors, couches and an enormous video screen around a whole lot of good-looking women. Go there. Or get into Juliana's at the Hilton, Hannibals or The Perth Underground. Or take a boat to Rottnest Island, hardly a nightlife haven, but filled with bodies beautiful.

TASMANIA

Would you prefer a snow job? The larger resorts are great fields for whooping it up, but over-done for your Uncle Clyde. Give me Tasmanian snow and Tasmanian women any day, well tomorrow, anyway.

The fact that there is no on-field accommodation on the snowfields of the Apple Isle is no disadvantage. Book into the $19 million Country Club Casino at Launceston, root the evenings away in the cabaret, casino or disco (but preferably in a bedroom) and then drive the 60km to Ben Lomond and slope off.

Or tuck yourself into the Wrest Point Casino at Hobart's Sandy Bay, dance the night away to the band at Regine's inside the complex, then cruise through the beautiful Derwent Valley and rain forests to the slopes of Mt Mawson, some 90km distant.

•

Nightspots, resorts and snowfields are great soothers of the savaged ex-husband. For one thing, the male who is not gay, married or spoken for, is a real rarity — prized, pampered, flattered and even fought for. Great for the ego. However, if you wish to be more pointed in your search, you might take up a Cause.

Causes often attract more women than men. The pitiable state of baby seals, whales, dolphins under the harpoon, threatened forests, dams and species mean that women often pack out environmentally conscious meetings. In every State bar the Northern Territory, there is an Environment Centre, which can fill you in on a multitude of good clean Causes.

Political parties, tennis clubs, art gallery societies, and museum societies are all happy hunting grounds. Something under the Clubs and Societies listings of your city's phone book is going to strike a chord.

You may be surprised what the listing reveals. Everything from backgammon to bushwalking, netball to nudist. Most capital cities also have singles societies with regular social gatherings, dinners, weekends away and the like. The atmosphere may be a bit predatory but c'mon, you can take care of yourselves fellas.

So check out the Yellow Pages and join, already.

And move suburbs while you're at it — put yourself in a more permanent whoopee mode. Some top singles/divorced neighborhoods around Oz include Surry Hills, Balmain, Woollahra and Paddington in Sydney; Carlton, South Yarra, Middle Park and Richmond in Melbourne; North Adelaide and Glenelg in Adelaide; Subiaco and West Perth in Perth and Red Hill, Paddington and New Farm in Brisbane.

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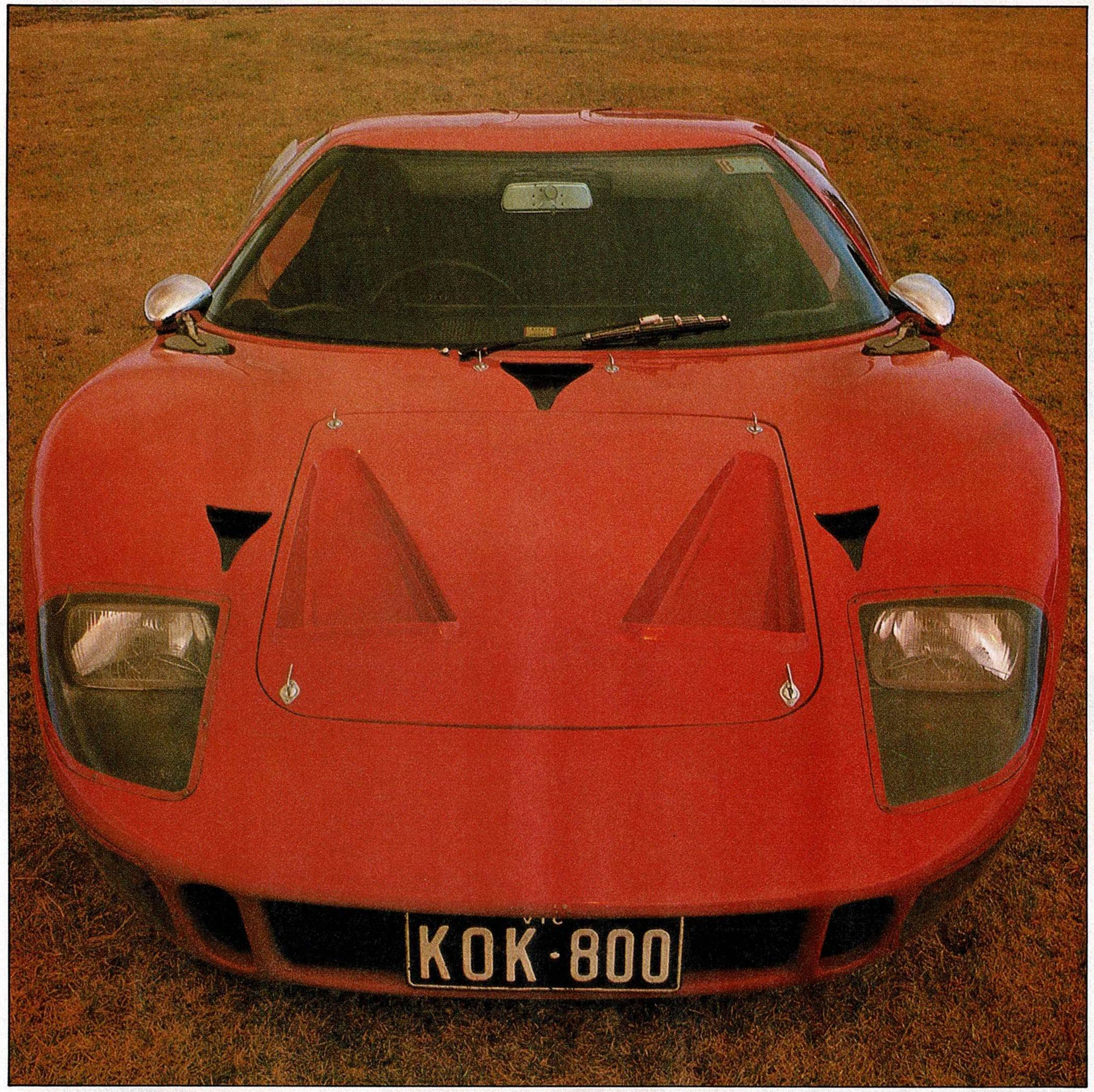
A LEGEND FROM LE MANS

rob luck revs up a classic ford that rewrote french race books

IT WAS 1966, year of the world's first satellite-beamed live motor racing telecast. Millions of Americans watched Henry Ford II bring down the tricolor to send 55 drivers sprinting for their cars at the start of the world's greatest long-distance motor race, Les Vingt-quatre Heures Du Mans. The first car off the chocks was exactly like the one you see here — a Ford GT40. Aitch Ford, who had master-minded a multi-million dollar, cost-no-object bid to win Le Mans, had given the orders:

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS



“Win if you can, but lead the first four hours.” When the telecast stopped four hours later, Americans had seen Ford GT40s one-two-three all the way. As far as they were concerned, it was an all-American, all-Ford race.

But no one could predict the finish.

●

This car is a Ford GT40. Except for racing refinements, it's precisely the sort of car on which Ford hung its world-wide marketing fortunes at Le Mans in 1966. It can do perhaps 320 km/h, go round corners like it's jammed in a slot, brake as if it has hit a brick wall, and it stands ankle-high to an 18-wheeler.

So what's it doing on the road, wearing a registration plate?

The reason is, that to get to Le Mans, Ford had to build road cars as well as race cars. The prevailing “50 rule” was designed so the race could reflect competition among actual road vehicles. In fact, it played into the hands of big-spending manufacturers anxious to fly their mundane markets on the wings of their racing successes.

Alex Copland's GT40 apparently is the only one of its kind in Australia and the machine is in very good condition inside and out.

The same rule, upped to 200 vehicles in modern times, produced the BMW M1. It is the M1 of 1966, built by Ford. The major difference is that this car is monstrously more powerful and more lethal than the M1. It is, in fact, shatteringly faster than anything produced for road use today.

Even more impressive is the fact this car achieved that level of performance without any of the modern super-aerodynamic devices. It has minimal contouring, no wings, airdams, trim tabs or special ground effects. The most important concession to wind management is a bum-end slightly extended to accommodate a kicked-up tail. This was nailed on after the '65 cars “grew wings” going down Mulsanne Straight at Le Mans, and started exploring the shrubbery. This car is very, very similar to the cars that ran at the Sarthe circuit in 1966. It has the small engine (4.7 litre, 289 V8) used by the English Ford contingent, pumping around 355bhp in a body that weighs about 2200lb (1000kg). It has a standard wet-sumped motor, four-wheel racing discs, all-independent wishbone racing suspension and rack and pinion steering.

Like the race cars, and unlike the normal road cars produced, it is equipped with racing “hammocks” for seats. Somewhere along the way, it also “grew” the race car's 9.5in Halibrand pure-magnesium wheels, and shed the interior trim, luggage bins and other niceties of the road-equipped versions. Because of this and other reductions, it probably half-closes the weight differential between road and race cars, so it is an exceptionally fast road car.

Some of the history of the vehicle is a little blurred, but it is possible that the specialised specification occurred when the Shell Oil Company used it to make movies on the famous Fords. More mods may have been effected by its first Australian owner, Colin Hyams, who demo-drove it around some local circuits.

It adds up as a rare catch for its current Australian owner, Alex Copland, especially at a reputed purchase price of less than $20,000 in 1970. Last year, Edsel Ford, who sat alongside his famous father during that 1966 Le Mans bid, told me his stock road example was worth at least $200,000 in the US.

For Copland, who caches the car with his mint collection of an Isotta Fraschini, Zagato Aston, and many others, it represents a sound investment as well as a desirable classic. Investing the same amount of money at 20 percent per annum, wouldn't have returned him the same earnings in the equivalent time.

It is the only GT40 of its type in Australia. Just 84 cars were originally commissioned (of a total of 111 Ford GTs of all kinds, road and race). And no one knows how many were completed, destroyed, or saved. Yes, saved. When Ford pulled the shutters down on the operation, it is said he ordered the destruction of 18 partly-built cars in the British workshops. Peter Glover, (now workshop foreman of De Tomaso Australia) was on the floor at the time and remembers the desolate scene as senior staff hacked into the coupes with oxy flame, mechanics weeping tears of blood. It is rumored some vehicles escaped, spirited away to be completed in secret locations.

The Detroit edict to “eliminate” the last GT40s stood in stark contrast to the adrenalin-charged days of the mid-'60s racing program. Ford's cost-no-object bid to win Le Mans was a multi-national bankrolling spree that spread across America and Europe.

Ferrari had been offered for sale to Henry Ford. His move to buy it in 1963 failed, but Ford hardly missed a beat as he moved on to the UK where he “bought” Eric Broadley and his Lola T70 (just released, never raced), as the basis for his own race car. He established Ford Advanced Vehicles in Slough, England, and had the Alan Mann Racing team operate it at a cost of millions. John Wyer later claimed in his book that Ford's Le Mans budget went from £2.2 million stg in 1964 to £7.0 million in 1967.

Fleets of prototypes were built — coupes, open sports cars, super-lightweights. The racing Fords were among the first cars in the world to employ carbon filament in their body skins and titanium in their mechanical gizzards. Ford had three completely separate teams — one in the UK and two in the US — with complete contingents of designers, builders, mechanics and managers.

Howard Marsden, who master-minded local Ford racing successes for many years, and is now propelling Nissan to turbo-charged racing acclaim, remembers it as a time of magnificent excess, the most affluent period in motor racing. He should know, he was Competitions Manager for Alan Mann Racing. Among the drivers was Frank Gardner, now JPS BMW Competitions Manager in Australia.

> *The GT40 sat glowering like an imprisoned wild animal. More than 15 years down the racing design road, it still looks mean and vicious.*

The Ford budget was a seemingly bottomless pit. Henry the Second apparently even offered to lease the Mulsanne Straight from the French, to give him free rein to develop a car to run faster down that vital part of the circuit than anyone else. In return, he would build a complete bypass highway so that on the Mulsanne (actually a part of the Route Nationale), it would be business as usual.

The French, to whom Mulsanne is a national monument, in the vein of the Louvre or the Eiffel Tower, didn't buy it. So Ford “blackboxed” his test cars in 1965, computer-mapped the entire circuit and built engines in Dearborn that would run flat out for 48 hours — double the required distance.

When Ford went to Le Mans in 1966, they went with a team anticipating certain victory. As the super-trailers cruised across Europe to Le Mans before the event, their crews held a mobile disco on board, so massive were the pantechnicon transporters that housed up to five cars, seven crew, parts, administration centre and entertainment lounge. On the autoroutes, the mechanics cruised up on girls, propositioned them through the open sunroofs, and loaded them on board to dance, drink and celebrate the coming victory.

On board were the cars that were going to do it for Ford. Cars like the vehicle photographed here.

●

Alex Copland thought long and hard beford he handed this car over for a test. It is one of a handful of classic race cars left in the world. For 12 years, it has been cloistered in his Melbourne hideaway, rubbing shoulders with classics and vintagents of varying years, rarely seeing light of day. It has been loved, cherished, admired, doted on, fired and run frequently, but rarely driven, and certainly never by anyone else. But Copland, a debonair bachelor and bon vivant with a knowing smile and a masterful grip of the English language, has decided to show it to the world, for the first time in 12 years, at the Melbourne Motor Show. At the same time, he thought, it is only fitting it should stretch its legs.

The preparation of the vehicle for the Show has been entrusted to The Classic Car Centre, owned and operated by Bob Shannon at Melbourne's Cheltenham. This sort of car is precisely up Bob Shannon's alley, and he and sales executive Tony Stephens have invested 12 patient months to ease through the legal, financial and organisational tangles necessary to get this car, and more than 30 more classics, prepared for a display and auction during the show.

So it was at Shannons that I met the GT40. It sat in the security section of the premises, glowering like an imprisoned wild animal. More than 15 years down the racing design road, it still looks mean and vicious and brutishly purposeful. It stands much less than hip-height: in fact, the GT40 got its name because of its 40-inch height, a benchmark of the time.

The aerodynamically concealed door handles opened a door that swung outwards, biting a sizable mouthful out of the tiny roof at the same time. Without it, entry would have been impossible. As it was, the gearlever tried to hunt up the trouser leg, the steering wheel blocked the entry of the feet, and the walled sides barred body entry. It seemed a miracle that Skip Scott, an American, could have got one of these things off the line first in '66 after the sprint across pit straight.

Laid down in the hammock-seat, perforated for body breathing, it was pure race and absolutely “right” in feel. The cabin interior was nude of trim; naked floors and walls criss-crossed by plumbing and wiring, tunnelled under protective plates in vital body contact areas.

A tacho straight ahead through the alloy wheel shared the crude folded-metal dash with a brace of tiny dials to service engine condition. Way over on the left sat a speedo, reading ominously to 200mph. First gear alone could deliver half of that!

Porsche drivers will hate you!

A Porsche costs a lot. A Jeep Renegade doesn't.

A Porsche has a sun roof. You get more sun.

They get air conditioning. You get more air.

They have composite bumpers. You have a massive steel chassis.

True, they are a bit faster than you on the road.

But you'd leave them behind once you're off it.

They get admiring looks. Until you come along.

No wonder they hate you.

RENEGADE
Jeep
4 wheel drive
RADIAL

Now, this is really a sun roof! (Detachable hardtop comes as standard equipment.)

Very pretty blonde actress whose name we can't publish.

Power steering and auto transmission standard with 4.2 litre engine.

4.2 litre 6 cylinder automatic or 2.5 litre 4 cylinder with 5 speed manual overdrive floorshift.

Massive steel chassis gives enormous strength.

4WD for off-road adventures and incredible on-road traction.

Jeep® Renegade 4WD

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

MCR/JAL 4431

Simply Timeless

Giftworthy, classic and distinctive.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

In Rolled gold, Sterling Silver or 14 Kt Gold.
Australian Agents,
TALLERMAN & CO. PTY. LTD.
SYDNEY 698 5222 MELB 347 6422 BRIS 358 4999
ADEL 294 6922 PERTH 328 3300

T4302

Two toggle switches delivered ignition and power to the petrol pump. It settled from a fast beat to a steady tick when pressure on the side gauge hit the required 4psi. A button on the centre floor fired the 355bhp monster behind the shoulder blades and the cabin filled with noise as the dials lit up with action. A Real Man's clutch got the stumped alloy shift-lever into reverse, and the car out of the cage.

Flipping the safety catch over to protect reverse opened the lever to the rest of the gearbox.

First to almost 100mph, four more ratios to exploit the space to 200mph. And nowhere to use it, you say. Well, nowhere legally. But if asked, this machine will deliver 100mph (160km/h) in a city block from a standing start, and there isn't a decent chunk of highway a couple of kilometres straight and long where it couldn't hit 260km/h.

In Europe, there are places where you could use that, legally. In Australia there are only race tracks.

The ZF transmission has "positive interlock", which means you can only go up and down the box in precisely the correct number sequence — no skipping ratios.

Frank Gardner remembers the consequence of Pete Revson's muffed shift at Daytona with another transmission that allowed more liberal selection of gears: "Pete came off the banking at around 180mph and got the wrong gear. The car sledged and got airborne, taking the goosenecks off the overhead lights 50ft above the ground while inverted. It landed the same way, skidded on its head for an eternity and they pulled Revson out. He had a bent finger."

With a limit on time and distance, the very minimum of this test was conducted on unrestricted roads. But this was enough to feel how the thing came together with the application of a little power and speed. Neither fussy nor truckish in the way of most road-racers, the GT40 was civilised in the traffic, idling at 500rpm, and pulling off from the lights in any gear chosen — including fourth and fifth — without slipping the clutch.

Despite sizzling Melbourne weather (43 deg C average ambient during the test), the car didn't overheat, although the same can't be said for the occupants who were serviced by a couple of eyeball dash-vents and a talkie-talkie hole in the driver's sidescreen. The cabin temperature went over 50 deg C.

It was a lovely, if demanding, thing to drive. The metronomic beat of the fuel pump keeping time with the engine tempo. The screech of the competition clutch on the shifts. The soft sucking of the Weber throats as eight ports sought to drag sufficient air down into the engine's searing lungs.

Power starts simply *smash* the head into the room divider with the engine compartment. Power stops can bring you to the very edge of abdominal evacuation and power slides, to the brink of the same through the alternative orifice. And there are other problems. The car is equipped with SFA-vision rear view mirrors, although finding an empty hole in the next lane is really just a matter of pressing the right pedal for an instant and shifting over. It's literally impossible for anything else to be there.

There is almost no ground clearance, which means you don't go anywhere difficult without checking first. A belly-side periscope could be helpful. Yet it's little different from a Countach, and people drive those every day.

It's thirsty. It drank five gallons in 15 minutes at one stage, although its fuel tank size is accommodating. Just how accommodating is a matter of historical non-record. Ferrari, despite careful under-protest inspection, failed to discover the hidden reserve compartment at Le Mans. Fuel range is always a critical racing issue. When released in the UK, road versions would do 10-15 mpg, yielding 400 miles from the 31 gallon twin tanks.

●

When America's race fans switched off their sets at the end of the four-hour telecast on June 18, 1966, it looked like an all-American victory. Yet the first four hours are probably the least critical of all at Le Mans, and absolutely non-representative of finishing order expectations.

But more than 16 hours further on, the roaring Fordies were still one-two-three. It was then that Ford fumbled. Running hard in the rain, the drivers were instructed at the last pit stop to stage a dead-heat between the first two cars. The third was to sit in close behind, some said to make a V for victory signal. The *coup de grace*.

But it was not to be. Ford had failed to count on the French, who had decreed there could only be one winner at Le Mans. When the two cars breasted the checker together, the Le Mans organisers awarded the car that had travelled the greatest distance in 24 hours the victory. And the McLaren/Amon car had started just 24ft further down the grid.

It was an agonising error for the Ford team manager Leo Beebe; a mistake that cost the team, and their number one driver, the American hero Ken Miles, a certain all-American victory. Instead, two New Zealanders had prime spot on the victory rostrum.

For Ford, it was the only boo-boo in an immaculately executed one-two-three domination of the world's greatest distance event. They won in the fastest time, by the greatest margin in the history of the race, covering more distance at faster speeds than most winners in the last few years.

And they went on winning, largely by privateer effort, until the rules were switched at the end of the decade.

But 1966 was the landmark. For Ford and the GT40, it was a very good year.

TRUTH

(continued from page 128)

He wanted more but she put her hands up against him. “Sleep,” she said, “please sleep.”

others had she done it with? It really was a shit of a religion she was on about. Hookers for God, one American in London had said. He hadn't known whether to believe that then.

He couldn't understand it. He didn't need to understand it. If she couldn't tell it wasn't going to work on a guy, that was her bad luck. It was his good luck. It had worked out great as far as he was concerned. Lie back and enjoy it.

He reached over and lifted her hair aside from her face. "Hi," he said.

She opened her eyes and smiled. "It was good?" she said.

"It was fantastic."

"That's love, you see. You give love and you get love back."

He nodded. He was sliding his hand over her soft heavy breast.

"Say this," she said. "God, you are the truth and the life. Come into my heart with love."

He started to say it but he mixed it up. She made him say it after her to get it right.

"God is love," she said. "If we love one another, then we show our love of God."

He was moving his hand on her breast. She sank back and shut her eyes. "I love you," he said.

He didn't mean exactly love, but close enough.

"I love you also."

Then he couldn't hold still any longer, he began kissing her breasts again and he moved his hand lower.

She lay back sighing, then he moved on top of her.

"Try again," he said.

"Oh, yes."

That was the way it went, on and off, until the daylight outside the window was fading. Then a yellow light came on in the street and reflected in the glass. Sarah's hair looked like spilled honey in the bed's dark corner.

"What time is it?" she said.

"Bit past five."

"Oh, then we must eat soon."

"Yeah, it's been a while."

"Because in the morning I can't eat, so otherwise I will be hungry."

"What's happening in the morning?"

"Then I have to go on the bus to Paris. It leaves very early."

He didn't speak for a minute. "That's a bit sudden," he said.

"No, I bought it two days ago."

"You didn't say. I mean, I thought you'd be here longer. I thought you'd be here a while."

"Here with you?"

"Well, yeah."

"Oh, now I wish I could. But if I don't go, I don't have any more money."

"What will you do when you get to Paris?"

"Oh, I have friends there."

"What are you going to do tonight, then?"

"I thought here."

"I think that's the best thing, yeah."

He kissed her again. She was exactly the same but now it wasn't so good. The time limit wrecked it.

"The sooner we go down, the sooner we get back," he said.

They went down to the Pudding Shop and found seats in a corner. Sarah crowded her tray with plates. She said no when he paid for both meals, but with her hands full she couldn't stop him. She ate all of it, filling up.

He didn't feel like eating a lot so she finished his too.

"You're very kind," she said.

"No, least I could do."

Back upstairs she moved her belongings into his room for the night. Then there was nothing to do but go to bed again. She set a travelling alarm clock for six o'clock under the bed and they stripped and put out the light.

He was harder with her to get the most out of her in the time they had left. He couldn't come again, he didn't know why, but as long as he could stay hard he kept trying. Then she went down on him again. He wouldn't do that for her, but he played with her breasts and belly until she was tense and gasping. He enjoyed that too, he enjoyed anything with her, and he kept her there for at least as long as she could stand it. Then he was hard again and he went in her and came again after all.

He wanted more but she put her hands up against him. "Sleep," she said, "please sleep."

He couldn't stand to stop but at last she made him. He felt a gap had opened inside him and he couldn't get enough of her to fill it. He knew it was the end coming and he hated it. He couldn't do any more but he couldn't bear to stop trying. But finally she shook him off and turned over toward the wall, and he let her go. He lay awake a long while behind her.

In the morning he woke early in the dark, before the clock. Sarah was still asleep. Their legs touching and his arm was against her back.

He moved close in behind her.

She started to turn over. "Oh," she said. "What time is this?"

"Just morning."

"The clock."

"No, it hasn't gone yet."

"But you woke me."

"Turn over," he said. "Come on. We've got time."

She half turned. "But the bus is there," she said.

"No, it's too early. There's plenty of time."

She was rubbing her eyes, shaking her head.

"Please," he said. "Come on."

She turned fully toward him and he got his leg between hers. Then the clock on the floor started ringing.

He held on to her while it rang until the bell ran down.

"I must go," she said.

"No, stay here."

"But the bus is coming."

"No, stay here with me."

"But I have no money."

"I've got money. That doesn't matter."

"But you see I must go. There's work I have to do."

"Oh, bugger all that. Stay here. Look, please stay here. I want you to."

"No, no," she said. She was pushing against him in the dark.

"I love you," he said. "Honestly. I truly love you. I want to get you out of all this stuff."

He meant it then. She stopped pushing, and he hoped she could tell. Then she pushed harder and after all it was no good. He had her against the wall, but he sat up and let her pass.

Under the weak light he watched her pale body disappear into the pullovers and jeans for the last time. She didn't glance at him until she was covered. He dressed quickly too, and he locked the room and went down with her, across the road and the little bare park in the growing light to the old buses parked beyond the trees.

One was open and people were getting in. "You leave at seven?" Sarah asked.

"Yah, seven. Are you both coming?"

"No, only me."

"You better get on now for a good seat."

At the bus door he couldn't think what to say to her.

"I love you," he said again.

"You must love everybody," Sarah said. "That's the most important thing in the world."

She was smiling her old way, with her thick blonde hair nearly over her lovely face. He pushed it aside and kissed her cheek.

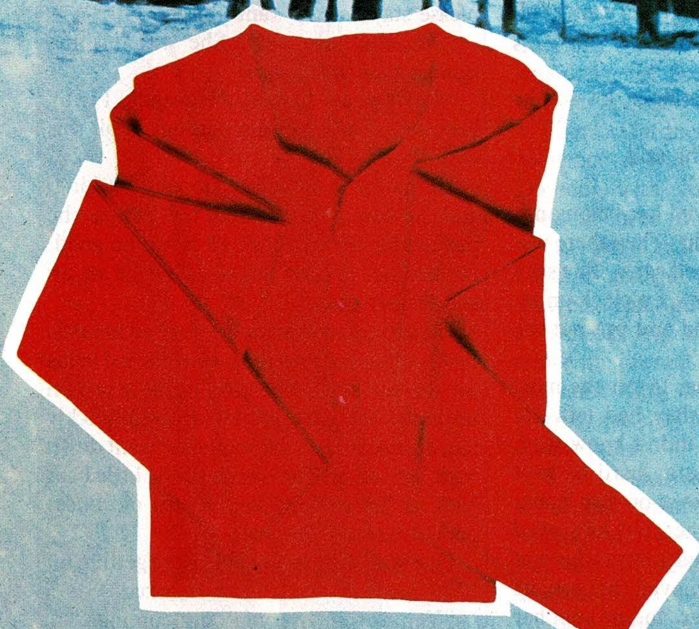
"Go on, get in," he said. He pushed her up with her long cotton bags and then turned away.

In the park over the road he stopped by a bare tree. He saw her head at a window, and she saw him and waved. He waited over there in the cold while the last passengers got in and the bus started and coughed and rumbled down the road.

He lost sight of her and then the bus was gone in the distance.

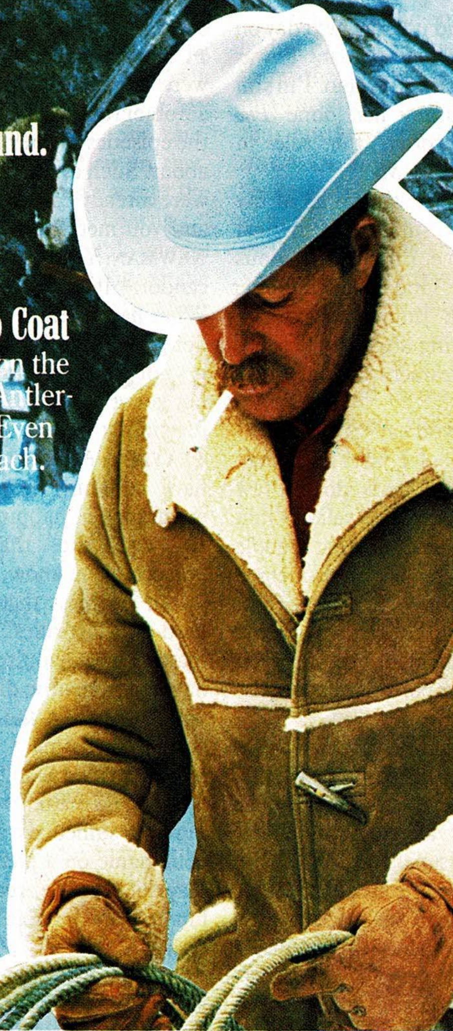
Come on in and look around.
The Marlboro Country Store

We've opened the Marlboro Country Store and we're inviting folks in to have a look around. Just browse around these pages, and see what you'd like.

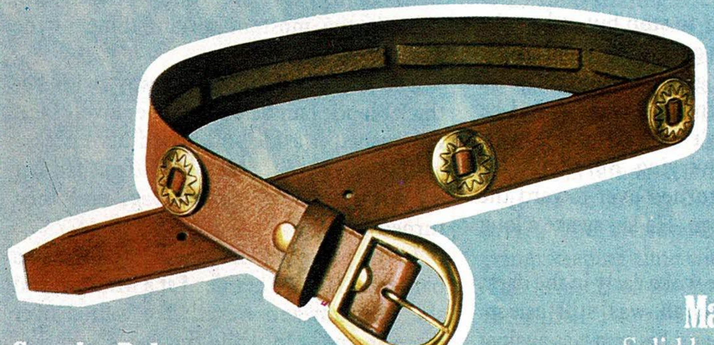


Marlboro Red Thermal Shirt
Mighty comfortable indoors and out. 35% cotton. 65% polyester. Sizes: small (32–34), medium (36–38), large (40–42). $15.00 each.

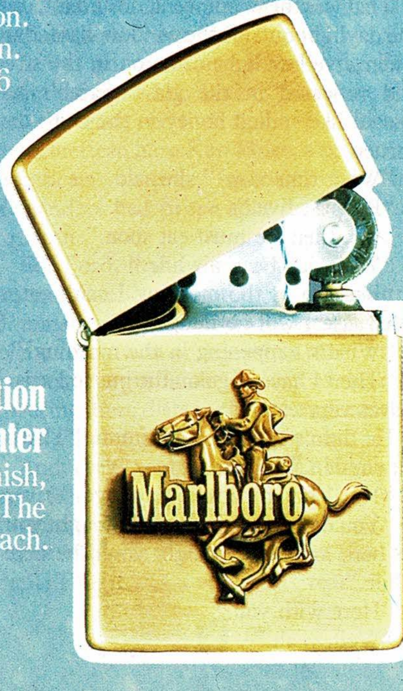
Winter Range Vest
Natural range leather and wool-lined for warmth. The collar buttons up for extra protection. Colour: Saddle tan. Even sizes: 36–46 $150.00 each.



The Famous Marlboro Coat
Soft, double-stitched lambskin on the outside. Inside, warm lamb's wool. Antler-tip buttons. Colour: natural brown. Even sizes: 36–46. $250.00 each.



Concha Belt
Tough bridle leather. 1½ inches wide. The buckle is solid brass; the conchas are brass in a star-burst design. Sizes: small (30–34), medium (36–38) and large (40–42). $25.00 each.



Special Edition Marlboro Zippo Lighter
Solid brass case, antique finish, with brass miniature of "The Marlboro Roper". $15.00 each.

Marlboro
WARNING—SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

Send order form with cheque or money order only (no cash, please) payable to:
The Marlboro Country Store P.O. Box 5000, Albert Park. Vic. 3206,
or charge your Bankcard No. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

SIGNATURE .... CARD EXPIRY DATE ....
Offer not available in South Australia due to legal restrictions in that state.

QTY.	NAME OF ITEM	SIZE	PRICE EACH	TOTAL PRICE
(insurance and postage are prepaid)		GRAND TOTAL:		

NAME ....
ADDRESS...
CITY ....
STATE ....POSTCODE ....

Offer available to persons over 18 years of age. Offer good in Australia only. Offer lasts until December 31, 1983 or while supplies last. Please allow 4–6 weeks for delivery.

PB

Marlboro
SPECIAL MILD
WARNING—SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

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PAUL NEWMAN

(continued from page 37)

To be asked to do a commercial in the US is a sign that you're on the take or on the skids.

Picnic, I was up for a live-television role. James Dean and I were supposed to do a TV show called *The Battler,* with Jimmy playing the lead and me in a supporting role. Then he was killed. They asked me to play his part. I said, "I can't do that, emotionally." But I did it—the next day on television, live. Soon after that, I was offered the role of Rocky Graziano. I'm still convinced that if Jimmy had done *The Battler,* he'd have gotten the role in *Somebody Up There Likes Me.*

Thinking back to that, and to all of my experience since, I suppose I'm just surprised that I'm alive. I'm not a religious person: you can't say God is looking after *you* because He took Jimmy Dean. You can't say God is looking after *you* because He gave your pilot an earache but put the 15 other guys in coffins.

PLAYBOY: What *can* you say?

NEWMAN: Well, I guess I just. . . Listen: there was some kind of study done a few years ago — I don't know if it's valid — that measured the many reasons that people ended up in a particular high-income group. It turned out that being in the right place at the right time was the most significant factor. Knowing the right person was the second most important thing. Skills came in third.

[*The locale shifts from Fort Lauderdale to Newman's home in Beverly Hills.*]

PLAYBOY: Define Newman's luck, once and for all, as it has affected your looks, your career, your personal life.

NEWMAN: It starts with the luck of genetics. In the business I'm in, I seem to have the right physical appearance. It's not just a question of attractiveness or unattractiveness. It means I have a metabolism that keeps me thin. I'm also shy, and shyness is strictly a genetic trait. Now, *how* people deal with shyness is something else. Will it make you try harder the next year? With me it was. . . well, if I were a dog, I would be a terrier. I always see them as dogs that are trying to handle bones that are much too big for them, trying to dig up bones under fences when the fences are too deeply embedded. I am lucky to a fault, but I am also very determined. I will somehow *get* that bone. I will get someone who weighs 300 pounds to *stomp* on the bone! I'll get a Mercedes-Benz to *drive* over the bone! Anyway, if I ever write an autobiography, it will be called *The Way It Looks from Up Here in the Plum Tree.* [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: Why a plum tree?

NEWMAN: I don't know. I guess a plum tree has always been where kings and queens sit.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you written it?

NEWMAN: I suppose if I really wrote an autobiography, I would have to get into who did what to whom, when I did what and how, and I don't think that's anybody's business. This is the great age of candor, the age of the *New York Post* and the *National Enquirer,* but *my* theme for the '80s is "Fuck candor."

PLAYBOY: That's appropriate, because we were going to dip into your unwritten autobiography and ask you about some of the episodes in your life you've never talked about. Such as the period in 1953 when you were already married, with three children, and you met Joanne.

NEWMAN: Yeah, and *that's* why I say fuck candor. It's simply nobody's business. What happened to us during that period is not gonna help anybody live a happy life — it's not going to help people's marriages, it's not going to destroy their marriages — and it's simply nobody's business.

PLAYBOY: Although since that time, you have certainly set a showbiz record for endurance in happiness and marriage.

NEWMAN: And that *also* is nobody's business. You know, there are a lot of things in our business that seem to have become hard-and-fast rules. One of them is that no matter what you're doing — if you're having a romantic dinner with your wife, if you're shooting the bull with the kids, if you're discussing a script with a friend, if you're just walking happily down Fifth Avenue, no matter *what* you're doing — you must, if somebody asks you, stop and put your name on a piece of paper. Now, that may not be in the area of invasion of privacy, but it *is* in the area of violation of human rights.

PLAYBOY: All right. But your complaint about autograph signing is a common one among celebrities. Why did you feel *you* could stop?

NEWMAN: I can tell you *when* I stopped. I was standing at a urinal at Sardi's in New York and a guy came through the door with a piece of paper and a pen in his hand. Since that moment, I've thought about the foolishness of it and the indecency of it and realised there was *no* situation that could not be violated. Thinking back on that moment, I wonder, What do I do with my hands? Do I wash them first and then shake hands? Or do I shake hands and then wash up?

PLAYBOY: Where would the press rank on your enemies list? You've been bitter on a couple of occasions in the past.

NEWMAN: Well, you've got *The New York Times, The Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times,* which try to be responsible newspapers. But it's just tragic that a newspaper like the *New York Post,* with its heritage — pedigree is a better word — should have to fall into the hands of people who have a sleazy editorial philosophy. They've really savaged me pretty good with phony captions under pictures, turbulence where there was no turbulence, turmoil where no turmoil existed.

PLAYBOY: About what?

NEWMAN: Once, the *Post* printed something like, "Newman has finally succumbed to doing Japanese commercials for Datsun in the United States." I *have* done some commercials in Japan, which they pointed out.

PLAYBOY: What was so bad about that?

NEWMAN: The only thing I've done in the US is a public-service thing about safety belts. That's what I did, for which I got nothing. The difference is that it's my perception that to be asked to do a commercial in Japan is considered a great honor, especially if you're a foreigner. To be asked to do a commercial in *this* country is a sign that you're on the take or on the skids. That's my perception.

PLAYBOY: You mean you've never been tempted to do a US commercial?

NEWMAN: The closest I ever came to doing one was for Polaroid. We were in negotiations, and then the lawyer from Polaroid pissed me off.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

NEWMAN: He started telling people that they were paying me too much — that they had given away the store to get me. And that got back to me.

I got mad. I said I didn't want to work for people who thought they were getting screwed. So I backed out. I understand the Polaroid attorney got fired about 12 hours later.

Anyway, while I'm wound up about the press, there was also *People* magazine. When it came out, I was told it was going to be a very respectable, responsible magazine. I did one of its early cover stories. Subsequently, I felt it was sort of becoming a gossip rag. I was asked to do a new story. I refused. So they put me on the cover anyway, without an interview. They even raised the issue price. Then, when I was campaigning for Ramsey Clark for the Senate in 1976, the campaign manager said that a *People* reporter wanted to go along on the aeroplane. I agreed but thought it was really gonna be a bad mistake. When the article finally came out, sure enough, the headline was: "RAMSEY CLARK FINDS A GIMMICK IN PAUL NEWMAN." Now, I had campaigned for him several times before that, and it was just untrue on the face of it! So I've never been interested in doing anything with *People* since.

Then there was *Time* magazine —

PLAYBOY: For which you've done a recent cover story.

NEWMAN: Yeah, well, my dance card's been full. Anyway, for a long while — and because of *Time* — I wouldn't drink Coors beer. *That* was really a strange situation: back in the mid-'70s, Coors was trying to dispel a rumor that it had unfair hiring procedures. The fact that Joe and Bill Coors were considered very conservative politically is irrelevant. That's what a democracy is supposed to be about. The liberals won't tell you that; the liberals want only one party —theirs. But my firm feeling is that you've got to have two parties and one of 'em's gonna be conservative: that's the name of the game. I certainly wouldn't have had any ill feelings because the executive of a beer company was of a very conservative political cloth.

Well, around that time, somebody from *Time* was doing an article about Coors, talked to me, and I pointed out that Coors was environmentally more progressive than almost any other brewer. I didn't know about unfair hiring practices. But then the guy from *Time* said he had seen a $50,000 cheque to Anita Bryant, written by Joe Coors. Now, that *wasn't* political; it was anti-gay, meaning anti-human rights. So I said I *did* feel injured by that. That information found its way into *Time,* which said I had therefore switched from Coors to Budweiser.

In fact, at that time, I was starting to go into racing other than my own cars and we were looking for sponsors. Several of them were beer sponsors. Budweiser, Michelob and Coors seemed good to me. None had forced fermentation or forced carbonation and I liked the beer.

I went with Budweiser and I've stayed with them happily.

But, anyway, the guy from *Time* said he had seen the cheque to Bryant, right? About two years later, Peter Coors came by. He was a gentleman I really liked. And we were at MGM and chatted for a couple of hours. He handed me a newspaper article in which a gay minister in San Francisco admitted starting the rumor that Joe Coors had written a cheque for $50,000 to Bryant. There had *been* no cheque to her. I'm still looking for that guy from *Time.*

PLAYBOY: You pride yourself on your sense of humor and on being unpredictable. What else?

NEWMAN: I pride myself on being on time. In almost four years of theatre, I missed only one performance, and that was because I had a 24-hour case of the flu. And in 30 years, I have missed five days of shooting — all at once, because I had the flu. I think in 25 or 30 years, I've been late maybe five times. In fact, I had a needle-point made and framed for Redford that said, PUNCTUALITY IS THE COURTESY OF KINGS.

PLAYBOY: You and Redford have been playing practical jokes on each other for quite a while.

NEWMAN: It's more than that. They're out-and-out hustles. Now, the secret of any hustle is that you have to have information that the other guy doesn't have. Redford is a very good athlete. I wish I could get *him* into the racing business. He indicated on the set during *Butch Cassidy* that he had been a rather good fencer in high school. And he'd say he was good enough to whip anybody in a radius of 10 miles. Our director, George Roy Hill, heard that, and the information that he had was that his assistant, Bobby Crawford, had almost gone to the Olympics out of Yale as a fencer. Hill came to me and said, "I don't quite know how to get the hustle moving, but it will go in the following direction: I will challenge Redford to a fencing match and bet him $50 that I can whip him. He will know that there's no way I can whip him and will agree to the match. Around Friday, I'll start to complain about back problems, and Saturday, the day of the match, I'll say that I'm not able to compete. And Redford, being an honorable man, will give me back my $50. I will then suggest an alternative: my second. Redford, being a confident man, will accept the second. My second will then whip his brain." So I said, "Well, we've got one tragic flaw in that, George. He'll smell it and won't accept the second. I'll bet you two dollars he won't." So I see the opportunity for a double reverse hustle. I can go to Crawford and suggest the following scenario: that he win the first four touches and then let Redford take the next five, just to make it obvious that the thing had been thrown. And at the end of the match, Crawford and I would be seen exchanging a lot of money. So that would mean Hill was hustled, betrayed by his own kind, while Redford was hustled by Hill — and I would have outhustled both of them!

> *If anything, I guess I'm bourgeois. Sure, I've smoked grass, but I've never done anything else. I'm a square.*

PLAYBOY: What happened?

NEWMAN: Well, there are always imponderables to the hustling business. Crawford giggled and laughed and thought it was terrific. So everything was set. On Thursday, Hill went up to Redford and said, "My back is bothering me," On Friday, he said, "My back is bothering me a *lot.*" On Saturday, an hour before the match, he said, "I forfeit." And Redford immediately walked over to George and asked for his money. And Hill said, "Do you mean to tell me that you're going to take that $50 from a cripple?" Redford said, "You're goddamn right I am." So much for charity. Hill said, "What about accepting a substitute?" So at that point, Hill was out $50 and I was out two dollars, right? Well, at least we had Crawford to count on. The match started on the steps of our hotel in Mexico. Redford is left-handed, and they were using foils. He fenced absolutely defensively and would hardly move. Crawford got the first touch. Redford got the second. Crawford got the third. They got even at four-four. *I* didn't know what was going on. Finally, with a big lunge, Crawford got the winning touch. Redford gave Hill back his $50. So Hill and Redford were even. *I* was the only one who was out — two dollars! I couldn't believe it had backfired. So I went over to Crawford and said, "What happened?" And he said, "Well, I thought it was a terrific plan until I went upstairs and told my wife. She said, 'Bobby, if you throw the match, I'm going back to Los Angeles and I don't think I'll ever speak to you again.'"

So that was the one imponderable that I hadn't figured on: his wife wouldn't let him throw the match.

PLAYBOY: You disappoint us. Surely, *one* of your hustles worked to your satisfaction.

NEWMAN: Well, there *was* the Great Newman-Redford Porsche Hustle. No, wait. *He* won that one.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about it anyway.

NEWMAN: Redford was driving along a road and saw this Porsche that had hit a tree at about 130 miles an hour. It had been cannibalised. He had the thing picked up and delivered to me as a present. Well, I turned around and had the thing compacted. I found a lady who knew about Redford's burglar alarm at home, and she helped us bypass it. We left the compacted Porsche inside his vestibule with a note: ALTHOUGH HE APPRECIATES IT, MR NEWMAN IS RETURNING THIS GIFT TO YOU VERY SIMPLY BECAUSE HE CANNOT GET THE MOTHERFUCKER STARTED.

PLAYBOY: Then why do you say that Redford won that hustle?

NEWMAN: He never admitted that it was returned! He also trained his wife and his kids not to say a word about it. The car never arrived at his house, according to him.

PLAYBOY: But you know that it did.

NEWMAN: *I* put it there!

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other confessions?

NEWMAN: Well, if anything, I guess I'm bourgeois. Sure, I've smoked grass, but I've never done anything else. I'm a square.

PLAYBOY: How square is that?

NEWMAN: I'll show you how naive I am. At one time, I saw these silver razor-blade necklaces and thought, How marvellous. You wear your razor blade, and if things get really tough, you go [*mimics slitting his throat*]. I thought that was *so* funny. So I bought one and I thought nothing about it. Somebody took a couple of photographs of me somewhere and they were all in dope-oriented magazines. That's just how naive I was. I mean, I didn't know from [*makes a snorting noise*]

PLAYBOY: But you *did* know from booze.

NEWMAN: Sure. I drank whiskey a lot. For a while, it really screwed me up. There are periods of my life in which I don't take any particular pride, but I don't know why those times should be for public consumption. But the people who continue to

(continued on page 144)

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PAUL NEWMAN

(continued from page 141)

I don't think you can stop scrapping just because it looks like you're fighting a losing battle.

do these things to excess, well, I think the core of all those people is that they really don't like themselves very much. The ones who can't control it have got to be in such a state when self-indulgence turns to self-destruction.

PLAYBOY: Your own life was touched by a drug tragedy — the death of your son, Scott. A few days ago, when we were talking at your house and your daughter Susan was talking about Scott, I noticed that you put your head in your hands.

NEWMAN: I don't know how I'm ever going to respond to that at any given moment. Sometimes it's okay and sometimes it's not.

PLAYBOY: Where were you when you heard the news?

NEWMAN: I was at Kenyon College, directing a student play, when I got the call.

PLAYBOY: It must have been a horrible moment.

NEWMAN: [*Tenses up*] I don't know. In a way, I had been waiting for that call for 10 years. Somehow, my body mechanism built me an anaesthetic for when it really happened. I was. . . a lot of things when I got that call. I was probably more pissed off than anything.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean you had waited for that call for 10 years?

NEWMAN: I think the difficulties start when both people start working. And then I think, probably, at some point, both people give up. And that can be 10 years down the pipe. Scott and I had simply lost the ability to help each other. I had lost the ability to help him, and he had lost the ability to help himself.

PLAYBOY: When you got the news that Scott had died, you kept going, didn't you?

NEWMAN: There was nothing else I *could* do. I guess it's funny now; I hardly know a family that isn't touched by it. I'm really more surprised that it simply seems to be getting worse. It doesn't make any difference whether it's LSD or angel dust or cocaine or booze. People are just looking around for a sledge hammer somewhere along the line. I gave up hard liquor because I simply couldn't handle it. That was my sledge hammer. We were finishing shooting *Sometimes A Great Notion.* I don't know if it was the pressure of the picture, but I *really* was out of line. I've always been fascinated with why one embraces the sledge hammer. This is not just for John Doe, it's probably applicable to myself, but they say you can take the kid out of Shaker Heights, but you can't take Shaker Heights out of the kid. Well, *oh* yes, you can! You can do that very simply with a fifth of good Scotch. Because then you can never tell what the kid's likely to do.

PLAYBOY: At what point in your relationship with Scott did you realise that you had lost it?

NEWMAN: I don't know that there was any given instance. I just realised that whatever I was doing in trying to be helpful was not being helpful at all. In fact, it could have been harmful.

PLAYBOY: You've always considered yourself politically active, haven't you?

NEWMAN: Yes, even though I've been deceived.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about supporting Lyndon Johnson?

NEWMAN: Yes, in 1964. I went to the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City. I campaigned for Johnson because he said he would reduce troop strength in Vietnam. He said he would de-escalate. He said he would get us out. Goldwater said he wanted a build-up. Johnson won the election and did the opposite. I had been severely had, especially when the Pentagon Papers later came out. The decision to escalate had actually been made before the convention!

PLAYBOY: Is there anything that really upsets you about Reagan's outlook?

NEWMAN: Yeah. "You gotta get tough with the Russians." Go ahead, guys, get tough. But then the specifics are left up to people who recognise only hardware. The interesting thing is that they're not asking the right questions. There are a lot of answers; but those answers are to the wrong questions. Nobody's asking the right questions.

PLAYBOY: What *are* the right questions?

NEWMAN: In a world in which there are 50,000 nuclear warheads — I call them the great relaxers in the sky — do you increase your own national security by decreasing the national-security opponents? In conventional terms, of course, that concept would work. In nuclear terms, it doesn't work at all. But nobody's asking the questions: How much is enough? Will the concept of civilian defence work? I think it's ludicrous. Civil defence is dependent upon the cooperation of your enemies. Can you believe the Government actually thinks it will be possible to evacuate cities in a nuclear war? It would take about a week to do it. Don't you think the Soviets will notice? And if they do, do they launch on warning? I can just hear it. "Guys, give us a week so our civilian-defence thing will work." Well, you can't move 100,000,000 people. It's absurd. It seems to me that if this is going to function as participatory democracy, then people have to be preoccupied with knowledge and turn it into something that entitles them to the freedoms they have. That subject is not difficult.

PLAYBOY: But you can sure make things look dark.

NEWMAN: You mustn't forget Newman's second law: just when things look darkest, they go black.

PLAYBOY: And where are we now on the brightness scale?

NEWMAN: Sorry, I can't think of a darker time in recent history. I am disturbed about what I don't know, but I am much more disturbed about what *they* don't know.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you give up? You paint an overwhelmingly gloomy picture.

NEWMAN: Well, I suppose I'm a still-operational cynic. But I don't think you can stop scrapping just because it looks like you're fighting a losing battle. You've got to let them know you're still out there.

PLAYBOY: At least Nixon knew you were out there. In 1973, when his enemies list was released, there was Paul Newman's name right at the top.

NEWMAN: Well, I could figure out that my name was up there for only one reason — because there were certainly a lot of bigger guns than myself. But one day, when I was campaigning for Eugene McCarthy in New Hampshire, in 1968, I was met at the airport with a brand-new Jaguar. I said, "Boy, that's a nifty car. How come we got away from Rent-A-Wrecks?" And someone said, "Well, the Jaguar dealer is going to give it to us to use for three days up here." And then I found out, just as I was leaving, that the Jag dealer was covering his bets. Nixon was coming up for the next three days and *he* was going to get the Jaguar. So I put a little note on the dashboard and it said, DEAR MR NIXON: YOU SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE DRIVING THIS CAR AT ALL, BECAUSE IT HAS A VERY TRICKY CLUTCH. And that's the only reason I could figure that I was on the enemies list.

PLAYBOY: The only reason?

NEWMAN: Well, I think that's the one that pushed him over.

PLAYBOY: How do you see yourself at 73? Or *do* you see yourself at 73?

NEWMAN: Well, every once in a while, when the world is looking particularly gloomy, I wish there were a halfway house where I could really go, have my friends around me, have one last bash and say, "I'll see ya."

PLAYBOY: Seriously? End it yourself?

NEWMAN: Well, I'd like to have the courage to go *some* way like that, to hit a wall at terminal speed or something. And yet there are a lot of people I've known who've had that philosophy in their 40s but who hung on by their fingernails as they slipped off into the other world.

PLAYBOY: And what will it be for you? Terminal-speed impact or a slow, painful demise?

NEWMAN: I don't think I really have a choice. It's much bigger than one person. Also, I'm not quite ready to go yet. [*A sly smile creases his face*] After all, salad dressing was just the beginning!

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BUCKET

(continued from page 46)

"On a personal level, I quite like Hinze. He has ability and humor and he isn't a bloody hypocrite."

went against Lewis because Hinze thinks Lewis has too much power. And Joh, of course, can't afford to let anyone hurt his para-military arm — the police.

"On a personal level, I quite like Hinze. He has ability and humor and he isn't a bloody hypocrite. There's a lot of hypocrites on both sides of the House. And Hinze has the ability to use plain everyday bloody language."

The Queensland Labor Party: "Well Tommy Burns (former parliamentary leader) is okay, but he can't stay with an issue. He'll come out on apples today and tomorrow he'll be on bloody bridges. Most of the others are fairly dull. Keith Wright is dull. Some of my colleagues avoid attacking police corruption because they don't like that sort of work. A terrible lot of politicians are frightened of police, frightened the police can make it hard for them in their electorates, which is *bullshit*. . .I can make it a lot harder for police in my electorate than they can make it for me. I've been trying to get through to my colleagues that the only way to get into government in Queensland is to expose the corruption that exists within *this* Government."

Kevin Joseph Hooper: "Well, I'd be — ahh, shit (pause for brief, uncomfortable clash with modesty) — I'd be regarded as the wittiest speaker in the House. Bruce Bishop (Liberal, Surfers Paradise) said I was the best bucket-tipper in Parliament. I prefer to call it 'The Expose'. I'm the only one who consistently worries the Government. The others (in the ALP) don't seem to see the broad picture or know when to go in for the kill. You gotta know your subject and have a coupla bloody phrases. It's no good attacking, though, unless you have a bit of wit. Old Gough had a great persistent style of attack and a tongue like a bloody razor. In the House, my greatest buckets of shit are usually preceded by my most benign smiles."

"And now, if it please the court. . ."

An assistant police commissioner, Vern McDonald, used to shudder whenever Hooper rose in Parliament to praise him and his work. Hooper did it to infuriate the commissioner, Terry Lewis — a Joh appointee — but McDonald realised the implications.

"Oh no," he would groan, holding his brow, "the kiss of death!" Despite Bucket's image as a larrikin and a joker, no one could understand what was happening on April 1, 1982, when he appeared on the local current affairs program *Today-Tonight*, as the new assistant police commissioner.

Deadpan, Hooper told interviewer John Barton that he had resigned from the ALP and had received *carte blanche* from Premier Joh to immediately investigate the books and internal operation of the controversial Bjelke-Petersen Foundation trust fund.

In Inala, predictably enough, people really hate white-collar crime. Hooper on white-collar crime: "In Queensland, the really big white-collar crooks ruin thousands of people and get away with it. Some years ago, following attacks by me on the lack of police expertise in these matters, the Government seconded members of the fraud squad to the Corporate Affairs Department to investigate white-collar crime.

"I applauded this. Imagine if a wealthy company director was charged with fraud. The average cop wouldn't have sufficient grasp of the balance sheets to investigate. So they began sending accountants out to investigate. Ideal. But all of a sudden, they removed the fraud squad from Corporate Affairs. And the reason they did is because with this system they were getting too close to the top people in Queensland crime. The Government was protecting its own."

At the Chinese restaurant the following day, Hooper can't seem to get off the subject of Finch's budgie. "Even page three would be okay," he tells *Courier Mail* journalist Marion Smith, "if I get a photo, too."

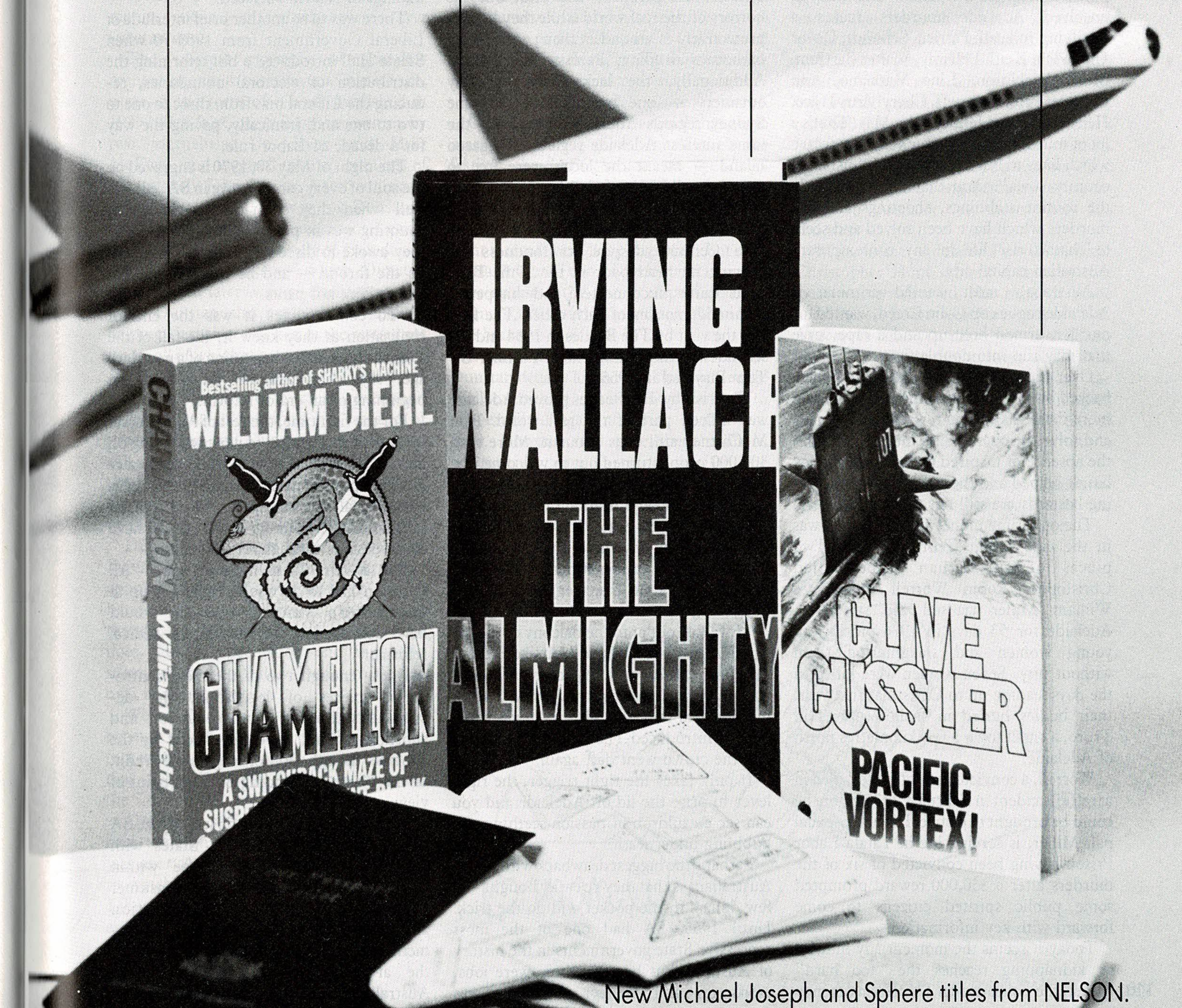
We have become a very noisy gathering. Other diners regard Hooper with awe and fear. He is talking about how dignified Bill Hayden was in defeat. "If they did it to me, I'd kick! Ooohh, I'd leave some scars. I know all the cupboards where the skeletons are kept. I'd enjoy it, too!"

Hooper stabs a prawn, wolfs it down between sentences.

"You know," he says, "I've bucketed so many people that sometimes, when I meet people, I can't remember what I've said about them! It can make things a bit awkward."

•

Footnote: Dr Evil and Hooper's budgie for Finch story *was* knocked off the front page by election stories. Bucket rang Hayden at home: "You unreasonable bastard," he said, "if you'd waited a few more days, this would never have happened!"



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CARNAGE

(continued from page 58)

If you can manage to take your mind off the carnage, Adelaide really isn't such a bad place to live.

not to allow their teenage sons to go anywhere alone at night.

Adelaide's reputation as the mystery capital of Australia started in 1966 with an incident which still sends shivers through every parent in the country. The Beaumont children, Jane, nine, Anna, seven, and Grant, four, were playing on the main city beach at Glenelg when somehow, in broad daylight, they were spirited away never to be seen again.

Years later, two more children, Kirste Gordon and Joanne Ratcliffe, vanished from Adelaide Oval in the middle of the city as completely as if an unseen hand had plucked them off the planet. The litany of unsolved Adelaide murders makes a terrifying roll call: Patricia Schmidt, Davor Unkovich, Keith Bellamy, Walter Bartram, Maria Dickinson, Lina Marciano, Ann Roberts, Peter Stogneff, Cheryl Ann Trace, Helena Olds and Jeffrey John May. That's a lot of murder in the last few years for a place which likes to bill itself cosily as "just a big country town". And that doesn't include the routine stabbings, shootings and axe murders which have been solved and seem to characterise life in any contemporary Australian capital city.

Australia's most wanted criminal is Adelaide rogue cop Colin Creed, wanted for murder, armed hold-up and a rape spree that may run into double figures.

Over the past 17 years, Adelaide police, backed by the SA Government, have put up more than $200,000 in reward money to try and solve the outstanding murders. But, in the absence of inspired police work, money hasn't helped and those psychotic murdering bastards are still out there somewhere.

The only time money did get results was in the case of the Truro murders. Two pieces of sub-human slime called Christopher Robin Worrell and James William Miller cruised the streets of Adelaide for 53 days in 1976 picking up young women and slaughtering them without pity. Seven women were killed in the days leading up to Christmas that year, their bodies buried in shallow graves in Truro, a small town a few kilometres north of Adelaide.

Worrell, a convicted sex offender, died in a traffic accident in February 1977 before he could be brought to justice. His homosexual pal, Miller, is serving life in Yatala Labor Prison having been convicted of six of the murders after a $30,000 reward prompted some public spirited citizens to come forward with key information.

Today it seems the moment any murder or kidnapping reaches the "too hard" basket, the police are on TV offering money to anyone who can help them out. This probably does little to reassure a rattled public.

If you can manage to take your mind off the carnage, Adelaide really isn't such a bad place to live. There are obvious advantages to being an isolated jewel, however flawed. The clamor and influence of the outside world have been muted by distance; in many respects Adelaide remains blissfully unpolluted by progress and it has been easy for its inhabitants to grow smug and complacent.

Housing is relatively cheap and it has been easier here for people to buy their quarter acre stockade and shut out the horrors of the real world while they huddle protectively around their flickering barbecues drinking Barossa Valley reds. Additionally, the lack of interest by outsiders — one businessman told me Sydney regards Adelaide with about the same interest Adelaide regards Kangaroo Island — meant the locals were free to engage in all kinds of skulduggery.

Funnily enough, two events helped drag Adelaide kicking and screaming into the 20th Century despite its fondness for burying its head back in the 19th. They were quite unconnected and happened within 12 months of each other. The first was the visit by The Beatles in 1964 and the second was the retirement of Premier Sir Tom Playford in 1965.

The visit by The Beatles proved Adelaide was indeed part of the real world. Paul McCartney still talks about it. More than 300,000 people turned out to welcome The Beatles to Adelaide and in 1964 that must have been bloody near a quarter of the population of the State. It was the biggest crowd they had anywhere. Ever. Including New York. No wonder it made disc jockey (now 5AD station manager) Bob Francis famous.

"I walked out onto the balcony of the old South Australia Hotel and I felt like Hitler," says Bob. "There was this ocean of faces all screaming and shouting and when I stuck out one arm they all shut up. It was eerie. Then I introduced The Beatles one by one and the crowd went daft again."

It only takes the right trigger, the right lever to prise the lid off Adelaide and you can see a cauldron of passion seething and bubbling underneath.

Perhaps the biggest drawback with South Australians is that they're easily bought — a few dollars in the pocket will do the trick. Until 1965, SA had one of the most repressive State governments in the history of Australia but because there were jobs, mortgages and money, everybody was happy. Tom Playford held power for three decades. "That was thanks to a gerrymander that made Jo Bjelke-Petersen's look fair," says Dr Dean Jaensch, senior lecturer in politics at Flinders University. "In 1965 SA was light years behind even Queensland in legislation," he adds.

"I was 25 when Playford retired but I didn't feel repressed, the economy was booming and there was no sense of Queensland-style repression. Much of it was because of the man. He was blind to electoral reform but there was no doubt about his commitment and he stood over SA like a colossus."

But the urge for reform among progressives was building. Playford only stayed in power because the Playmander, as it was known, weighted the vote three to one in favor of rural Liberals.

When Playford retired and the Walsh Labor government won power with Don Dunstan as attorney-general, the first inklings of reform surfaced.

There was to be another brief interlude of Liberal Government from 1968-70 when Steele Hall introduced a bill reforming the distribution of electoral boundaries, reducing the Liberal bias from three to one to two to one and, ironically, paving the way for a decade of Labor rule.

The night of May 30, 1970 is engraved on the soul of every conservative in SA. All was well when they went to bed and vote counting was in progress but the next day they awoke to discover the anti-Christ was on the throne — and he was wearing hot pants. Pink hot pants.

"To conservatives it was the end of civilisation as they knew it, the fall of the Roman Empire, the beginning of a new dark age," says Dean Jaensch. "To us it was the beginning of an era of reform."

For the first time, the rest of Australia sat up and paid attention to what was going on in SA. Here was this dull backwater gleefully putting itself through the wringer, changing all the rules, transforming itself into a social laboratory which could have repercussions throughout the nation.

But as Dr Jaensch points out: "All Dunstan had to do was to bring SA up to Queensland's standard and he would have looked like an absolutely radical reformer."

Oddly enough two of the most controversial pieces of legislation, the decriminalisation of homosexuality and abortion reform, were introduced by the Liberals though Don often gets the credit, or the blame, depending on your point of view.

What Don Dunstan did do was to take SA to the forefront of all the States with legislation which covered rape within marriage, equal opportunity, consumer protection, freedom of information accompanied by reorganisation of government administration, massive subsidies for the arts, establishment of the South Australian Film Corporation, consolidation of the bi-annual festival of the arts and establishment of the Festival Centre as a cultural showcase to rival the Sydney Opera House. It all combined to make SA an electrifying place to live.

Don Dunstan became a national celebrity. When he walked down Rundle Mall, people would stop whatever they were doing and watch him, a crowd would form, people would want to come up to him, to touch him. For all the notoriety he created, he had unquestionable star quality.

To his supporters, Dunstan was the greatest statesman South Australia has ever had. To his enemies, he was a Melanesian half-caste bastard poof, a particularly ripe piece of opprobrium that even caused Dunstan to chuckle in private. However electrifying the Dunstan years may have been, no one can say he had a smooth ride.

Critics seized on anything to discredit him. The Adelaide rumor mill spat out allegations of favoritism, sexual impropriety, professional misconduct, egomania, none of which were ever substantiated.

The juiciest example of scandal-mongering, not to mention epic ingratitude, came in the form of a book published in 1979 called *It's Grossly Improper*, written by two journalists, Des Ryan and Mike McEwin, and inspired by the ramblings of the unlovely John Ceruto. A self-confessed junkie who wormed his way into Dunstan's inner circle as an executive assistant, Ceruto claimed he once wore a pair of pink denim shorts — hot pants — which Dunstan admired and later wore to Parliament on a dare. Dunstan also made the mistake of helping Ceruto get started in the restaurant trade, all of which returned to haunt him in *It's Grossly Improper*.

The merest germ of mischief was enough to send Dunstan's enemies into ecstasies of prevarication and Dunstan was obliged to call a press conference where he denounced the book as "an absurd fantasy" and "a farrago of lies". He wouldn't sue, he said, because the principals were "men of straw".

Dunstan has since gone to work as Director Of Tourism for Victoria, an appointment which drew so much fire he has shunned all publicity in a bid to stifle the carping. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, gossip, speculation and innuendo seem destined to follow Dunstan like his own personal albatross.

When Dunstan resigned from office because of ill health, he was replaced by the forgettable Des Corcoran, the epitome of that distinctly South Australian creature, the Labor small 'c' conservative.

All idea of social reform screeched to a halt, the Don Dunstan magic show in SA was over, Australia blinked and went back to watching more interesting things. The Liberals returned for three years of business as usual under David Tonkin, only to be replaced by the Labor Party last year under the leadership of John Bannon.

It is worth noting that for all the bellicosity and bluff which surrounds SA politics from time to time, Dunstan, Tonkin and Bannon all stem from the same old school, St Peter's College, long-time academic nursery to the Adelaide establishment. Conservatism is back in South Australia which a capital 'C' even if it does call itself the Labor Party. The age of social experimentation has gone like a wistful dream shattered into a million pretty shards by the alarm clock heralding the dawn of The New Pragmatism.

For all the thrashing about of the Dunstan era, South Australians have given up soul-searching and returned to what worries them most — money. In fact pragmatism prevails so much in the new SA leadership that John Bannon said he couldn't give PLAYBOY an interview because he didn't want to offend the blue rinse set in his electorate of Ross-Smith.

And remember — Australia has the conservatives of Adelaide to thank for the Festival Of Light. It sprang to life as the Community Standards Organisation to protest the performance of *Oh Calcutta* and attracted so much support it went national, changed its name and moved to Sydney.

Fred Nile is Adelaide's gift to the world.

Oh there have been superficial changes to mark the passing of an era. There's the festival, the SAFC, which now spends its cash importing pricey talent to make TV costume dramas, there's the new Hilton International and, of course, the airport went international last November. But even Adelaide's hard core of cosmopolitan cynics were aghast at the display of provincialism when 70,000 South Australians queued for five hours to look at a 747.

Even from this close a perspective, the Dunstan decade looks like a fluke in George Wallace country, an aberration not likely to be permitted again this side of the year 2000. Dunstan may have spent millions promoting the arts to raise the consciousness of the people, but the Adelaide Symphony still hasn't got a home while that hammy old Rodgers and Hammerstein shitkicker, *Oklahoma*, packs 'em in whenever it plays the Festival Centre. The sale of cowboy hats goes higher'n an elephant's eye whenever *Oklahoma* comes to town.

Christina Kraus, owner-manager of a popular Hindley Street strip club, has her own view: "The government pours millions into the arts but nobody goes. The only places that can afford to put on live shows every night of the week are strip clubs because that's what people want to see."

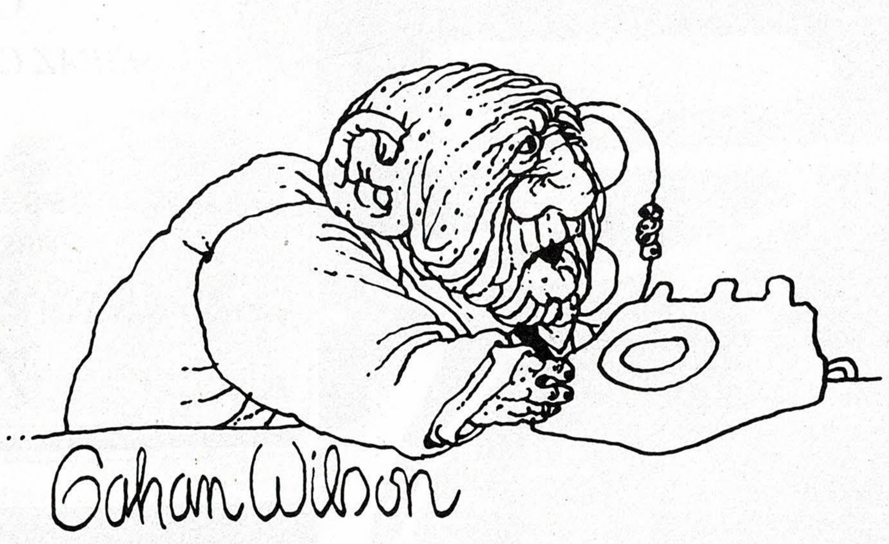
Adelaide may be called The City Of Churches but the pews are empty because all the punters are in Hindley Street looking at tits and bums.

Kim Bonython, patron of the arts and jazz promoter agrees: "Every time I bring a top jazz act to Adelaide I lose money. The reason I came back from Sydney wasn't because of the enormous popularity of the arts or jazz. I came back because Adelaide is comfortable. Because I can get from one end of the city to the other in 20 minutes without driving like a lunatic."

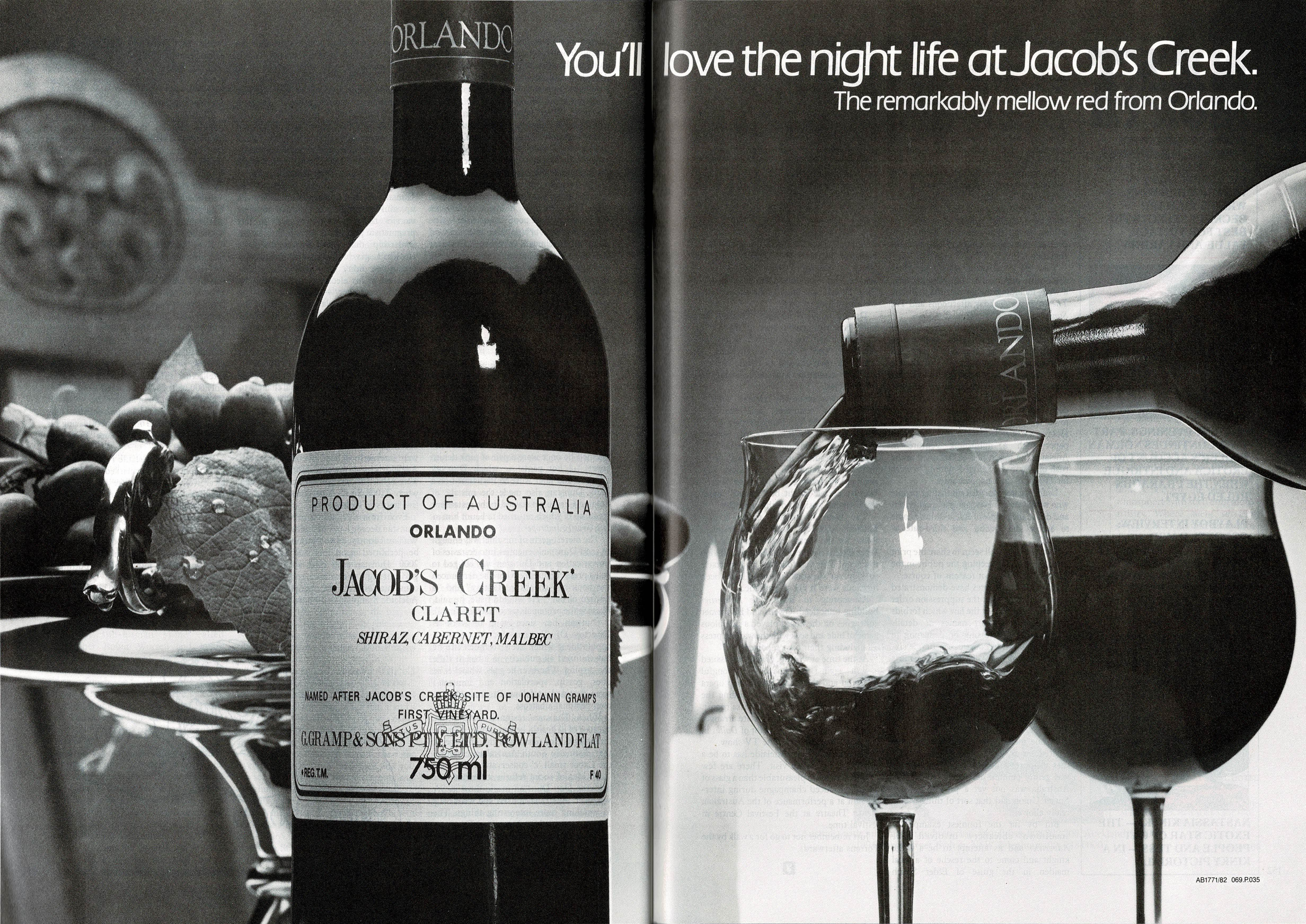
Adelaide's physical smallness is one of its charms; what is really worrying is its intellectual smallness. San Francisco has only 600,000 people compared to Adelaide's 900,000 and isn't that much older — but it is light years ahead in sophistication. One couldn't imagine Tony Bennett leaving his heart in Adelaide — more likely his children.

When former Adelaide Festival director Christopher Hunt remarked casually that local women dressed like bags, it made headlines — he was nearly run out of town. And every time you drive past that hilltop landmark, Windy Point, with one of the most breathtaking city views in the southern hemisphere, you are reminded that it took State governments 20 years to make up their minds about putting a restaurant there.

There is an ongoing government-sponsored campaign to persuade everyone



"Well, all right, but hurry, would you? I haven't got much time."



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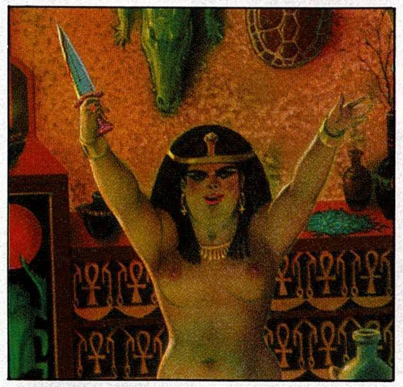

ANCIENT EVENINGS, PART TWO, CONTINUES NORMAN MAILER'S ACCOUNT OF EROTICA AND INTRIGUE WHEN THE PHARAOHS RULED EGYPT.

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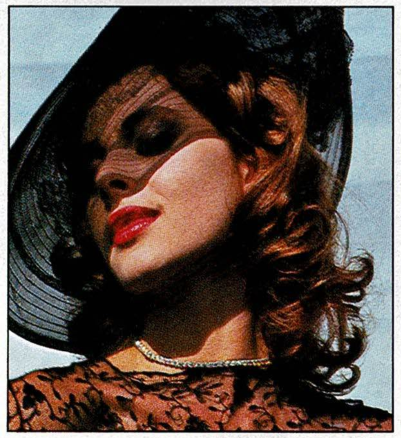

NASTASSIA KINSKI — THE EXOTIC STAR OF CAT PEOPLE AND TESS — IN A KINKY PICTORIAL.

who lives in South Australia that it is a great place.

Catchy jingles, bumper stickers, T-shirts and TV spots proclaim "SA Great" and "It's Our State Mate".

Perhaps they are trying to hold back the tide of migrants to Queensland because, despite the State's aching need for tourists, there has been no attempt to extend the campaign to other States and get people to come here.

By far the most disturbing element in Adelaide's proud provincialism is its willingness to accept anything that is second-rate as long as it is local. What is more dangerous is that people seem only too willing to go that one step further and pretend that what is second-rate is really first-rate.

Take the local press. There are three State-wide papers, *The Advertiser* six days a week including the fat Saturday edition, *The News* on weekday afternoons and *The Sunday Mail*.

All have monopolies within their times of distribution so there is no incentive to improve, they can chuck out any old rubbish and the people have no alternative but to buy it if they want just the vaguest hint of what might be going on in the world.

In Adelaide many journalists long for the day when another newspaper will come to town and do it all properly. If Robert Holmes a Court decided to follow his Perth paper with a publishing venture in Adelaide, he might just be trampled in the rush of newsroom refugees willing to work for D grades on a happier ship.

Unfortunately for discriminating people who would enjoy newspapers of quality, wit and depth the people of Adelaide have come to accept the second and third-rate as normal.

The courts as well seem to share the print media's relish for keeping the public in the dark — for their own reasons of course.

Adelaide magistrates have demonstrated a special fondness for the suppression order — that instrument of the law which forbids the media to report names or details considered embarrassing or damaging to parties involved in court cases. In one six-month period last year, Adelaide courts issued 142 suppression orders. Unfortunately 124 of these orders contravened the Evidences Act proving that not only did magistrates not want the public to know what they were doing, but they themselves didn't know what they were doing.

In one memorable case, the magistrate went so far as to try and suppress the fact that a suppression order had been made. It was gently pointed out to him that South Australia was not yet a province of the Soviet Union and that sort of thing wasn't really allowed.

But by far the funniest example of smalltown chicanery involved *The Advertiser* and its attempt to be a white knight and come to the rescue of a local maiden in the guise of Elder Smith Goldsbrough Mort Ltd, a rural-based empire with huge interests in real estate and stock sales. Unfortunately, *Advertiser* managing director and self-appointed chief knight, Peter Owens, kept falling off his horse.

Briefly *The Advertiser* acted to thwart a take-over bid for Elders launched by Robert Holmes a Court from Perth. *The Advertiser* bought $25.5 million in shares through its subsidiary, Television Broadcasters Ltd, the local Channel 7.

Holmes a Court retired from the fray with $16 million cool profit and that appeared to be that. Except the white knight's armor was starting to look a little tarnished around the edges. Allegations were made that *The Advertiser* might have breached company law by the manner in which it purchased those shares. Local lawyer John Von Doussa was appointed by the Liberal Government of the day to head a commission of inquiry.

During inquiry hearings Owens, the most powerful media boss in the State, claimed he had been authorised to buy the shares by two overseas corporations — which he then refused to name. He was found in contempt and spent 71 days in Adelaide Jail.

Owens was eventually released, without purging his contempt, and the first instalment of the Von Doussa report tabled in Parliament. By this time, the board's inability or unwillingness to make any statement resulted in the National Companies and Securities Commission suspending all trading of *Advertiser* shares, because people might be "misled" about the financial position of the company.

The board eventually issued a perfunctory statement assuming all responsibility for the shares and announcing that Peter Owens had been sacked after refusing to resign. This was followed by a spectacle so silly, so slapstick, it would have been hilarious were it not so pathetic.

Attempting to leave *The Advertiser* building unnoticed, Owens and his former colleagues on the board played a ridiculous game of hide and seek with the waiting press — including their own reporters.

At the time of writing, Owens had issued a writ against the board for wrongful dismissal and the whole turgid soap opera was in suspended animation pending the final instalment of the Von Doussa report.

No wonder SA has a twin-state arrangement with Texas. There's a lot of *Dallas* in Adelaide. Not the city. The TV show.

That doesn't mean Adelaide has to be a bad place to live or visit. There are few experiences more pleasurable than a glass of locally-produced champagne during intermission at a performance of the Australian Dance Theatre at the Festival Centre in festival time.

Just remember not to go for a walk by the Torrens afterwards.

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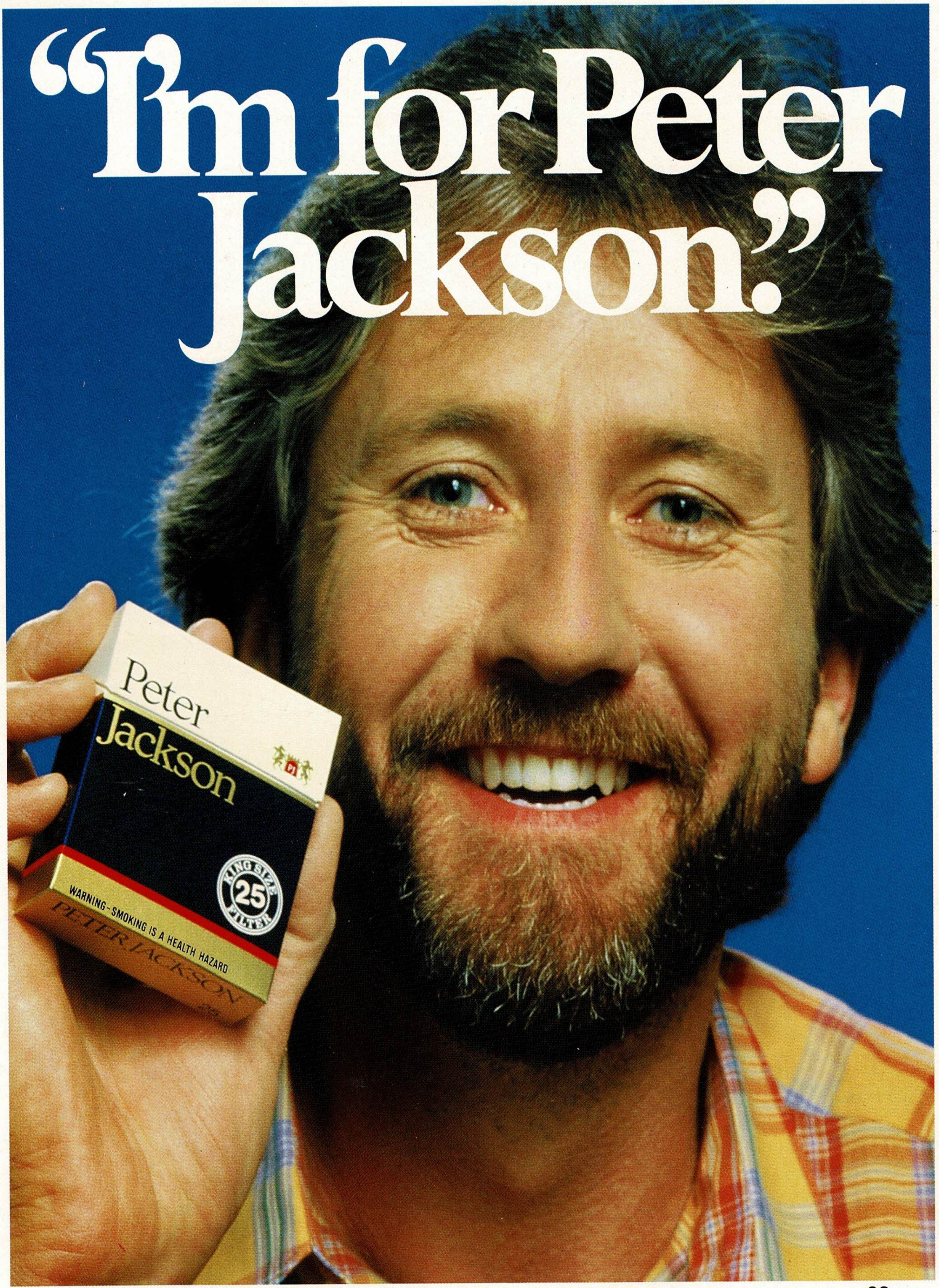
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